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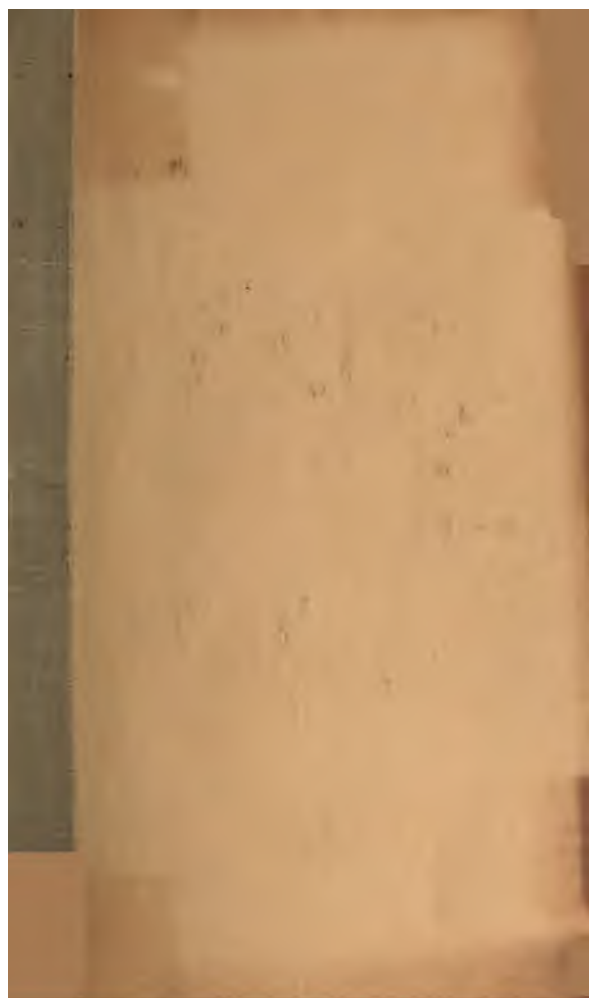
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BELL's
BRITISH THEATRE.

VOL XIV.



BELL's
BRITISH THEATRE.

CONSISTING OF
THE MOST ESTEEMED
ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOL. XIV.

CONTAINING
IR QUAKER OF DEAL, BY CHARLES SHADWEL.
INCRED & SIGISMUNDA, — THOMSON.
ORGE BARNWELL, — LILLO. /
ANDESTINE MARRIAGE, — COLMAN & GARRICK.

LONDON:

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1797.



Q. 145-67.

1

1

Act II.

THE FAIR QUAKER OF DEAL.



De Wilde pinx.

Adams

MR. MOODY as COMMODORE FLIP
(This lady is dispos'd of, and her inclinations
are suov'd to my affections—)

Printed by J. G. Heath, Strand Jan 1792.









THE
FAIR QUAKER OF DEAL;

OR, THE
HUMOURS OF THE NAVY.

A
COMEDY.

By MR. CHARLES SHADWELL.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, IN DRURY-LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

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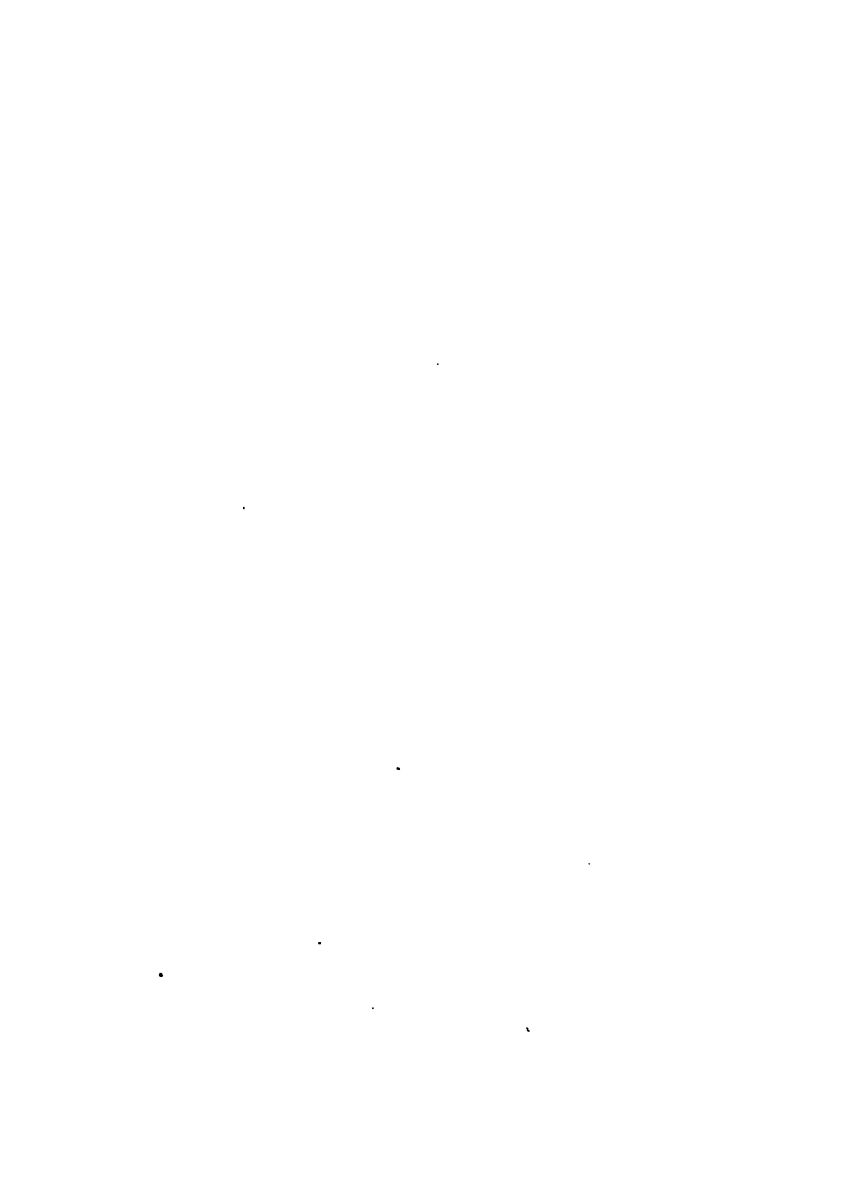
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MDCCXCI.



TO MY GENEROUS AND OBLIGING
FRIENDS
OF THE
COUNTY OF KENT.

GENTLEMEN,

THIS Play was both designed and finished in your county, and therefore comes for protection to the place of its nativity. It drags not a sluggish and unwilling pace, as timorous of its reception, and the hardness of its fate; but pants for its native air, where it was brought forth with pleasure, and flies to the good treatment of your experienced hospitality.

To fix upon any particular patron from among you, would be a general offence, because so many of you have a special claim to my gratitude for your peculiar favours; and to incorporate you, by name, into one common body, would require a college of heralds to order the precedence, and a more difficult exactness to marshal my obligations. I rather choose to confess them by a general acknowledgment; and as each of you know what title you have to my thanks, I pay them in due proportion,

A ij

with the utmost cheerfulness, and with the greatest respect.

There is a nicety, it seems, in love, and men have it, in friendships, which will not endure here in such a strictness of union. Did I presume to claim friendships as unbounded as my desires would adventure to oppose that ungenerous man, but as I only take to myself the less envied name of client, and declare my good fortune in having with so many singular patrons, gratitude, I without cavil, may be as unlimited as favours, fortune will be as diffusive as good-nature and it can make them.

As you will do, that under the happy and general kind treatment, I have received, I have a more strenuous and more ardent desire for your indulgence to the parents of the young; for writers, they say, are like the sick, they are under diet and prescription, and as a man has been under no such treatment, he has not lived, and lived well and long, and must find his quantity in excuse of his quality.

As you have been so an offering, gentle and kind, I should be so, in return, considering in whom

for what reasons, it is addressed; but it is my first effort, and therefore the first public opportunity I could take of declaring how much I am,

Gentlemen,

Your most obliged,

Most thankful, and

Obedient servant,

C. S.

THE

PICTURE

THE PICTURE was written about three years since, and put into the hands of a friend, connected with the Haymarket Theatre, who took care to bestow the value of it as much, as to offer the author to alter it to appear on the stage, on condition he might have half the profits of the third day, and the dedication entire; that is as much as to say, that it may pass for one of his, according to custom. The author not agreeing to this reasonable proposal, it lay in his hands till the beginning of this winter, when Mr. Booth read it, and liked it, and persuaded the author, that, with a little alteration, it would please the town. Indeed the success of it has been wonderful; notwithstanding the trial in Westminster-Hall, and the rehearsal of the new-opera, it has answered the ends of the author, and, he hopes, that of the town too.

mentioning the extraordinary performances of Mr. Santlow, Mr. Pack, and Mr. Leigh, and the whole on the English stage that could have any influence on the life.

could give some reasons for my scribbling, and for the irregularities of the play; find that the town are good-natured enough to stand up for time and place; brag of their characters, &c. But I beg pardon for the last part of me. I am called in haste to my duties, but, at my return, it is probable I may be able to do more of the scribbles of the town.

THE
FAIR QUAKER OF DEAL.

THIS Comedy is by no means remarkable for smartness of dialogue, or keenness of observation—yet I believe the Humours of the Navy are here better reflected than in any other nautical mirror.—Though, perhaps, the pleasure such characters afford, when broadly sketched, is to be felt by few beyond themselves—The characters of Commodore FLIP and MIZEN are certainly fine contrasts, and in expression seem to warrant the remark, that they were drawn from individual nature.

Much of the roughness of the naval manner is, however, wearing off—All that remains to be wished is, that the high spirit of valour, exulting in peril unequalled through the various stations of life, may not, by the change, be lowered, and the British Navy in consequence cease to be deemed invincible.

PROLOGUE.

IN early times, when plays were first in fashion
The bus'ness of the stage was reformation;
The well-wrought scene, for public good design,
With imitable virtue fill'd the mind,
And lash'd the growing follies of mankind.
That was its golden age, which, soon outworn,
Romantic love and honour took their turn.
Such windmill knights, such odd fantastic ladies,
Sprung from the brain of their poetic daddies;
Prince Prettyman and Amaryllis scarce
Could turn the lulling nonsense into farce.
Drove from those beds of dreaming indolence,
The Muse flew downwards, till she gave offence;
For as our sage inquisitors do tell us,
Her finest parts were jilts and rakish fellows;
And as corrupters of this harmless town,
We were presented, and almost put down.
How would your useless time, 'twixt five and eight,
Have dragg'd its wings, without this lov'd retreat?
What other nameless place would be so fit
For pit to ogle boxes, boxes pit?
At length, kind judges, merry be your hearts,
You're pleas'd to relish best our lowest parts;
Give you but humour, tickle but your spleen,
No matter how we furnish plot or scene.

PROLOGUE.

*Soon pleas'd; but that, alas! you're squeamish too;
Your light digestion must have something new,
Or else you'll drive away to puppet-shew.
Under these terms of grace young Bayes has writ,
With double title to be dubb'd a wit,
First, 'cause poeta nascitur, non fit.
From a fam'd stock our tender scyon grows,
And may be laureat too himself, who knows?
But that his other plea may be admitted,
You're both with new and merry humour fitted.
Come, break him in, and when he writes again,
Perhaps he'll find a more diverting pen.*

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

FLIP, the Commodore, a most illiterate	}	Mr. Moody.
Wappineer-tar, - - -		
MIZEN, a finical sea fop, - - -		Mr. Dodd.
WORTHY, a Captain of the Navy, - -		Mr. Brereton.
ROVEWELL, a man of fortune, - -		Mr. Phillimore.
Sir CHARLES PLEASANT, Worthy's	}	Mr. R. Palmer.
Lieutenant, a man of quality, - -		
CRIBBIDGE, Flip's Lieutenant, - -		Mr. Williames.
EASY, a Lieutenant of Marines, - -		Mr. Barrymore.
INDENT, Flip's Purser, - - -		Mr. Burton.
COCKSWAIN, - - - -		Mr. Wrighten.
HATCHWAY, - - - -		Mr. Bannister.
BINNACLE, - - - -		Mr. Parsons.

Women.

ARABELLA ZEAL, bred a churchwoman,	Mrs. Wilson.
DORCAS ZEAL, her sister, bred a Quaker,	Miss Pope.
BELINDA, a woman of fortune, - -	Mrs. Ward.
JENNY PRIVATE, - - - -	Miss Hull.
JILTUP, - - - -	Mrs. Granger.
ADVOCATE, Belinda's maid, - -	_____
Maid to Arabella, - - - -	_____
Bar-maid, - - - -	_____

SCENE, Deal. Time, five hours.



THE
FAIR QUAKER OF DEAL;
OR, THE
HUMOURS OF THE NAVY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter WORTHY as from on board; Cockswain and Crew following.

Worthy.

So, thank Heaven, I have at last reached my native land. Cockswain, take care the water be sent on board with expedition, and bid the purser hasten to Dover for fresh provisions, and let the sick men be sent on shore the next trip. There's something for the boat's crew; go and refresh yourselves.

Cock. All your orders shall be punctually complied with.

All Sailors. Thank your noble honour. Huzza, huzza!

[*Exeunt Cockswain and Crew.*]

Enter ROVEWELL.

Wor. My dear Rowewell!

Rove. Welcome on shore, dear Worthy! How have you fared this voyage? Pr'ythee, relate me some of your adventures.

Wor. Why, faith, Rowewell, my voyage was attended with little pleasure, being generally confined to the barbarous conversation of Flip, my commodore, a most obstinate, positive, ignorant, Wappineer-tar: in short, he has been my eternal plague.

Rove. Why, was only you two the convoy?

Wor. Yes, to make me completely wretched, Beau Mizen was the third man; a sea-fop, of all creatures the most ridiculous.

Rove. I can't say I am sorry for the usage you have met with; because I am in hopes the nauseous conversation of these coxcombs will make you relish my company the better.

Wor. The true sense I have of your wit and judgment will always make me covet your acquaintance; therefore I needed not the wretched preparative I have met with. But how does all our Deal angels?

Rove. Why, the few virtuous women are as proud and as insolent as they used to be, and the whores you left here about ten months since, are dead with rottenness, and young strums supply their rooms. This is a monstrous place for wickedness! Fornication flourishes more here than in any sea-port in Europe. You gentlemen of the navy are great encour-

gain, and traffic mightily in that sort of merchandise, and for your money, receive as lasting satisfaction here, as any you can meet with in the Mediterranean.

observest, Rovewell, the marine generation. The poets will say you was born of the sea; troth, there are too many real worshippers of the salt element.

Strange thing, that people that face death so often, should have no thoughts of their souls.

being constantly in danger of them, so that they look death in the face with as much impudence as a Deal whore does a poor tar after a long voyage. But what news of my dear Quaker?

Rove. She's as proud and as beautiful as ever, and, faith, I believe as constant too. You'll never leave playing the fool with that spiritual creature, till she draws you into matrimony; ten thousand pounds, with beauty and virtue, are very great temptations.

Wor. Then do you really think I have any interest in that dear creature?

Rove. Had you as much with the lords of the admiralty, you would be a great man; for she dotes on you. Could you have but seen the countenance she put on, when there was a report that you were killed; the sighs, the agonies, and the groans she had upon that occasion, were more sincere than those her religion obliges her to.

Wor. I am impatient till I see the dear charmer.
But how goes thy affair on with Belinda?

Rove. Much after the manner of the French king's affairs; they have a dismal aspect; we quarrel like man and wife, or high church and low. She knows her ascendant over my heart is so rivetted, that she can't lose me; and therefore she uses me as tyrannically as if she were the French king, and I one of the Protestants.

Wor. I hope no persecution will make you leave her kingdom.

Rove. To carry on the simile, I am somewhat stubborn; but, rather than lose her money, I shall be a convert.

Wor. But see, the commodore.

Enter FLIP.

Flip. Ha, Rovewell! What cheer, what cheer, my lad?

Rove. Most noble commodore, your humble servant.

Flip. Noble! A pox of nobility, I say! the best commodores that ever went between two ends of a ship, had not a drop of nobility in them, thank Heaven.

Rove. Then you still value yourself for being a brute, and think ignorance a great qualification for a sea-captain.

Flip. I value myself for not being a coxcomb; that is what you call a gentleman captain; which is

new name for our sea-fops, who, forsooth, must wear white linen, have field beds, lie in Holland sheets, and load their noddles with thirty ounces of wigs' hair, which makes them hate the sight of any, for fear bullets and gunpowder should spoil their bean wig and laced jacket. They are, indeed, dandy fellows at single rapier, and can, with a little kick in their heads, cut the throats of their best fellows; but catch them yard-arm and yard-arm with an executioner, and down goes the colours. Oh, it was not so in the Dutch wars! then we valued ourselves upon wooden legs, and stumps of arms, and treated it as if heaven and earth were coming together. No, yes, yes, you fought very gloriously, when you let the Dutch burn the fleet at Chatham.

2. That accident was owing to the treachery of rogues at land, and not to us sea-faring folks.

3. Come, leave railing, my good commodore. I know thou art honest and brave; but wanting sense and good manners, would fain put the world out of it with those accomplishments. You old captains, who sit at court-martials, are very envious; they will mulct a young fellow for actions, which are reckoned glorious ones when done by any of your stupid selves.

4. By the loadstone, I swear, I am none of those. I have served in every office belonging to a ship, from a cook's boy to a commodore; and have all the honour by heart, from the fore-castle to the great cabin. I love a sailor.

Wor. Ay, so well as to get drunk with every mess in the ship once a week.

Flip. Why, that makes the rogues love me; my jocularousness with them makes them fight for me; they keep me out of a French gaol. I'll follow my old method, till I am superannuated; which I believe I sha'n't petition for these twenty years.

Wor. Since you love your common sailors so well, what reason can you have for using your lieutenant so like a dog?

Flip. Because he sets up for a fine gentleman, and lies in gloves to make his hands white. And, tho' 'tis his watch, when I ring my bell, the rogue is above coming to my cabin. I sent him ashore yesterday to the post-house, with a letter to the admiralty; I ordered him to buy me a quarter of mutton, and three-score cabbages, for my own use; and the land-lubber (for he is no sailor) had the impudence to tell me he would not be my boy. I told him I'd bring him to a court-martial, and he threatened to throw up his commission, and cut my throat.

Rove. Ha, ha! I'm glad thou hast met with a young fellow of life and vigour, that knows how to use you according to your deserts. But see who comes here so gay.

Flip. 'Tis a water-beau. One water-spaniel is worth fifty of such fair-weather fops. Do but observe him now. Oh, monstrous!

Enter MIZEN and Cockswain.

Miz. Go you to the perfumer's, buy me a gallon

age-flower-water, and a pint of jessamin-oil;
 : muslin curtains and furbelow'd toilet be
 l out of hand; carry on board a bushel of
 powder; and tell the purser, I am resolved
 nan on board my ship shall have a clean white
 : his charge. Tuesday next is my visiting-day;
 design to let the world see how much I have
 ed the navy.

Ho, ho, ho! here's a fine gentleman for you!
 [*Seeing the company.*] Dear Rovewell! split me
 ock, if I am not transported at the sight of

It would be well for the nation, if such but-
 as you were transported to some of the plan-

I wish you were my bow-man, and the wind
 rong at east, I'd spoil your beauty.

Why, Lard, commodore, won't you give a
 ve to be decent and clean? Will nothing
 you, but what stinks with tar and tobacco?

Tar and tobacco are sweeter, one would
 than the excrements of a civetty-cat. But I
 assured talking to you is like rowing against
 d tide; and therefore e'en steer your com-
 ur own way. Friend Rovewell, I don't care
 and I toss off a can of Sir Cloudesly before

. Where do you lodge?

. At the Three Mariners.

. May my ship's anchor come home, if it be

734
TB 4
V.

THE QUAKER OF DEAL; OR, A

away-house: The husband keeps
a bray-shop, and the tw
of customers and goers.

very very notorious. Why
the arms?

the bold boys of the
think the husband
the right. But Tom
comes together. As
it is no offence to me,
been reckoned so
brother Fin-

as you think, be-
every day,
the navy as
they are lousy?
a time to know.

brutes

the word
so mil-
mi-

He, he,

what then?

Bullets and gunpowder, what do you mean? Government did but know what a swab thou should be knighted for cutting thy throat.

Oh! fye, let's have no quarrelling.

No, no, there's no fear of it; the commodore the length of my sword, and nimble turn of it, too well to pick a quarrel with me.

Why, thou canst only value thyself for being g-master; were we in a saw-pit together, with a block between us, I'd try if I could not make of thee a plank; I'd soon singe thy curls and hang like a parcel of rigging

When the continual diversion of our

you're all alike. A periwig-maker gives you waddles, and a dancing-master gives you minuets, but the taylor finishes the fop. Singing your folly to an anchor, so you're strong in the nonsensical corner.

[Exit Flip.

servant.

Wretched fellow!

What words to express what a miserable charge I've been to me, besides a charge! Would he split me on a rock, if he did not one penny worth of china.

Heaven's sake where was it?

My great cabin! I dare affirm it no drawing-room, nor country gentle-

woman's closet, is nicer furnished than my cabin; 'tis wainscoted with most charming India Japan, and looking-glass; I have a very noble scrutoïre, and the most celebrated screen in Europe: I have an invention, which makes the great guns in my cabin appear to be elbow chairs covered with cloth of tissue; I have six and thirty silver sconces, and every vacancy is cramm'd with china.

Rove. These rarities are worth seeing, indeed.

Wor. Oh, he keeps a visiting day, you and I'll wait on him.

Miz. I shall think myself prodigiously obliged to you: may be you'll see as great a concourse of people as there is at a general's when he returns victorious: barges, pinnaces, deal yawls, and long-boats innumerable.

Rove. Pray who visits you in the long-boats?

Miz. Why, Dutch admirals. You must know I range them in the following order: my barges I call coaches and six, my pinnaces are chariots with two horses, my deal yawls are sedans, and my long-boats hackney-coaches.

Wor. Very nice, indeed.

Miz. All my sconces are loaded with wax tapers; my lieutenants and warrant officers, nicely dressed and perfumed, place themselves on each side of my steerage; my midshipmen and quarteers are ranged from the bulk-head to the gang-way, in my own white shirts; the ship's side is mann'd by my boat's crew, in spruce apparel and clean gloves; and the

the ship's company are ready upon all occasions to give cheers and huzzas, according to the humour of my visitants.

Well, and what entertainment are we to give them?

Why, I generally treat with tea, but the most proper way is to give nothing.

Pshaw! methinks a bowl of punch would be more proper.

Oh, beastly! we at sea always smoke when we drink, and that would spoil all the gay furniture.

Oh, wretched! and the stink would suffocate them.

What is your conversation?

We imitate the ladies as near as we can, and we scandalize every body: we laugh at the mismanagement of the Navy-board; pry into the queries of the Victualling-office; and tell the tales of those clerks who were ten years ago bareheaded and are now twenty thousand pound men: we tell the stories of the scandalous marriages of our captains, the lewdness of some of their wives, and the dissipation of the rest: sometimes we quarrel about which ship sails best, who makes the finest punch; who has the greatest hardships, by having great favourites put over their heads; and I keep myself within the bounds of good manners and modesty.

That is a very great point gained.
May I be keel-hauled if any man in the uni-

verse has more reformed the navy than myself: I am now compiling a book, wherein I mend the language wonderfully. I leave out your larboard and starboard, hawsers and swabs: I have no such thing as haul cat haul, nor belay; silly words, only fit for Dutchmen to pronounce. I put fine sentences into the mouths of our sailors, derived from the manliness of the Italian, and the softness of the French; and by that time I am made an admiral, I doubt not of bringing every sailor in the navy to be more polite than most of our country gentlemen; and the next generation of them may pass very well for people of the first quality. I'll get an order for removing them from Wapping into the Pall-Mall: and instead of frequenting punch, music, and bawdy-houses; the chocolate houses, eating-houses, and fine taverns shall be obliged to receive them.

Enter to them a Servant with a Letter.

Serv. Pray which is Captain Worthy?

Wor. Friend, I am he.

Serv. Sir, here's a letter for you.

Wor. Ha! Dorcas Zeal! Oh, let me kiss the hand ten thousand times.

Rosé. How keen a sportsman a long voyage makes a man!

Wor. [*Reads.*] "Friend Worthy, if thou hast not forgot thy old acquaintance, give but thyself the trouble of coming to the north end of the town,

ere thou hast often vented thy vows of sincerity,
I thou wilt most assuredly find thine,

DORCAS ZEAL."

rk'ee; let the lady know I'll wait on her instantly.

[Exit Servant.

Miz. So, brother, I find you have an intrigue already;
suppose I sha'n't be much behind-hand with you, for
expect a billet-doux from a ten thousand pounder.

Rove. Pr'ythee, who is she?

Miz. Why, she's a Quaker: an intimate acquaint-
ance of mine has promised me his assistance in steal-
ing her for me.

Wor. Death and hell! This is my angel!

Rove. Patience, man!

Miz. Now you must know, if we once get her upon
the beach, I whip her into my boat, carry her on
board, marry her, lie with her, then come ashore
and demand her fortune; and after that, you know,
I don't like her, 'tis but heaving her out at the ca-
bin window, and give out she had a calenture, and
jump'd overboard. Well, dear gentlemen, I must
go and see about this business; for such a fortune is
not to be neglected, especially when a peace is so
near.

[Exit.

Wor. Blood and fire! What a discovery's here!

Rove. Why, truly, it was a lucky one: I have a
happy thought come into my head; there's a quon-
sum friend of yours and mine, who in our sinful days
is very obliging to us.

Wor. What, Jenny Private?



/ to yourself, with that senseless religion of he'll certainly laugh at your formal hood.

Why look thee, Arabella, my religion and ay seem strange unto thee, because thou art church belonging to the wicked; but I tell thee, Worthy loveth me so much, that I have of drawing him to be one of the pure ones. ue, thou art a facetious young creature, and cation my aunt hath given thee, maketh thy much upon the vanity of this world; the fortune my father left thee will be arms of one of the lewd pillars of

ee, I'll have no reflections upon esta-
Liberty of conscience gives you no title
And you are resolved to persist in your
with; 'tis one stubborn article of your cant:
How well assured Worthy will force you to
don't, I'll part with my maidenhead
ed.

at thou art wild enough to do; but I
of this vain raillery before Worthy,
expectation of my living in sisterly
y with thee.

you should have snuffed that thro' the
short, I'll always tease you; you that have
ty, thus to deform those heavenly
es me mad. If all the kind bewitching
looks, and compassionate words that

woman can invent, will draw Worthy's love from you, I'll use them, and triumph in the conquest.

Dor. Poor vain creature! thou art handsome it's true; but thou hast not the virtues of the mind to ensnare him with. But see, he comes; forbear thy follies, I say, forbear.

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. [*Embraces.*] This is a reward for all my labours; the fatigues of an hundred voyages are forgot whilst I am in these arms.

Dor. Be not vain, flatter not; 'tis base, 'tis mean, 'tis irreligious.

Wor. Dear charmer, I am all ecstasy.

Ara. So much of it, that, methinks you have forgot your friends, good captain.

Wor. Pardon me, madam, [*Salutes her.*] some of my ecstasies are due to you; for the love I have to this lady makes me admire all her relations.

Ara. Ay, wheedle her out of what she has: get her money, then use her like a wife, turn her out of doors, and compound with her for a maintenance.

Dor. Sister, to shew thee that I think it is impossible for thee to debauch the principles of my friend Worthy, I now commit myself into his hands.

Wor. Which blessing I receive with all the joy imaginable: this is a reward indeed for all my services.

Dor. Take to thyself my hand, and thus I plight it with my faith. Now, sister, your threatening

in, for all your looks and sighs can never
in me.

ha, ha! you see, Worthy, I have done
for you, reconciled even contradiction it-
the flesh and the spirit unite, and joined
fied brother of the wicked to a sanctified
godly ones.

sister, do not triumph in my weakness.
my weakness! no, thy shame; with all thy
sanctity, to own before my face a carnal in-
Nay, and to put thy hand to pen and paper
in to thy arms! Out on thee! I am ashamed

now thou art scurrilous! I cannot bear
all the blood into my cheeks. Stay
thy, and rebuke her for it, whilst I
recover my confusion, and then I'll
[Exit Dor.

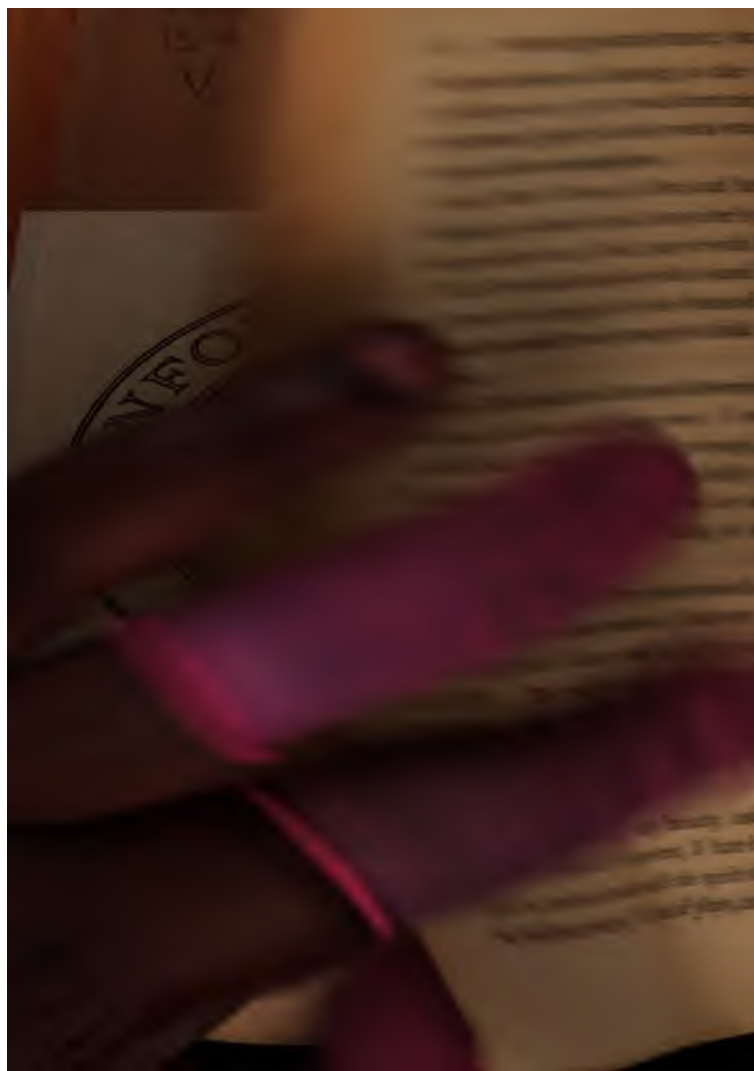
Arabella; could you have the heart to
innocent thing so roughly? Nay, by Hea-
amazed! I cannot guess the meaning of all

Fie, stupid Worthy, can't you apprehend
why I study to make a breach betwixt my
and yourself?

It is all a mystery to me!

Spare a virgin's blushes, and let your ap-
ons tell you what my trembling tongue is
ter.

Fine heroics, truly! I'm too well acquainted



of injured lovers, I'll instantly *peruse*, and
them all my own. *[Exit.]*

Enter DORCAS, WORTHY following.

By all my honour and my love 'tis true; nay
she loved, and said she had long.

Nay, then I am convinced her falsehood's
I ne'er expressed a satisfaction for thee, but
he strove to cool my friendship, by strange sto-
thy inconstancy and unfaithfulness, which I
ne'er believed.

And creature! since by envious ways she
break the cord of our united hearts, let us
put it out of hers and fortune's power.

To-morrow I will be thine; according
foolishness thy church the priest shall
ur he

etely blessed!—Now I must
ered a most villanous design

were to have been stolen by a
the navy; 'twas luckily dis-
and myself, who hope to coun-
far as to punish the vain fop's
et us about two hours hence at
shall know the whole story.

ights of spending this evening with
instantly, for she is so much my
e will be overjoyed thou art arrived:

11 THE PARK QUART

With your name of 3-
any thing you say, yet it
my charming Quaker's last
and to a divine example

When I have the
Comer, you are a sign
and my return, I think

When I have the sign
and when I have the sign
of the sign, I have the sign

When I have the sign of the

When I have the sign with you

When I have the sign, believe me

When I have the sign, I have the sign

When I have the sign, I have the sign

When I have the sign, I have the sign

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THE NAVY. 31

for two months pay
the ship was paid,
ors, he swept above
into his own hat.
; but come, pr'ythee
into his trantrum hu-
in a cable's length of

ore bear a hand.

Excunt running.

Lieut. CRIBBIDGE,

SY.

lip makes your life a
en, my captain has an-
with the affable, easy,
use from all.

man, by being civil to
es of the navy that we

frighten the old pimp
y we came to anchor,
in the height of their
abin; the negro fills a
shoulder, with a Here,

30 THE PAIR QUAKER OF D:
but I think I will not meet
sister, lest she becometh
whole town.

Wor. Do as you t!

Dor. Fare thee -

Enter F

; to him.

e I found

and storn

call the

with ..

tossed

kindness, I'd

four hours th

well enot.

grow s..

es full

o sha

we

es,

tr

of my noble captain's
I would fain see the old

but first let's have a

I'll just go and draw a
necessaries for the men,
the sum total, and wait
[Exit.

Indent crosses the stage.
our purser, gone to
our company.

and keeps a much bet-
ter people of his employ

lived well ; he was bred
was ruin'd by a whore
of his wife's : but managed
cleared himself of a gaol, by
without forswearing him-
precedent of that nature since

is handsome.

eighteen ; but whoring,
commonly follow that, has
aged, though but three

of fifteen did but con-
tain their beauty more

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take it

him,

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you

deno

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W

ale. 11

pascally

missions

Plin. 3

and I fear

Eage. 11

young (ell

Plea. Faith, the poets of this age are not so poor as those of the last, they have wit enough to write themselves into good places.

Crib. That is, by wheedling a sort of people who receive flattery better than wit.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, Lieutenant Easy, and Purser sent, would be glad to kiss your hands at our service.

Plea. A polite message: tell them we'll do ourselves the honour immediately.

Draw. I shall, sir. [Exit.

Plea. Come, my dear George,
Let's shake off these dismal storms and cares,
That are the lot that a sailor bears:
The good ship *Proserpina* may securely boast,
While we secure her coast. [Exeunt.

GEORGE EWELL, meeting WORTHY.
Dear Worthy, once more well met; have
I secured your little Quaker with our design?
What part of it.

As how?
I'll tell you at Daniel's: but have you en-
canny?

Oh, as you could wish: the jade is as over-
a dean at the death of a bishop; and to
story good, I have invited Mizen to the

THE FAIR QUEEN'S IDEAL; OR, AS

ANDERSON, WENTON, AND OTHERS, ORDERED her to write to

him. Will Dorcas (mean) write Belinda's?

Yes, she will.

Good night to you.

[Exit

SCENE II.

THE BAR-MAID'S, DRESSER, &c. *Bar-Maid. Enter*

Mr. CHARLES PARSFITT and CRIBBIDGE.

Bar-Maid. What! does my pretty bar-maid keep her
house so? I know thou'rt virtuous, because the
bar-maid is not worn off yet.

Mr. Parsfitt. My own honesty if I am so then
I am sure enough come here to de
virgins in the country, if the
government keeps them
we should have a wretched life with them.

Mr. Cribbidge. Then nothing but money is able to debase
your religion, how great a sum will fit you to lewd.

Bar-Maid. Not your eighteen months pay, added to the
piece of your hat, and dangling of your cane.

Mr. Parsfitt. Well said, Nanny, kiss me, and tell him you
are true to his masters.

Bar-Maid. Follow me, you; [Kisses her.] you

and you kiss her? you

my dear, I'll take it off

[Kisses her.]

ne'er complain of a fool
ed with a worse ; shew

rser Indent is this way.

[They follow.]

i.

d of beauty, one al-
chalking upon your

it mind their own
it we have so many
ur house, that one
en, and ply in the
i them.

months, how the
officers will be so
like a parcel of
use.

[A noise within.]
horse and bear,

ear angel.

[Kisses her.]

HY.

, and in pub-

Miz. With all my heart; if they're brutish, I'll to reform them.

Draw. This way, gentlemen. [Exeunt.

2d Draw. A sneaker of punch in the Crown, score.

3d Draw. A can of small beer, a quart of brandy, and a pound of sugar in the kitchen, score.

4th Draw. A box of dice for the Mermaid.

1st Draw. Make the great bowl full for the gentlemen in the Fleecer.

Bar. So, it begins to work in each room, and I must be plagued this whole night. [Scene shuts.

Enter *Belsham* and *Advocate*.

Bel. I used to be vexed with the impertinent visits of *Reverend* four times a day. Pr'ythee, *Advocate*, how come of the coxcomb?

Adv. The *Virginia* fleet's come in; and *Coxcomb*, my old acquaintance, is on shore. He's got a few friends.

Bel. I hate him: for if he won't sacrifice to my humour, I'll ne'er part with the wife, to be that dull insipid thing a wife, and my humour.

Adv. Madam, you play with him as a cat plays with a mouse; you fret and tease him till he'll get mad at you at last.

Bel. Impertinent creature! do you think I value a fellow? The red, the blue, and the white me.

Adv. Did you not see him?

Ad. Ay, madam, they are married men; but have you a gentleman, whose sense, whose reputation, whose courage, is to be named in a day with the charming man's, Mr. Rovewell?

Bel. How insipidly the fool talks! If a fellow with out a nose should bribe thee as much as Rovewell has done, you would say as much in his behalf. Why should we make such unfaithful creatures as chambermaids are our confidants?

Ad. Why, madam, because they are the only ones who are not quizes; since you have been trucking your old husband due time out of the house, trucking your new husband

Bel. Ay, Ay, my dear, I have a husband, and I will not give him up for any other.

and did not say a word of the matter to my wife,
 which he was sure to do.

My father, seeing nothing, and all the while I was

thinking that he was not well, but my
 father, friend Leanna, had
 enough to put my trust in
 my father's words.

My father has got the better of the

a friend indeed, thou
 well.

one foolish thing, I
 no more. I'll be con-

you know the man's

say the fellow's mine,

enter; but what thinkest

than I say of the world.

in suspense, I won't make

appear having the fel-

one or ano-

may

mine will ever have Rowewell or not; but since he pays me well, I'll tease and wheedle in his behalf; and if he gets her, I hope he'll make her a modern husband. Well, if I could get a lover upon the first popping of the question, to fly into his arms, and so good-night maidenhead. It shews a wonderful folly in mankind to whine and snivel after these coy peevish things. Bless me! if they knew the way into a lady's heart so well as I do, there would be no sighing and ogling, no presents or serenading, no dying at a lady's feet: let them take the shortest way with the dissenters, and the business is done. [*The bell rings.*] Coming, coming. [*Exit.*]

Enter JENNY PRIVATE and a Sailor.

Jen. So, I think I am equipt like one of the righteous; I am overjoyed at the intrigue, and shall be pleased to see myself a real captain's lady; I am sure I have been a sham one to many of them. Let me see, my letter is penn'd in a true canting form: my name is Dorcas Zeal, and my fortune ten thousand pounds. Well, if I do not act the babe of grace, the formal quaking saint, with as much outside sanctity as a new-entered nun, or an old mother abbess, I'll be content to truss up like James Nailor.—Here, sailor, carry this to Captain Mizen; then follow Captain Worthy's orders.

Sail. Ay, friend, I'll hand it to him, and then look out sharp. [*Exit.*]

And there, with look demure, I'll pass for saint :
No such fair colour as religious paint. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter ROVEWELL, WORTHY, MIZEN,
PLEASANT, EASY, and Purser IN-
famous punch.

Pleasant's health in a bumper, and

My subjects be as true to her

As much pains to put her
Into as good order as I do.

On a ship's side, with a tackle
Holding, with a knot under my
Her navy one of the greatest

That already.

Worthy, I don't mean a fighting
Part of our business ; I am
A navy full of sense and
Handsome, well-
May be

Crab. No, he's for turning the gun-powder into sweet powder, and the iron-balls into wash-balls.

Miz. Well, gentlemen, you'll have no cause to complain at my design.

Boaz. Why, if some shilliter offer this to our captain of the navy, he'd bring them to a court-martial, and break them for being crazy.

Miz. Oh, sir, before I laid my design at the parliament-door, I'd get an order from the admiral, and all the vice-admirals to the West-Indies.

Boaz. What then, sir?

Miz. Why then, sir, they would lay down all commissions, and so the navy would be rid of them.

Crab. That last intention I like wonderfully; for no young fellows ought to have hopes of jumping to the top of the ship.

Miz. Well, Boaz, I have been thinking if the admiral will write to the West-Indies; pray, let me know what he says.

Boaz. He says, he'll write to the West-Indies.

Miz. And he'll write to the West-Indies.

Crab. And he'll write to the West-Indies.

Miz. And he'll write to the West-Indies.

Boaz. And he'll write to the West-Indies.

Miz. And he'll write to the West-Indies.

Crab. And he'll write to the West-Indies.

Miz. And he'll write to the West-Indies.

Boaz. And he'll write to the West-Indies.

Miz. And he'll write to the West-Indies.

Crab. And he'll write to the West-Indies.

Miz. And he'll write to the West-Indies.

Boaz. And he'll write to the West-Indies.

But there's nothing done in this world without money.

Enter a Sailor.

Sail. Is Captain Mizen here?

Miz. I am he, friend; what want you, sir?

Sail. Why, here's a ticket for you.

Miz. Ha!—Dorcas Zeal! Oh, ecstasy! Oh, transport! [*Reads.*] "Friend, I am informed thou hast a liking to my person; my neighbour hath informed me thou art a sober, good man. I am now walking towards Deal castle, where, if thy pretensions are sincere, we will consult about the matter thy friend spoke to me of this day. I should not be thus free with thee, had it not chanced, that passing by me at thy first landing, I beheld thy comely person, and liked it; and therefore used this plainness with thee, as becometh a sister of that congregation that hateth ceremonies. Be secret, for Worthy is thy rival, but his pretensions will prove vain; for my heart is thine."

DORCAS ZEAL."

Miz. Oh, thou dear creature!—But, hush! no transports before arrival. Poor Worthy, how thy weak foundation totters! how sneakingly would the poor mortal look, if he saw this letter! Well, Dorcas has seen me, and I shot her with a side glance. What a refined creature is a sweet beau, to a homely coarse tar; to carry off the prize at one single attack, which that dull rogue has been laying a whole year's

siege to ? But, come, gentlemen, about with the glass. Here, Worthy, here's thy mistress's health.

Wor. I thank you, sir.

Miz. Nay, don't think I drink to an unknown fair. Here's honest Rovewell has made me a small piece of a confidant in thy amour. Well, old boy, when the consummation-day comes with thy sanctified bride, I'll make one at throwing the profane stocking—and to her health. [*Drinks.*

Rove. Here's a dog ! [*Aside.*

Wor. Well, Mizzen, to resume thy compliment, when that happy day does come, I'll bespeak thee for a bride-man.

Miz. Nay, that will be too great an honour. But, cry ye mercy, gentlemen, I have a small affair to dispatch, I must be forced to borrow myself from your company; but upon my honour, I'll return again in a very few moments. [*Exit.*

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! the rogue swallows the bait as we could wish.

Plea. What, some ridiculous intrigue on foot: pray let us join with you in your mirth.

Crib. Nothing diverts so much, as using a coxcomb according to his deserts.

to exquisite a coxcomb as this can't be

the design is pretty severe; he is gone
ny Private, an old quondam punk.

will be a noble revenge for his imper-

ence: oh, lieutenant! would we could clap such
trick upon our brute of a commodore.

Roe. Ay, that may be done; I have just such ano-
ther blind bargain for him too.

For. Come, to your good success: the marrying
se two coxcombs may provoke them to hang
nselfs, which will be a meritorious service to the
t.

lea. Oh, for a vacancy, that dear delight to us
ig fellows: ha, Cribbidge!

ib. Ay, the two ships would serve us nicely.

sy. Then we should have commissions to wet.

ve. So, the bowl sucks; empty is the word.

l. Pray, gentlemen, give me leave to pay for this

. Oh, by no means, purser.

. Pray, gentlemen, let it be so. Come, Captain
hy, I may be your purser one time or other.

. Why, if you should, it won't be much to your
tage; for I ne'er allow my purser to oppress
en; nor will I keep a whole ship's crew miser-
o make one man rich.

Oh, sir, I don't desire that, sir; but you are
a gentleman, sir, that you won't hinder me
those common perquisites allowed to all pursers.

The word perquisite comprehends a great
roguery; and under that notion the govern-
sufficiently cheated.

Ay, sir; but all people have regard to the
s of the navy.

Wor. Why, yes, purser, I own you may plead custom for the abundance of villanies committed in the navy; but we have now got men of honour at the helm, who will not suffer rogues to go unpunished.

Crib. It has been the method to let a stinking butt of beer stand six days a-broach; and when complaint has been made, the captain (who should do the sailors justice) punishes the complaining rascal for mutiny.

Plea. It has been the method for cooks, with pitch-forks sharp, to squeeze the fat from out the meat, for fear the grease should rise in poor Jack Sailors' stomachs.

Easy. It has been the method to waste a pound to ounces ten which makes the bread, the butter, and the cheese, a poor allowance for those hard-working men.

Rove. In short, what with chest-money, hospitals, slops, two-pences, groats, and mulcts, they are mere galley-slaves.

Plea. The captain uses them like dogs, which forces them to run away; the chequering clerk puts on the R. and then the purser loads their pay with slops they never had, and so cheats the queen and subjects too.

Ind. Why, you may rail at these proceedings; but when you stand the captain and the purser too, you'll often wish to be indenting; half money, and half stores, have tempted most of you.

Wor. Come, no more; since we have discovered you, I hope you'll let us pay our clubs.

ACT III. THE FIDELITY OF THE SAILOR.

Ind. No, faith, gentlemen. 'Tis not so at all this. You might as well say a woman is as unlike whores, who sail at that price, as the common practice.

Rose. Come, William, without more ado, let your company be desired till the evening at Belinda's. But now, let us have one private whisper with thee, for our noble revenge is the worst, and I will follow thee to the plot.

Crib. Ay, most willingly. It waits on leave.

Rose. If we succeed in this matter, it will be a noble revenge.

For brutes and fools were ever more for harm

Nothing is like a conscience to drive

They care the spleen, and more the toll of life

An easy burden, and a pleasing strife

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter JENNY PRIVATE.

Jenny.

SURE the sailor has mistook, and given my letter up a wrong person. My heart goes pit-a-pat, for fear I should not succeed. But see, he comes!

Enter MIZEN.

Miz. So, that must be my Quaker, by his air—Madam, madam—

Jen. Would you ought with me, friend?

Miz. Only to desire the favour of you to give me leave to throw myself at your feet. My name is Mizzen; I came hither by appointment from your hands—She is very beautiful! board me the. [Exit.]

Jen. If thy sincerity is answerable to the character my friend has given me of thee, I am content, according to his desire, to be thy help-mate.

Miz. Well, old Scruple is a prevailing rogue, and deserves the fifty guineas, pos. [Aside.] Oh, charmer! I have been long sighing and wishing for this opportunity, and hope you'll now give me leave to make the best of my time.

Jen. Will you change your vain religion that? Will you stand fast to the faith? In perseverance, will you come over to the congregation of the upright? Will you put off these gaudy clothes, that vanity of vanities?

Miz. Yea, verily, I will put off my gaudiness; I will strip myself to the nakedness of the spirit.

Jen. Why, then thou hast overcome me; and verily I will be thine in a few months.

Miz. Oh, thou lovely lamb, set not so terrible a time! the spirit moveth me to make thee flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone, before the sun shineth again.

Jen. I have some fears upon me, that thy eagerness to my person, may proceed from a desire thou hast to my money.

Miz. Why, I say thy fears are uncharitable; for

st thou nothing, nor that neither, my zeal would
as much for thee as it is now.

ten. Then I am satisfied; and, accordingly, here
my hand.

Miz. Why, I am transported to the highest ecsta-

1 Look ye, my boat waiteth on the beach for
; if thy yearnings are great as mine are to thee,
wilt venture thyself upon the deep along with

I have on board my ship a man called a chap-
according to our establishment, will link

—Turn me keel upwards, if ever I car-
gue better in my life. [*Aside.*

thou art a powerful man, and I submit
thee; but can help thee to one of thy

re—Admirably well managed! [*Aside.*

me, my spirit, my light, my light of my
—humph—Let us go then.

[*Exeunt, hugging her.*

ROVEWELL, WORTHY, and Sir CHARLES
PLEASANT.

off goes the boat, and there's a punk pro-

y be his heart. This will put such a
undertakings, that we shall be troubled
his nonsensical whimsies about reform-

all our friends were as well provided

, faith, so do I; for when I enter the sa-

cred bonds, I'll give a receipt in full to shake hands with vice, and bid adieu to im-

Rove. And I am resolved to make the best of my bands.

Plea. These are pious designs truly. I myself to be out of conceit with wickedness; I but succeed in my amour with Arabella, I singly bid adieu to all the frail part of mort she has used me so unmercifully, that I quit of success.

Wor. Pr'ythee, Sir Charles, matters are so far as to throw thee into desperation.

Rove. Let me alone to make up the matter. Sir Charles, 'tis a pretty play-thing in time which, if some care is not taken, these victorials of ours will bring it to; and a sea-lady with only half a crown a day, will never alter your quality.

Plea. I am wholly at your devotion.

Rove. Come on, then; let us to Belinda; we shall see her.

Wor. I fear her late disappointment will prevent her from appearing abroad this evening. 'Tis Belinda has interest enough to bring her.

Enter CRIBBIDGE, EASY, and JILT

Jilt. My dear puppies, if you make me a lady, my husband shall hang himself, that he may be a vacancy for one of you.

Crib. Why, you must make use of all you

to draw him into the noose. Get him but to the word **parson**, and I, like his evil genius, will appear to him. You won't be the only jilt married to a sea-captain this day.

Jilt. How say you?

Easy. Why, Mrs. Jenny Private, through the intrigues, instigations, and temptations of Beau Mizen, is gone on board his ship, in order to be his lawful spouse.

Jilt. Od's my life, my cousin Jenny! If such common strumpets as she meet with such good luck, what must a woman of my known virtue and modest conversation expect?

Crib. Why, then you make degrees in whoring?

Jilt. Oh, ever! She that is a bastard-bearing whore is the most notorious; she that lies with half the town, and does it privately, is a prudent whore; she that gets money by it, is a mercenary whore; she that does it generously and bare-fac'd, is a whore of honour.

Crib. Very nice distinctions, truly!

Easy. I wonder, since you are so numerous a body of people, you don't get a charter; it will raise a considerable tax to the government; they may as well tolerate you, as wink at great men's keeping you.

Jilt. Why, really, settlements are very comfortable things; and our gentry, how sneaking soever they are to their creditors, are most generous to our faculty.

44. The water garden is near, and
The house is built on a hill of the best,
And the garden is full of the best.

And the garden is full of the best,
And the house is built on a hill of the best,<
And the water garden is near, and

And the house is built on a hill of the best,
And the water garden is near, and

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to believe to be the best time to try a woman's inclinations.
[*Aside. Exit.*]

Enter ARABELLA's Maid.

So, the old rascal's gone. These psalm-match-makers are worse than your irreligious for the latter only betray our maidenheads and reputations, when these religious rogues are praying for our fortunes, our freedoms, our pleasures, our very souls.

Fid. Madam, to be settled in the world by what you call a match and marriage is honourable.

Ar. And to be a knight's daughter formerly; but now they call it a match—Have you wrote those letters to my brother's copy?

Fid. Madam, and here they are.

Somebody to deliver this packet to your brother's at Belinda's?

Ar. Madam, I have a small Mercury appointed for it.

And this letter, in which I have so lately cited my brother's hand, that my sister may cover it—

Can you hope, madam, by this intrigue to obtain Worthy yours?

A fool; nor were he dying at my feet would I. My design is to make my sister hate this world calls dear can equal the thing him ill used by her.

THE FAIR QUAKER OF DEAL; OR, *AA II*
Crib. Come, toss up a bowl of the best, to enable
 us to go through with this great work. [*Exeunt*]

Enter ARABELLA and Justice SCHUPLE.

Scrip. I am sorry that troubled your sister is gone
 abroad, because she is a very great
Ar. Acquaintance of mine.

to is m
 endor
 od s
 and stati
 to your s
 of his
 than

be the best time to try a woman's incli-
[*Aside. Exit.*

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feet would

sister hate

can equal the

ed by her.

Flip. Look'e, rogues, the design is very good 'tis a gracious piece of preferment; but it has up so many of our sea-coxcombs, that their vanity will ruin the credit of the navy. But to you, cockswain. [*Drinks.*] Fill it up, sirrah!

Cock. I am almost drunk, an like your honour another cup will make me clap the ship on board windward.

Flip. Why then, sirrah, I'll clap you in the stocks to leeward.

Cock. So, now the storm begins to rise.

2 Sail. To be free with your right reverend ship's honour and glory, I must tell you, be it as I were afore the mast together, it would as it were something clever of your honourable throw three things overboard.

Flip. Why, what are those things, sirrah?

2 Sail. The boatswain, the purser, and the b

All Sail. Ay, overboard with them, i'faith.

Flip. What! do you mutiny, ye dogs? Don't you know there's a court-martial, and that I am president.

Cock. I was sure these rogues would bring themselves into a prim-in-iron.

2 Sail. Why, most worthy captain, and my mate that was, look'e, we have no design of mutiny, but only by way of telling our grievances to your grace's honour, and so my humbleness to you

[*Enter a third person.*]

Flip. Well, well, to shew my natural goodness

you all, give me good reasons for throwing over-board the bilboes; I begin at the latter end of your propositions, because I intend to ask them all gradually; and so, sirrah, here's to you. [*Drinks.*]

3 *Sail.* Thank your monstrousness: the bilboes, an't like your wonderfulness, is a great stumbling-block in the way of a sailor's agility; to have our heels land-lock'd when we have sea-room enough, is worse than to run ashore where there's no land.

All Sail. Oh! worse by half.

Flip. Come, no more of your nonsensicalness; but get drunk as fast as you can.

Enter INDENT.

Ind. Sir, a word with you. [*They go aside.*]

Cock. Ah——when the captain and purser whisper, our guts ought to grumble.

6 *Sail.* Ay, cockswain, those whisperations are many an ounce of butter and cheese out of our way.

3 *Sail.* Ay! and a great deal of beer too: but my service to you, mess-mate.

Flip. Why, I designed to go and see her this evening. [*To Indent.*]

Ind. As I pass'd by the door, she told me she was impatient to see you, for you was the handsomest man in the navy, and the best natured captain in the whole fleet.

Flip. Why, I believe the jade does love me, therefore you and I will go to supper with her; but first I'll make all the boat's crew drunk, according to an-

Flip. Look'e, rogues, the design is very good, and 'tis a gracious piece of preferment; but it has puffed up so many of our sea-coxcombs, that their pride and vanity will ruin the credit of the navy. But here's to you, cockswain. [*Drinks.*] Fill it up, sirrah.

Cock. I am almost drunk, an like your honour; another cup will make me clap the ship on board to windward.

Flip. Why then, sirrah, I'll clap you in the bilboes to leeward.

Cock. So, now the storm begins to rise.

2 Sail. To be free with your right reverend worship's honour and glory, I must tell you, being you and I were afore the mast together, it would look as it were something clever of your honourableness to throw three things overboard.

Flip. Why, what are those things, sirrah?

Sail. The boatswain, the purser, and the bilboes.

3 Sail. Ay, overboard with them, i'faith.

Flip. What! do you mutiny, ye dogs? Don't you know there's a court-martial, and that I am presidentum.

4 Sail. I am sure these rogues would bring the ship to the bottom in-iron.

Flip. Most worthy captain, and most worthy gentlemen, we have no design of telling our grievances, and so my humble duty.

5 Sail. Well, to shew my duty.

to them, you are blow'd up in spite of the ambralty. I will therefore lie down for an hour or two ; call me when the captain's ready to go.

3 *Sail.* Why, do you think to be left out of the plot ? No, no, Mr. Cockswain, you shall go along with us, or else we'll ravish you.

All Sail. Ay, ay, force him along. [*They haul him.*

Cock. Why, rogues, an't I captain of the boat ?

4 *Sail.* If you were captain of the ship, we should use you as we do now ; for we have no dispeet of persons.

2 *Sail.* Ay, or if he was ambaral we should make no difference ; for all that there is between an ambaral and a sailor is, a stout sailor will fire ten guns to an ambaral's one.

Cock. Well, well, unhand me, if I must go, I must ; but I am very much mistaken, if we are catch'd a-doing a mischief by the justices, if they don't clap us into the wooden bilboes.

4 *Sail.* Why, to get the better of that prehension of yours, the first thing we'll go about shall be to pull the stocks up by the roots, launch them into the sea, and let the Goodwin sand be better for them.

All Sail. Done, done, come away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter ROVEWELL, WORTHY, Sir CHARLES PLEASANT, BELINDA, and DORCAS.

Rovewell.

I AM sorry Arabella comes not; 'tis a disappointment to Sir Charles.

Plea. Methinks I do look a little awkward amongst you billing turtles; I am not a fit companion for lovers.

Bel. I can't imagine what you mean by lovers; my friend the Quaker here has indeed shewn a little foolish fondness for Captain Worthy, but I hope you have suspected no such thing from any action of mine.

Dor. Why, friend Belinda, art thou not ashamed to dissemble so? I must tell thee, my conscience will not let me do it; if thou dost not shew a great deal of kindness to Rovewell forthwith, I will discover what is in thy closet between us just now.

Bel. Tell me but that, and I'll adore thee; I shall be cause to laugh at her impertinent weakness. I shall be happy.

Dor. How dare you offer at this insolence! Have you any pretensions to me, vain fellow?

Bel. Yes, I have, vain woman: I have your constant courtship, with an equal respect paid to you; if oatmeal is not a sufficient

AS IV. THE HUMOURS OF THE NAVY.

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pressions can give a man prepossessions, I can justly claim them.

Bel. You might have put in your former prepossessions too; your bawbles of China, your Indian amulets, your hair-ring, and your oval picture.

Roe. By Heavens! I'd give the world I could lose thee now: but, *Belinda*, there's something as bewitching in your form, that I will never give you: tho' ne'er so ill used, like a spaniel, I must love and adore you.

Plea. Now, faith, *Belinda*, had I suspected you at age, nay, had I thought you at all, and been as much enamoured of you as I am now, for a cat-comb to be; I would, at this stage, marry your chamber-maid, that she might take pride in you: & ridicule you in all companies, & with all sorts of the throat of any body that pretences acquaintance to you, and would make you die a most shameful death.

Roe. Whilst I, like a good-natured fool, am in my chains, and think of no heaven but my *Belinda*.

Wor. For shame, proud creature, let not your vanity get the better of your sense and reason; take to your arms the man you love. Come, I see good-nature in your eyes: thus I seize your hand, and am resolved to give it him who has your heart.

Bel. Pahaw, what insolence is this! Do you think me forced?

Wor. No, there is no force in the case; you are a free-brawler.

F

Plea. In short, if she refuses, we'll swear a tract, and make a forc'd marriage on't.

Bel. Had I not some inclination, your force threats should never do. Here, Rovewell, take hand; I hope for better usage from you than have received from me.

Rove. Oh, my Belinda! one pleasing look amends for all my pains and agonies.

Dor. Ay, now it is as it should be.

Bel. I know, Rovewell, you'll forgive the for my sex, and put a favourable construction on I've done.

Wor. There, there, kiss her hand eagerly; turn the whites of your eyes, and fetch your breath short, and leave her to imagine what you own say. To-morrow, one priest will join both couples; now let us spend the night in mirth; by this Mizen has linked with our sham Quaker. With leave, Belinda, we'll invite them hither.

Rove. 'Tis ten to one but the vanity of his ginary conquest will bring him without an invitation.

Bel. Pray make my house your own.

Wor. Pardon, my dear creature, the freedom have taken in using your name; but this coxcomb might have offered a violence we should have undone.

Rove. Belinda, I'll take the freedom of sending the Commodore, and his lady too, who are invited; we'll first dance, then raise the mirth, and discover the plot.

THE HISTORY OF THE CITY

11

OF THE CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME

By SAMUEL JOHNSON

[The following text is extremely blurry and illegible, appearing to be a list or index of names and dates.]

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me! [*Reads.*] "Tho' you have been guilty of many villanies, and used me ill, I never thought you would have dar'd to have marry'd another wife; but since I know you so well, I'll appear at Deal, and tear your idol Quaker's heart out. I am your much injur'd

ELIZABETH WORTHY."

Sir Charles, feel me, have I life, am I awake, or do I dream? A dizziness overwhelms my brain, and darkness draws its sable curtains o'er my eyes!

. *Rove.* What a plague means all this romantic stuff! have we got the method of poisoning by letter come into England at last?

Plea. Faith, I am afraid to take the letter up, for fear I should be transmogrified.

Bel. This sudden change is most surprising. Help, lead her to my chamber, a little sleep may bring her to herself again.

Dor. Lead me to death most willingly: horrors and despair will end my days.

[*Exeunt Dorcas, Belinda, and Servants.*]

Wor. Go, charming fair! I can't blame thee for this great concern. Death, hell, and devils! am I then at last become a villain! a despicable husband! a betrayer of weak virgins' hearts!—Am I, from a man of honour, sunk to a degenerate slave!—By Heaven, I'm raging mad! What ill-boding spirit could owe me such a spite, and cross at once my full-blown joys?

Rove. Worthy, is the frolic to go round? Are we to be all mad? or must only you and the Quaker carry on the jest?

Mr. Oh, Rovewell, you have known me long, never saw me in such agonies of grief before; these, the cause of all my woes.

ve. [*Takes up the letter, reads, and Pleasant over shoulder.*] "Guilty—Villanies—another wife

Deal—Quaker's heart out. ELIZ. WORTHY."

intrigue well carried on, i'faith. [*Reads the other*

.] "I doubt not—wonder—of man—

thy—your husband—two children—the end

—next post—to his sight. ELIZ. WORTHY."

ea. Why, this lady of yours writes very prettily, in.

ve. The woman has a pretty knack, faith; pr'y-

Worthy, are these two children of yours boys or
? ha, ha, ha!

Hell and furies! am I become your scorn?
you laugh at me?

ve. Ay, faith, do we. Canst thou be concerned
e stratagem of a woman who loves thee? Look
more upon the scrawl, canst thou not guess
e hand it is?

Mr. Ha!—By this light it looks somewhat like
bella's! It must be hers. Fool that I was not to
give it before; 'twas cunningly performed, I
r: I wonder my charming Quaker discovered it
I'll in, and undeceive her. [*Meets Belinda.*

Make no noise, she's in a slumber, which I
will compose her.

r. Oh, Belinda! this is a trick of Arabella's;

Plea. Why, madam, do you think that will bring her?

Bel. Sir Charles, I have heard her say abundance of handsome things of you; I know she likes the word quality much, and would not care if on any terms she could be called her ladyship; for she is pleased with taking place: that, you must know, is the darling vanity of our sex.

Rove. You may set your heart at rest; you have a fairer prospect of marrying Arabella, than poor Worthy has for marrying her sister.

Bel. Come, tease him no more: I'll steal up to her, and convince her of the error she's in. Go into the parlour, there's cards. [*Exit.*]

Rove. Come, what think you of ombre, or a pool at piquet.

Wor. I can do nothing with pleasure till I know how I am to be received by my dear charmer.

Plea. Come, pray divert these melancholy whimsies.

Rove. Why, if you don't go to cards, Sir Charles and I shall be very satirical upon you.

Wor. Nay, rather than you should play that game with me, I'll go to cards. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter FLIP drunk, INDENT, and JILTUP.

Jilt. This was kind, indeed, my dear dog, to make ~~me~~ first visit, when so many ladies in town die

, you little hussy you, I think all the men look like swabs to you.

Ind. Indeed, madam, the commodore does often launch out in your praises.

Flip. Ay, and commendations too: why, I love you so well, that I could be your consort and your mess-mate for ever. When I die 'tis all your own; my houses, my land, my part in ships, and my every thing else come to you by will and deed.

Jilt. Poor good-natured thing, how is it possible for me to return thy kindnesses? I have no land but my own body; take that into thy custody, and make the most on't.

Enter CRIBBIDGE in a Priest's Habit.

Flip. What have we here? a priest!

Jilt. Oh, dear cousin Homily, I'm glad to see you.

Flip. Is this your cousin, my dear? You're welcome, as I may say.

Crib. Sir, I thank you. Cousin, I'm glad to see you; I come to stay with you some time; your doctor being gone to make interest for a bishopric, I am to officiate for him until his return.

Ind. Rarely acted Pfaith, he looks more than most of our sea-chaplains.

Crib. Well, cousin, may I joy you entered into the holy state of matrimony?

Jilt. No, cousin, I am willing to be of the world first.

Crib. A parishioner of mine, she seems to have a great mind to make

he has a plentiful estate, with a fine house, in
sant part of Kent; he is of a very good family;
is a personal handsome man.

Flip. Hark'e, sir, none of your match-making
ries here: this lady is disposed of, and her im-
tions are moor'd to my affections; and he that
her aboard, must expect to be raked fore and aft
my partridge double and round.

Crib. Sir, I beg your pardon; if you are the
husband I have done, sir.

Flip. Look'e, sir, I am not at present the
husband, but if you understand that part of
trade, and will splice us together, I have a cou-
guineas at your service.

Crib. Sir, if all parties are consenting, I sha-
be a great while performing that ceremony.

Flip. Why all parties are consented, Reve-
issimo.

Crib. Sir, if I have that from the lady's mouth
you can get her a father to give her away, I
proceed.

Flip. Oh, as to a father, here's the purser
stand that part of the story. Tell him, my dear
you love and adore me.

Jilt. I must say I have an unalterable affectio-
the Commodore; but if I should marry him, a-
should not love me after it, I should be the miser-
creature nature ever form'd.

Flip. Not love you, my dear! why I'll stick at
to you as carr'd work to a ship's stern; nothing

be done by me without thy consent ; you shall have the working of my vessel, and stand at the helm in all weathers.

Ind. Well, madam, since I am chose for your father, give me leave to know what's best for you ; I'll engage the Commodore proves the tenderest husband in the navy.

Crib. Truly the gentleman hath the aspect of a man of parts.

Flip. Reverendissimo, I thank you for your good opinion of my outclefts ; and if you'll give yourself the trouble of coming on board my ship, you shall have your skull and guts fill'd so full of brandy and salt-beef, and your ears so alarmed with drums, trumpets, huzzas and guns, that you'll be as drunk in half an hour as you were at the wetting your commission.

Crib. Sir, people of my cloth never launch out beyond the rules of modesty.

Flip. I can't say any thing to your shore-folks ; but I am certain our sea-chaplains (generally speaking) are drunk as often as our sea-captains.

The more's the pity, that religion should be

so apt enough to be
examples from their
much immo-

his office,

Jilt. Well, you have overcome me.

Flip. So, very well; then begin Mr. Hornet.

Jilt. Oh, no, we shall be disturbed here, the back room is more private.

Flip. March away then. I am all over storeship and transport with thy dear person; come, I'll give you a tow, you are my prize now.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter ARABELLA dressed like a Quaker, in Man's Cloak

Arabella.

So, my plot succeeds as I could wish. Belinda's letter tells me all. Now must I take care to give my saint-like sister these credentials when she 'wakes. I think I look as like one of the pious brethren as if I had been educated by George Fox.

Enter ADVOCATE.

Is Dorcas Zeal within this dwelling-place?

Ad. Yes, she is.

Ara. Wilt thou go and tell unto her, that I would speak with her instantaneously?

Ad. If you'll walk in, I'll let my mistress know your message; but the lady is asleep.

Ara. Go, I'll follow thee.

Enter again in the Parlour.

Ad. Sit down, while I acquaint my lady.

Ara. Now for a disguising look, that she may not know me.

Enter BELINDA.

Bel. My servant tells me you would speak with Dorcas Zeal.

Ara. Yea, verily, she hath told thee the truth.

Bel. She is laid down and indisposed, I am loth to disturb her.

Ara. Verily, I could wish thou couldst dispense with giving her some small disturbance: my business is very urgent; for behold my errand is from her brother, and concerneth her much, and we must be in private.

Bel. Then follow me.

Ara. So I will. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Draws, and discovers DORCAS on a Couch. Re-enter BELINDA and ARABELLA.

Dor. How dreadful are the dreams of souls disturbed! Why was I so void of grace to trust to such a monster!

Bel. How does my dear? I feared we should have disturbed your rest; but this young man being very urgent to speak with you, I ventured to bring him up.

Dor. I am much better; but still troubled in mind.

Bel. Oh, as soon as you have dispatch'd your business, I'll set your mind to rights, I'll warrant you
[*Exit*]

Ara. May be not. [*Aside.*] Friend, thy brother did send this unto thee; when thou hast overlook'd the contents thereof, thou wilt know my business here.

Dor. May be it contains something of that traitor Worthy.
[*Reads*]

"BELOVED SISTER,

"The bearer hereof, being the son of Ananias, who was an upright member of the cause, I recommend unto thee for a help-mate. He hath two thousand pounds a year, and stiffly adherent to our ways of going; and I send him to thee in good season, that thou may'st be delivered from the wicked designs of the seducing married man Worthy. Thine, in truth and sincerity,
SHADRACH ZEAL."

Dor. A comely youth, well worthy my good liking. Besides, how blest an occasion offereth to be revenged of an ungrateful man! [*Aside.*] Art thou, young man, the subject of this paper?

Ara. Yea, lovely maiden, I am the chosen man, selected by my friend and thy good brother to greet thee with a holy kiss, and tell thee I love thee, fair one.

Dor. Love me at first sight!—Have a care thou talk not in the language of the world, and play
thou dost, assure thyself I shall reb

THE HUMOURS OF THE NAVY.

Ara. I have seen thee often before, verily.
Dor. Where didst thou see me?
Ara. In the great London city.

Dor. When there saw'st thou me?
Ara. At the last general assembly of the faithful,
 met at that season worldly men call *Whituntide*.
Dor. Yea, truly, our good brother Shadrach car-
 ried me up to that noisy town of pride and vanity, to
 greet our friends at the last meeting.
 if thou saw'st me there, how chanceth it, that in so
 long a silence from the fifth month even to the ninth?

Ara. Oh! Dorcas, — ah — I saw and
 thy heart from thee, but Dorcas, — I check'd the moving spirit —
 loved. With, alas! Oh, fie! was that the fault? the
 young. Too lead a my sister. I was that the fault? the
Dor. Too young, too young! Oh, fie! was that the fault? the
 with verily, spouting! Oh, fie! was that the fault? the
Ara. My honest outward man, thou bearest the same honest face
 too. Dorcas, such a like agony as the honest face
 the first. Some Dorcas, such a like agony as the honest face
 to our. Some Dorcas, such a like agony as the honest face
 chosen. Some Dorcas, such a like agony as the honest face
 vain stepple-house; but nay, and perchance
 houses to a carnal seat in one of

Dor. Pray, use no rudeness, but let us be gone quietly.

Plea. No struggling, good, sweet, diminutive coxcomb; if thou dost, I shall use the carnal weapon upon thee.

Ara. Begone, fellow.

[In struggling her hat and wig fall off.]

Bel. How! Arabella!—Then the plot's discovered!

Dor. *[Shrieks.]* How's this! my holy brother in the spirit, turned an arrant sister in the flesh!

Wor. Ha!—my old friend, this was a well-acted tragi-comedy.

Dor. I am in so much confusion and surprise, I know not what to say.

Ara. Now, sir, I suppose you'll let me go; I have no more business here.

Plea. This discovery will make me hold you faster than before.

Rove. Ay, madam, there's no retreating now; we'll be even with you for all your usage.

Dor. Friend Worthy, canst thou forgive me, and once more take my hand?

Wor. Can I live! Not without thee, I'm sure! Oh, had you but once o'erlooked these lines, how had you saved me this wild distraction!

Plea. Look'e, madam, no struggling; you are now my prisoner; I shall not release you but upon very reasonable terms to myself.

These terms, Sir Charles, let me have leave

I know the gentlewoman's mind so well,
I'll give you her hand.

Upon what account, Belinda?

Why upon the account of being my Lady's
maid. Pr'ythee don't put on a dissembling look;
I'll go forthwith, or you shall die a maid. But first
I'll reconcile you to this couple.

I forgive thee, sister, what excess of passion
thou hast to; but if thou valuest me, accept of the
reconciliation for thy husband.

I am a little confounded; let me retire till I
have recovered myself, I'll wait on you again.

[Is going.]

Stay, sister, husband that wouldst have been;
I'll say a few words before thou goest.

Ay, and two merry ones, if you please.

If I had taken thee hand in hand to the
house-yoke-maker, wouldst thou have had
pudence to have said after him; I, a false bro-
ther, take thee a true sister Dorcas, to have
hold, to love and to cherish?—Thou love
cherish me! when thou knowest thyself a wo-
man and hadst it not in thee, naughty creature!

No, faith, sister, I should never have pushed
it so far neither.

Go, go thy ways; thou art a sad facetious girl.

[Exit Arabella.]

Follow, Sir Charles, follow her; never let
her go beyond thy reach, till thou hast her safe; and

82 THE FAIR QUAKER OF DEAL : OR,
we'll all go along with thee, to be ready for
ries upon occasion.

Bel. Well, I'll take care the breeches shall be
livered, Sir Charles; this shall be the last thou
your wearing those masculine trophies of tyranny.

[*Exeunt all but Worthy and Dorcas.*]

Dor. Well, this malicious sister of ours had a strange
plot against us; but, I hope, kind Worthy, thou canst
heartily forgive her.

Wor. Ay, and thank the very hand that snatched
thee from me, because it brings me the transporting
joys of this blest restoration.

Enter FLIP, pulling in MIZEN, who holds JENNY PRIVATE in his other hand, dressed like a Quaker, exactly like DORCAS.

Flip. Now, pox on thee, come forwards with thy
fair spouse; as thou hast snapt this rich galleon, and
got the ten thousand pound cargo, never be ashamed
of thy good fortune, but bear up full sail to him, and
lay him athwart with her.

Miz. By my bowsprit, and so I will. Oh, the sweet
pleasure of the mortification I shall give him.—Come
forward, sweeting. [*Enter with her farther upon the
Stage.*] My dear brother Worthy, thou seest I have
made bold. We have signed and sealed, noble cap-
tain.

Wor. I see you have.

Flip. Ay, Bully Tar, they are worth more as strong as a first-rate cable.

Miz. Ha!——What's your name? [Turning to Dorcas.] Is that beautiful Quaker a relation of mine?

Jen. Yea, my dear sister and friend. I greet thee lovingly.

Dor. My sister! Pray, who art thou?

Jen. In my single estate I was called Dorcas. But, not in my wedlock bonds my name is Dorcas's sister.

Dor. Dorcas and Zeal!——What give thee those names?

Jen. None of the vain commendations of godmothers and godmothers; no verily, it is a name I have put on myself, to make this dear man taking a more welcome.

Miz. Borrowed! in the name of Lucifer!

Dor. Nay, in my clothing too! my very language.

Wor. I wish you joy, my happy rival!

Flip. Ay, joy, sir, joy in your ten thousand pound quaker.

Miz. Ten thousand torments! Joy! never was man cheated, so betrayed and ruined——by your manner, fury, Jezabel, who art thou?

Jen. Shall I answer thee in that language of the uncliffed?

Miz. No, answer me in thine own infant dialect; tell me, whence comest thou?

Jen. I am a Quaker, and I suppose you are a Quaker too.

Miz. I am a Quaker, and I suppose you are a Quaker too.

Jen. Yes, truly, one of that cloudy generation. Heavens be thanked, those dark days are over me, I shall shine out a captain's lady now.

Miz. Shine out a firebrand, brimstone and a whore, a common strumpet!

Flip. Oh, fye, brother Mizen, no more hard words, but take her to thy bosom.

Miz. Take her to the devil.

Flip. I tell thee, Mizen, thou couldst not pick out a wife so fit for thee, out of a whole ment of doxies. Does she not own herself a piece of brittle ware? and will so sweetly set off thy cabin the rest of thy china!

Wor. Ay, Mizen, take the commodore's good counsel, and bear it all with patience; thou art as quagmire as a game-cock at a looking-glass, and with a little reason for thy passion.

Miz. Not reason for my passion, when I'm such a limb of hell!

Wor. No, not when thou hast deserved to be tied!

Miz. Deserved!

Wor. Ay, sir, deserved. Didst not thou know claim to this fair creature? And with thy treacherous designs to play so poor a game, to invade my sacred right, art thou not justly punished?

Dor. Yea, naughty man, thou hast thy just reward.

Miz. Ay, noble Worthy, I own myself a villain, and the hand of Heaven has reached me for it.

Flip. Hang thee, who pities thee. You was

ten thousand pounder, and must set up downright buccaneer, and pirate for a wife; no prize but *Worthy's* *Dorcās*! now I have married a girl—

Wor. Thou married!

Flip. Ay, this very morning. But my fubbs-yacht pretends to no thousands; a pox of portions, I have yellow-bows enow (thanks to a harvest in her majesty's service) to make the white and red in the fair cheeks of an honest smiling bed-fellow look lovely, with neither paint nor patch.

Wor. Where is this white and red, with neither paint nor patch? Troth, *Flip*, thou keepest thy rustic humour still; to have taken a young bride, and be seen thus long out of her company, on the very nuptial morning, is not over modish, let me tell you.

Flip. Hang ceremonies. Look you, sir, the wench I have taken is a plain country pinnace, with no gay gildings, either at her bow or stern; but her plain trim so neat, the moment she was headed by me, a puff of love sprung up, and I immediately tacked round.

Wor.

Flip. I was obliged to her for the service she did me, she was a stress's, and here they are

Enter JILTUP and CRIBBIDGE.

Wor. Joy, happy sir.

Miz. The like to you, fair bride!

Jilt. I thank you, gentlemen and ladies: thanks to the whole fair company. Hal——my sweet cousin here! Dear Jenny—— *[Embracing her.*

Flip. Her cousin, say you?

Jilt. Ay, my best dear, though I have the honour to be a commodore's lady, I must not grow proud, and forget my old friends and acquaintance. This young lady and I were bred up play-fellows together.

Flip. Not at her game, I hope.

Jilt. Oh! yes, sir; we were two such intimates, two such sworn friends, that our delights, our joys, our very lives were all wound up together.

Flip. Where, where, my pretty lady-bird, was thy acquaintance with that play-fellow?

Jilt. At London, sir.

Flip. What part of London?

Jilt. The neighbourhood of Covent-Garden.

Flip. Sink and Sodom!

Jilt. Both lodgers in one house; nay, and when either of us had room for a she-bedfellow, we were those loving fools, we always slept together.

Flip. Oh——

Jilt. This frank confession is, I hope, my virtue, not my fault: I have lived in a bad world, and played the hypocrite so long, that I am now quite weary on't; besides, you're a plain-dealing honest gentle-

man, and it would be barbarous to tell you lies upon your wedding-day. You frankly married me for better for worse, perform your vow then, and take me as you find me.

Flip. Take a succubus;—diseases, poxes, leprosy! Oh, fool! sot! dotard! lunatic!—Death! I'll run mad; turn the muzzle of a gun down in the powder-room, and blow myself up to the devil.

Wor. Hold, Flip, no treason!—Blow up her majesty's ship.

Flip. Blow the world up!

Miz. Ay, brother sufferer, married to two such miscreants, so hardened in their shame, they make it even their glory to proclaim it.—Oh, Worthy, if thou bearest a human soul, as basely as I plotted to betray thee, even thou thyself must pity me.

Wor. I do pity thee, pity both of you; and to prove I do so, what will you say to me, if I release you, knock off your chains, and free you both from slavery?

Miz. What will we say!—We'll kneel to thee.

Flip. Worship thee.

Miz. Thou shalt command our lives, we'll fight for thee.

Flip. Hang for thee.

Miz. Drown for thee. [Kneeling.

Wor. No more of this romantic stuff. What will you do for these poor creatures?

Flip. Do for them!—Why, friend, I'll give a leg or an arm for composition.

Wor. A leg or an arm!—A haunch of common swine's flesh would do them twice the service. What bread will you give them, to take them off from their lewd lives, and make two honest women of them?

Flip. Troth, I'll give my boatswain's pay, settled for life upon her.

Wor. That shall satisfy. Say, girl, art thou contented.

Jilt. So well contented, sir, that on my knees I'll thank you.

Flip. Sayest thou so, girl? Then, faith, I'll throw thee in one twenty brace of pounds to rig an honest house up of thy own, and roost no more in whores nests.

Wor. Well, sign this parchment, which entitles her to fifty pounds a year for life, and I'll release you.—And what says Mizen?

Miz. Faith, I'll treat my Jenny [*Pulls out a large rich purse.*] with this purse of gold, the weighty stowage of a fair hundred guineas, and give her the same settlement into the bargain.

Wor. Come, come, sign them.—Now, gentlemen, in order to your deliverance, first, I must tell you both, these sweet wedlock-nooses were my handy work, your friend and servant Worthy, the head match-maker.

Flip. and Miz. Thou!

Wor. Not to ruin you, but reform you! And now for a safe cure to all fears and dangers, the reverend man in black that linked you both was only an honest

tar, your good friend Cribbidge in pious masquerade; and since there has been neither lawful matrimony nor consummation, the knot will soon be loosed.

Crib. You see, noble captain, I'm ready to serve you in all capacities.

Flip. I thought indeed the canonical rascal had a hanging look, somewhat like my lieutenant.

Miz. Ay, hang him, rogue, a halter would better become his neck for a collar, than a surcingle his whoreson hide for a girdle.

Wor. No murmurs, thou knowest how thou deservest it.

Miz. Touch my past shame no more, I'm a true penitent.

Wor. And for thee, Flip, I knew thee such a rake, that the least mad drunken fit would run thee headlong into irrevocable shame and ruin; and therefore, even for thy mere preservation, I put this innocent cheat upon thee, only to stand a warning sea-mark to thee against all future shipwrecks on this quicksand.

Flip. By Neptune, and by Mars, you are a brave fellow.

Wor. And, gentlemen, to sign your full redemption, these ladies shall seal articles of release.

Jilt. The strongest you can ask, or law can bind; and since you have provided so handsomely for us, we are resolved to change our course of lives, and live honestly for the future. What thousands of



hung out her white flag, and given her promise she'll seal the speedy articles of surrender.

Wor. Nay then, sir, we shall see you shine a conqueror.

Plea. When this fair hand has crowned me one.

Ara. Yes, Worthy, no more of my wild airs, no more mad frolics; as I have studied to plague thee, I'll play a soberer part, and study now——

[Giving her hand to Sir Charles.

Plea. To bless the happiest of mankind.

Wor. But what says Rovewell?

Rove. What I am proud to say; Belinda's kind at last, and crowns my love.

Bel. Yes, Worthy, I have at last played the true woman, not always able to hold out invincible.

Wor. Well, ladies, since the whole preliminaries of the soft peace of love are all adjusted, what if, according to old laudable custom, we have a little music and a dance.

Plea. Nothing more *à-propos*.

Rove. Madam, you are my partner.

Dor. Oh, fie, friend Rovewell! the females of our congregation think it vanity of vanities.

Rove. Yes, in the country they may do't; but your London friends have all the gaiety imaginable; they sing, they dance, wear patches, and keep visiting-days.

Dor. Well, rather than spoil your mirth, I will walk about.



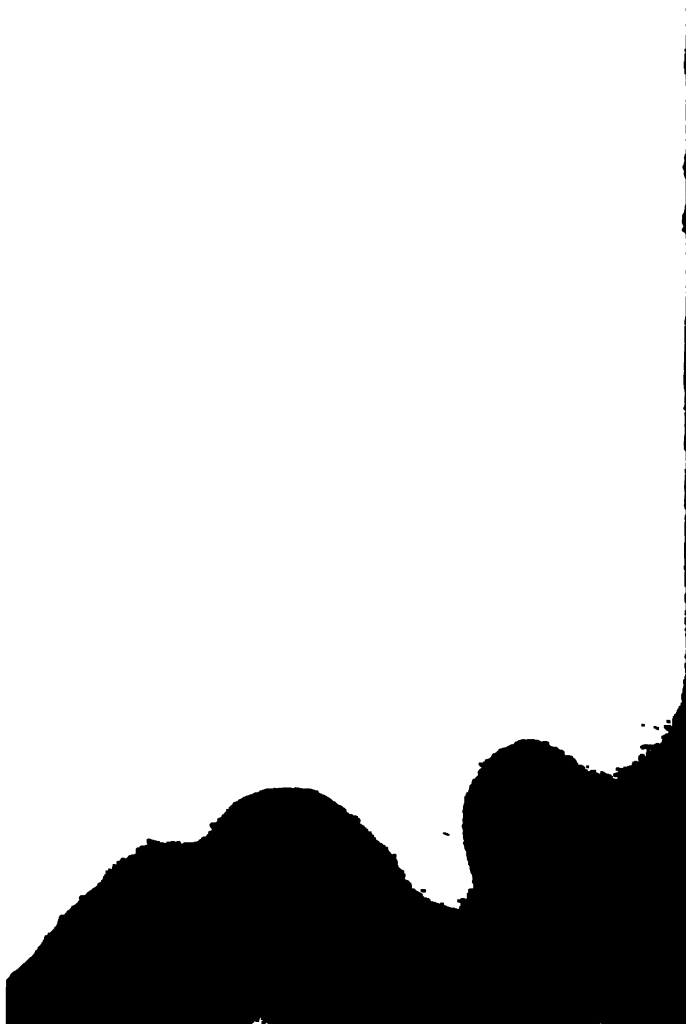
1870







TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA
Oh! - Perfidious Woman, die!



TANCRED AND SISMONDA

TRAGEDY.

BY MR. JAMES THOMSON.

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYALES

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS.

By Permission of the Managers.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas are omitted in the Representation,
and those printed in Italics are the additions of the Theatre.

LONDON

At the Direction of

STRAED,

of the Theatre of Wales.

extended your favour and patronage to every art and science, and in a particular manner to dramatic performances, is too well known to the world for me to mention it here. Allow me only to wish, that what I have now the honour to offer to your Royal Highness, may be judged not unworthy of your protection, at least in the sentiments which it inculcates. A warm and grateful sense of your goodness to me, makes me desirous to seize every occasion of declaring in public with what profound respect and dutiful attachment I am,

Sir,

Your Royal Highness's

most obliged,

most obedient, and

most devoted servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA.

is the only play of THOMSON's that has been performed upon our theatres. The genius of the amiable Poet did not naturally lead him to Tragedy: the desire of profit seems to have induced him to become a Tragic Poet, in which walk of literature superiors are much more numerous than in the comic, the satiric and the allegoric.

Deriving, however, from a master so consummate as SHAKESPEARE, the present play could not but be interesting and busy; displaying events suitable to the ends of tragedy, as calling forth terror, and demanding

it is singular that THOMSON should not have derived at the source from which TANCRED was derived. His age, however, might have scrupled at a drama drawn from GIL BLAS. The incidents therein closely followed, and there appears to be much classical address and classical purity in the disposition of the circumstances and the colouring of the sentiments.

*Could we awake soft Otway's tender woe,
The pomp of verse and golden lines of Rowe.*

*We to your hearts apply : let them attend ;
Before their silent, candid bar we bend.
If warm'd, they listen, 'tis our noblest praise :
If cold, they wither all the muse's bays.*

CLASS

THEODORE EASTMAN	Mr. Keable.
WILLIAM SWANN, and Eight Others	Mr. Denby.
EDWARD MANN, and Eight Others	Mr. Harrington.
ROBERTA, and Ten Others	Mr. Brown.

Index

S. J. WILSON, Engineer & Surveyor.
L. C. BROWN, Engineer and Surveyor.
J. H. GIBBS, Surveyor.

Mrs. Powell.
Mrs. Kenzie.

James Alfred Garfield, Jr.

§ 135. the Ctr of Palermo in Italy.

CONTENT

	Mr.
TIMOTHY SMITH & SONS	Mr. Hartman.
MARSH & SONS, 1000 Erie Canal	Mr. Hall.
Wm. Smith	
PAUL SMITH, 1000 Erie Canal	Mr. Farren.
Wm. Smith	
ROBERTSON, 1000 Erie Canal	Mr. Mackintosh.
Wm. Smith	

Abstract

11/22/2022, Tuesday
Landscape & Wildlife



ANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace. Enter SIGISMUNDA and LAURA.

Sigismunda.

Oh, fatal day to Sicily! the king
Touches his last moments!

Laura. So 'tis fear'd.

Sig. "The death of those distinguish'd by their
station,

But by their virtue more, awakes the mind
To solemn dread, and strikes a saddening awe:
Not that we grieve for them, but for ourselves,
Left to the toil of life—And yet the best
Are, by the playful children of this world,
At once forgot, as they had never been."

Laura, 'tis said, the heart is sometimes charged
With a prophetic sadness: such, methinks,
Now hangs on mine. The king's approaching death
Suggests a thousand fears. What troubles thence
May throw the state once more into confusion,

What sudden changes in my father's house
May rise, and part me from my dearest Tancred,
Alarms my thoughts.

Laura. The fears of love-sick fancy!
Perversely busy to torment itself.
But be assured, your father's steady friendship,
Join'd to a certain genius, that commands,
Not kneels to fortune, will support and cherish,
Here in the public eye of Sicily,
This, I may call him, his adopted son,
The noble Tancred, form'd to all his virtues.

Sig. Ah, form'd to charm his daughter!—
morn

Has tempted far the chase. Is he not yet
Return'd?

Laura. No.—When your father to the king,
Who now expiring lies, was call'd in haste,
He sent each way his messengers to find him;
With such a look of ardour and impatience,
As if this near event was to Count Tancred
Of more importance than I comprehend.

Sig. There lies, my Laura, o'er my Tancred's birth
A cloud I cannot pierce. With princely accord,
Nay, with respect, which oft I have observ'd,
Stealing at times submissive o'er his features,
In Belmont's woods my father rear'd this youth—
Ah, woods! where first my artless bosom lea'n'd
The sighs of love.—He gives him out the son
Of an old friend, a baron of Apulia,
Who in the late crusado bravely fell.

But then 'tis strange ; is all his family
 As well as father dead ? and all their friends,
 Except my sire, the generous good Siffredi ?
 Had he a mother, sister, brother left,
 The last remain of kindred ; with what pride,
 What rapture, might they fly o'er earth and sea,
 To claim this rising honour of their blood !
 This bright unknown ! this all-accomplish'd youth !
 Who charms too much, the heart of Sigismunda !
 " Laura, perhaps your brother knows him better,
 " The friend and partner of his freest hours."
 What says Rodolpho ? Does he truly credit
 This story of his birth ?

Laura. He has sometimes,
 Like you, his doubts ; yet, when maturely weigh'd,
 Believes it true. As for Lord Tancred's self,
 He never entertain'd the slightest thought
 That verg'd to doubt ; but oft laments his state,
 By cruel fortune so ill pair'd to yours.

Sig. Merit like his, the fortune of the mind,
 Beggars all wealth—Then, to your brother, Laura,
 He talks of me ?

Laura. Of nothing else. Howe'er
 The talk begin, it ends with Sigismunda.
 Their morning, noontide, and their evening walks,
 Are full of you, and all the woods of Belmont
 Enamour'd with your name——

Sig. Away, my friend ;
 You flatter——yet the dear delusion charms.

Laura. No, Sigismunda, 'tis the strictest truth,

Nor half the truth, I tell you. Even with fondness
My brother talks for ever of the passion
That fires young Tancred's breast. So much it
strikes him,

He praises love as if he were a lover.

"He blames the false pursuits of vagrant youth,

"Calls them gay folly, a mistaken struggle

"Against best judging nature." Heaven, he says,

In lavish bounty form'd the heart for love;

In love included all the finer seeds

Of honour, virtue, friendship, purest bliss—

Sig. Virtuous Rodolpho!

Laura. Then his pleasing theme

He varies to the praises of your lover—

Sig. And what, my Laura, says he on the subject?

Laura. He says that, though he was not nobly born,

Nature has form'd him noble, generous, brave,

"Truly magnanimous, and warmly scorning

"Whatever bears the smallest taint of baseness;

"That every easy virtue is his own;

"Not learnt by painful labour, but inspir'd,

"Implanted in his soul."—Chiefly one charm

He in his graceful character observes;

That though his passions burn with high impatience,

And sometimes, from a noble heat of nature,

Are ready to fly off; yet the least check

Of ruling reason brings them back to temper,

And gentle softness.

Sig. True! Oh, true, Rodolpho!

Blest be thy kindred worth for loving his!

He is all warmth, all amiable fire,

All quick heroic ardour! temper'd soft
 With gentleness of heart, and manly reason!
 If virtue were to wear a human form,
 'To light it with her dignity and flame,
 Then soft'ning mix her smiles and tender graces;
 Ah, she would choose the person of my Tancred!
 Go on my friend, go on, and ever praise him;
 The subject knows no bounds, nor can I tire,
 While my breast trembles to that sweetest music!
 The heart of woman tastes no truer joy,
 Never flattered with such dear enchantment——
 'Tis more than selfish vanity"—as when
 She hears the praises of the man she loves——

Laura. Madam, your father comes.

Enter SIFFREDI.

Sif. [*To an attendant as he enters.*] Lord Tancred
 found?

At. My lord, he quickly will be here.

"I scarce could keep before him, though he bid me
 Speed on, to say he would attend your orders."

Wf. 'Tis well——retire——You too, my daughter,
 leave me.

Wg. I go, my father——But how fares the king?

Wf. He is no more. Gone to a fearful state,

And kings the crown wear of their virtues.

How bright must then this stroke be

fallen;

Living well, while

Sif. 'Tis true. But at his years
Death gives short notice—Drooping nature then,
Without a gust of pain to shake it, falls.
His death, my daughter, was that happy period
Which few attain. The duties of his day
Were all discharg'd, “and gratefully enjoy’d
“Its noblest blessings;” calm as evening skies
Was his pure mind, and lighted up with hopes
That open heaven; when, for his last long sleep
Timely prepar'd, a lassitude of life,
A pleasing weariness of mortal joy,
Fell on his soul, and down he sunk to rest.
Oh, may my death be such!—He but one wish
Left unfulfill'd, which was to see Count Tancred—

Sig. To see Count Tancred!—Pardon me, my
lord—

Sif. For what, my daughter?—But, with such
emotion,

Why did you start at mention of Count Tancred?

Sig. Nothing—I only hop'd the dying king
Might mean to make some generous just provision
For this your worthy charge, this noble orphan.

Sif. And he has done it largely—Leave me now—
I want some private conference with Lord Tancred.

[*Exeunt Sigismunda and Laura.*]

My doubts are but too true—If these old eyes
Trace the marks of love, a mutual passion
I fear, I fear, my daughter and this prince,
Reign now—Should it be so? Ah, there,
Lurks a brooding tempest, that may shake

ong concerted scheme, to settle firm
 public peace and welfare, which the king
 made the prudent basis of his will——
 y, unworthy views! you shall not tempt me!
 interest, nor ambition shall seduce
 ix'd resolve——Perish the selfish thought,
 ch our own good prefers to that of millions!
 omes, my king, unconscious of his fortune.

Enter TANCRED.

m. My lord Siffredi, in your looks I read,
 firm'd, the mournful news that fly abroad
 n tongue to tongue—We then, at last have lost
 good old king?

f. Yes, we have lost a father!
 greatest blessing Heaven bestows on mortals,
 and seldom found amidst these wilds of time."
 ood, a worthy king!—Hear me, my Tancred,
 I will tell thee, in a few plain words,
 he deserv'd that best, that glorious title.
 'Tis nought complex, 'tis clear as truth and virtue."
 lov'd his people, deem'd them all his children;
 : good exalted, and depress'd the bad.
 He spurn'd the flattering crew, with scorn reject'd
 Their smooth advice that only means themselves,
 Their schemes to aggrandize him into baseness;
 Nor did he less disdain the secret breath,
 The whisper'd tale, that blights a virtuous name."
 sought alone the good of those for whom
 was entrusted with the sovereign power:

Well knowing that a people in their rights
 And industry protected; living safe
 Beneath the sacred shelter of the laws,
 “ Encouraged in their genius, arts and labours,
 “ And happy each as he himself deserves,”
 As father ungrateful. With unsparing hand
 Love will for him provide : their filial love
 And confidence are his unfailing treasure,
 And every honest man his faithful guard.

Tan. A general face of grief o’erspreads the
 I met’d the people, as I hither came,
 In crowds assembled, struck with silent sorrow
 And pouring forth the noblest praise of tears.
 “ Those, whom remembrance of their former w
 “ And long experience of the vain illusions
 “ Of youthful hope, had into wise consent
 “ And fear of change corrected, wrung their h
 “ And, often casting up their eyes to heav’n,
 “ Gave sign of sad conjecture. Others shew’d
 “ Athwart their grief, or real or affected,
 “ A gleam of expectation, from what chance
 “ And change might bring.” A mingled murmur
 Along the streets; and from the lonely court
 Of him who can no more assist their fortunes,
 I saw the courtier-fry, with eager haste,
 All hurrying to Constantia.

Sig. Noble youth !

I joy to hear from thee these just reflections,
 Worthly of riper years—But if they seek
 Constantia, trust me, they mistake their course.

Tan. How! Is she not, my Lord, the late king's sister,

Heir to the crown of Sicily: the last
Of our fam'd Norman line, and now our queen?

Sif. Tancred, 'tis true; she is the late king's sister.
The sole surviving offspring of that wretched
William the Bad—"so for his reign till

Who spilt much noble blood, and made the

Th' exhausted land: whence grew our

And many a dire convulsion since the late

When he, whose death Sicilia mourns to-day,

William, who has and well deserved the name

Of Good, succeeding to his father's throne

Reliev'd his country's woes—but to return

She is the late king's sister," says some noble

After the tyrant's death, but not yet known.

Tan. You much surprise me—May I then presume
To ask who is?

Sif. Come nearer, noble Tancred,

Object of my care. I must, on this occasion,

Consult thy generous heart; which, when consult'd

By rectitude of mind and honest virtues,

Gives better counsel than the honey'd tongue—

Then know, there lives a prince, here in Palermo,

The lineal offspring of our famous hero,

Who

Heaven! How far

My forehead?

Heaven!

Heaven!

Spring from his eldest son, who died untimely,
Before his father.

Tan. Ha! the prince you mean.

Is he not Mantred's son: The generous, brave,
Unhappy Mantred! whom the tyrant William,
You just now mention'd, not content to spoil
Of his paternal crown, threw into fetters,
And intamously murder'd?

Sir. Yes, the same.

Tan. "By heavens, I joy to find our Norman king
" The world's sole light amidst these barbarous ages,
" Yet rears its head; and shall not, from the line,
" Pass to the feeble distaff."—But this prince,
Where has he lain conceal'd?

Sir. The late good king,
By noble pity mov'd, contriv'd to save him
From his dire father's unrelenting rage,
And had him rear'd in private, as became
His birth and hopes, with high and princely nurture,
Till now, too young to rule a troubled state,
By civil broils most miserably torn,
He in his late retreat has lain conceal'd,
His birth and fortune to himself unknown;
But when the dying king to me intrusted,
As to the Chancellor of the realm, his will,
His successor he nam'd; I hid

Tan. [Rings bell.]

There lurks, I fear, perdition to the state,
 I dread the horrors of rekindled war :
 Though dead, the tyrant still is to be fear'd ;
 His daughter's party still is strong and numerous :
 Her friend, Earl Osmond, Constable of Sicily,
 Experienc'd, brave, high-born, of mighty interest.
 Better the prince and princess should by marriage
 Unite their friends, their interest, and their claims !
 Then will the peace and welfare of the land
 On a firm basis rise.

Tan. My Lord Siffredi,
 If by myself I of this prince may judge,
 That scheme will scarce succeed—Your prudent age
 In vain will counsel, if the heart forbid it—
 But wherefore fear ? The right is clearly his ;
 “ And, under your direction, with each man
 “ Of worth, and stedfast loyalty, to back
 “ At once the king's appointment and his birthright,
 “ There is no ground for fear. They have great odds,
 “ Against th' astonished sons of violence,
 “ Who fight with awful justice on their side.”
 All Sicily will rouse, all faithful hearts,
 Will range themselves around Prince Manfred's son.
 For me, I here devote me to the service
 Of this young prince ; I every drop of blood
 Will lose with joy, with transport in his cause—
 “ Pardon my warmth—but that, my lord, will never
 “ To this decision come”—Then find the prince ;
 Lose not a moment to awaken in him
 The royal soul. Perhaps he, now desponding,

Pines in a corner, and laments his fortune ;
That in the narrower bounds of private life
He must confine his aims, those swelling virtues
Which from his noble father he inherits.

Sif. Perhaps, regardless, in the common bane
Of youth he melts, in vanity and love.
But if the seeds of virtue glow within him,
I will awake a higher sense, a love
That grasps the loves and happiness of millions.

Jan. Why that surmise ? Or should he love, *Siffred*
I doubt not, it is nobly, which will raise
And animate his virtues—Oh, permit me
To plead the cause of youth—Their virtue oft,
In pleasure's soft enchantment lull'd a while,
Forgets itself ; it sleeps and gayly dreams,
Till great occasion rouse it ; then, all flame,
It walks abroad, with heighten'd soul and vigour,
And by the change astonishes the world.

" Even with a kind of sympathy, I feel
" The joy that waits this prince ; when all the powers
" Th' expanding heart can wish, of doing good ;
" Whatever swells ambition, or exalts
" The human soul to divine emotions,
" All crowd at once upon him.

" *Sif.* Ah, my friend,
" Nothing so easy as speculation

" And at a distance
" A false brightful
" the
" as,

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 structure of the atom, and then a description of the
 structure of the atom.

The twentieth part of the work is a description of the
 structure of the atom, and then a description of the
 structure of the atom.

And thou art the bosom of this isle,
And thou art chosen to command the rest,
To rule and govern them, and to make them happy!
Thou art my father! I the last support
Of the old Norman line, that avenges the world!
I have been wandering wander'd forth an orphan,
And thou art my father, my second father!
Thou art my father to the first great lot
Of the world—their wonder-working hand,
Thou art my father, sways at will
The elements of unbounded nature;
Thou art my father, the virtues to sustain
Of the world—their father of so many heroes!
Thou art my father, art my shame,
Thou art my father, art my vain grandeur.
Thou art my father, art my father of the king,
Thou art my father, art my father. Thee Siffridi,
Thou art my father, I am enough can thank thee!
Thou art my father, thou art—thou shalt be my father
Thou art my father, thou art—thou shalt be my father
Thou art my father, thou art—thou shalt be my father.

Thou art my father, thou art my father
Thou art my father, thou art my father
Thou art my father, thou art my father
Thou art my father, thou art my father

You must imagine, wakes my fear. But know,
 In this alone I will not bear dispute,
 Not even from thee, Siffredi!—Let the council
 Be strait assembled, and the will there open'd :
 Thence issue speedy orders to convene, •
 This day ere noon, the senate : where those barons,
 Who now are in Palermo, will attend,
 To pay their ready homage to the king,
 Their rightful king, who claims his native crown,
 And will not be a king by deeds and parchments."

Sif. I go, my liege. But once again permit me
 To tell you—Now, is the trying crisis,
 That must determine of your future reign.
 Oh, with heroic rigour watch your heart!
 And to the sovereign duties of the king,
 Th' unequall'd pleasures of a god on earth,
 Submit the common joys, the common passions,
 Lay, even the virtues of the private man.

Tan. Of that no more. They not oppose, but aid,
 Navigate, cherish, and reward each other.
 The kind all-ruling wisdom is no tyrant."

[*Exit Siffredi.*]

Tan. Now, generous Sigismunda, comes my turn

My love was not of thine unworthy,

Thou hast a blush to look to thee.

Thou hast a wish of love!

Oh, 'tis poor,

Which I can bestow!

Thou hast a wish of love and want!"

Thou hast a wish of love and want!"

Thou hast a wish of love and want!"

Thou hast a wish of love and want!"

Thou hast a wish of love and want!"

Thou hast a wish of love and want!"

Thou hast a wish of love and want!"

Thou hast a wish of love and want!"

Thou hast a wish of love and want!"

Thou hast a wish of love and want!"

Thou hast a wish of love and want!"

Th' exalted heart can know, the mix'd effusion
Of gratitude and love !—Behold, she comes !

Enter SIGISMUNDA.

Tan. My fluttering soul was all on wing to find the
My love, my Sigismunda !

Sig. Oh, my Tancred !
Tell me, what means this mystery and gloom
That lowers around ? Just now, involv'd in thought
My father shot athwart me—You, my lord,
Seem strangely mov'd—I fear some dark event,
From the king's death to trouble our repose,
That tender calm we in the woods of Belmont
So happily enjoy'd—Explain this hurry,
What means it ? Say.

Tan. It means that we are happy !
Beyond our most romantic wishes happy !

Sig. You but perplex me more.

Tan. It means, my fairest,
That thou art queen of Sicily ; and I
The happiest of mankind ! “ than monarch more
Because with thee I can adorn my throne.
Manfred, who fell by tyrant William's rage,
Fam'd Roger's lineal issue, was my father. [*Pause*
You droop, my love ; dejected on a sudden ;
You seem to mourn my fortune—The soft tear
Springs in thy eye—Oh, let me kiss it off—
Why this, my Sigismunda ?

Sig. Royal Tancred,
None at your glorious fortune can like me

Rejoice ;—yet me alone, of all Sicilians,

It makes unhappy.

Tan. I should hate it then !

Should throw, with scorn, the splendid ruin from
me !—

No, Sigismunda, 'tis my hope with thee

To share it, whence it draws its richest value.

Sig. You are my sovereign—I at humble distance—

Tan. Thou art my queen ! the sovereign of my soul !

“ You never reign'd with such triumphant lustre,

“ Such winning charms as now ; yet, thou art still”

The dear, the tender, generous Sigismunda !

“ Who, with a heart exalted far above

“ Those selfish views that charm the common breast,

“ Stoop'd from the height of life and courted beauty,

“ Then, then, to love me, when I seem'd of fortune

“ The hopeless outcast, when I had no friend,

“ None to protect and own me, but thy father.

“ And wouldst thou claim all goodness to thyself ?

“ Canst thou thy Tancred deem so dully form'd,

“ Of such gross clay, just as I reach'd the point—

“ A point my wildest hopes could ne'er imagine—

“ In that great moment, full of every virtue,

“ That I should then so mean a traitor prove

“ To the best bliss and honour of mankind,

“ So much disgrace the human heart, as then,

“ For the dead form of flattery and pomp,

“ The faithless joys of courts, to quit kind truth,

“ The cordial sweets of friendship and of love,

“ The life of life ! my all, my Sigismunda !

- * And I will not wash my face but myself.
- * But I will be within full light, those charming dreams.
- * "These your mad words surpass! Awful injuries!
- * "The wound of mine own heart,
- * "Where once I ease your passion smiles now,
- * "The cruel injuries honour all you from me."
- "Is all in vain—the answer hath I voice—
- "That murmurs here—I must not be persuaded!
- "*Thou. [Sighing.]* Fear not, thou soul of all my

hopes and wishes

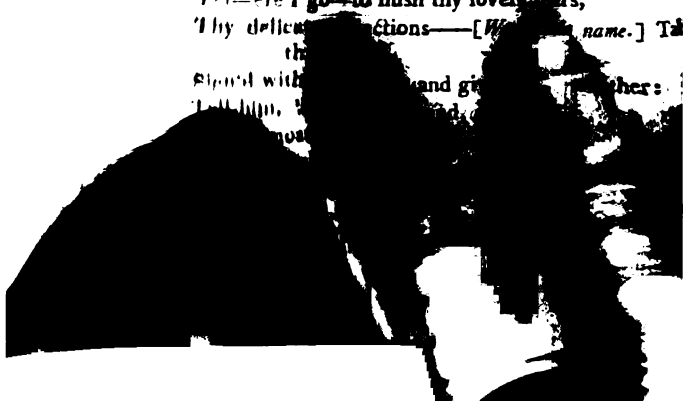
And various prayers, mine source of love and joy!
 Not a word waiting vain command against me;
 "In pride, its splendour, its imposing forms,
 "Nor interest, nor ambition, nor the care
 "Of solemn state, nor even thy father's wisdom,"
 Shall ever shake my faith to Sigismunda!

[*Trumpets and acclamations heard*

But, hark! the public voice to duties call me,
 Which with unwearied zeal I will discharge;
 And thou, yes, thou, shalt be my bright reward—
 Yet—ere I go—to hush thy lovely fears,
 Thy dearest affections—[*He utters her name.*] Tell

the
 signed with
 and given
 other:

Let him, who
 and
 most



*For thee, and for my people's good to live,
Is all the bliss which sovereign power can give.*

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A grand Saloon. Enter SIFFREDI.

Siffredi.

So far 'tis well—The late king's will proceeds
Upon the plan I counsel'd ; that Prince Tancred
Shall make Constantia partner of his throne.
Oh, great, oh, wish'd event ! “whence the dire seeds
“ Of dark intestine broils, of civil war,
“ And all its dreadful miseries and crimes,
“ Shall be for ever rooted from the land.
“ May these dim eyes, long blasted by the rage
“ Of cruel faction and my country's woes,
“ Tir'd with the toils and vanities of life,
“ Behold this period, then be clos'd in peace !”
But how this mighty obstacle surmount,
Which love has thrown betwixt ? “ Love, that dis-
turbs
“ The schemes of wisdom still ; that, wing'd with
passion,
“ Blind and impetuous in its fond pursuits,
“ Leaves the grey-headed reason far behind.
“ Alas, how frail the state of human bliss !
“ When even our honest passions oft destroy it.

" I was to blame, in solitude and shades,
 " Infectious scenes! to trust their youthful hearts.
 " Would I had mark'd the rising flame, that now
 " Burns out with dangerous force!"—My daughter
 owns

Her passion for the king; she trembling own'd it,
 With prayers, and tears, and tender supplications,
 That almost shook my firmness—And this blank,
 Which his rash fondness gave her, shews how much
 To what a wild extravagance he loves—
 I see no means—it foils my deepest thought—
 How to controul this madness of the king,
 That wears the face of virtue, and will thence
 Disdain restraint, " will, from his generous heart,
 " Borrow new rage, even speciously oppose
 " To reason reason"—But it must be done.
 " My own advice, of which I more and more
 " Approve, the strict conditions of the will,
 " Highly demand his marriage with Constantia;
 " Or else her party has a fair pretence—
 " And all at once is horror and confusion—
 " How issue from this maze?"—The crowding
 barons

Here summon'd to the palace, meet already,
 To pay their homage, and confirm the will.
 On a few moments hang the public fate,
 On a few hasty moments—Ha! there shone
 A gleam of hope—Yes, with this very paper
 / I yet will save him—" Necessary means,
 " For good and noble ends, can ne'er be wrong.

In that resistless, that peculiar case,
Deceit is truth and virtue——But how hold
This lion in the toil?——Oh, I will form it
Of such a fatal thread, twist it so strong
With all the ties of honour and of duty,
That his most desperate fury shall not break /
The honest snare.”——Here is the royal hand—
will beneath it write a perfect, full,
And absolute agreement to the will ;
Which read before the nobles of the realm
Assembled, in the sacred face of Sicily,
Constantia present, every heart and eye
Fix’d on their monarch, every tongue applauding,
He must submit, his dream of love must vanish—
It shall be done——To me, I know, ’tis ruin ;
But safety to the public, to the king.

I will not reason more, “ I will not listen
“ Even to the voice of honour.”——No—’tis fix’d !
I here devote me for my prince and country ;
Let them be safe, and let me nobly perish !
Behold, Earl Osmond comes, without whose aid
My schemes are all in vain

Enter

by Lord Siffredi
council hasten
omplish’d w
he will su
ect mean
senate,
ge, W
p’s hand,

Accept. "At first, indeed, it shock'd her hopes
 "Of reigning sole, this new, surprising scene
 "Of Manfred's son, appointed by the king,
 "With her joint heir——But I so fully shew'd
 "The justice of the case, the public good,
 "And sure establish'd peace which thence would rise
 "Join'd to the strong necessity that urg'd her,
 "If on Sicilia's throne she meant to sit,
 "As to the wise disposal of the will
 "Her high ambition tam'd." Methought, beside
 I could discern, that not from prudence merely
 She to this choice submitted.

Sif. Noble Osmond,

You have in this done to the public great
 And signal service. Yes, I must avow it;
 'This frank and ready instance of your zeal,
 In such a trying crisis of the state,
 "When interest and ambition might have warp'd
 "Your views, I own this truly generous virtue"
 Upbraids the rashness of my former judgment.

Osm. Siffredi, no. To you belongs the praise;
 "The glorious work is yours. Had I not seiz'd
 "Improv'd the wish'd occasion to root out
 "Division from the land, and sav'd my country
 "I had been base and infamous for ever."
 'Tis you, my lord, to whom the many thousands
 That by the barbarous sword of civil war
 Had fallen inglorious, owe their lives; "to you
 "The sons of this fair isle, from her first peers
 "Down to the swain who tills her golden plains

Owe their safe homes, their soft domestic hours,
And through late time posterity shall bless you,
You who advis'd this will."—I blush to think
I have so long oppos'd the best good man.

Sicily—"With what impartial care
Ought we to watch o'er prejudice and passion,
Nor trust too much the jaundic'd eye of party !
Henceforth its vain delusions I renounce,
Its hot determinations, that confine
All merit and all virtue to itself."

To yours I join my hand ; with you will own
No interest and no party but my country.
Nor is your friendship only my ambition :
There is a dearer name, the name of father,
By which I should rejoice to call Siffredi.
Your daughter's hand would to the public weal
Enrich my private happiness.

Sif. My lord,
You have my glad consent. To be allied
To your distinguish'd family and merit,
I shall esteem an honour. From my soul
I here embrace Earl Osmond as my friend
And son.

Osm. You make him happy. This assent,
So frank and warm, to what I long have wish'd,
Engages all my gratitude ; at once,
In the first blossom, it matures our friendship."
From this moment vow myself the friend
And zealous servant of Siffredi's house.

Enter an Officer bringing in a letter.

Off. [To Siffredi.] The king, my lord, has your speedy presence.

Sif. I will attend him soon—*[Exit Officer.]*
The senate meets: there, as the monarch bids,
I will rejoin you.

Des. There, my noble lord,
We will complete this military work;
Will there begin a new sanguinary war?

[Enter Siffredi and Off.]

Siffredi gives his daughter to my will—
Has she the gift herself? Gay, young, and light,
Perhaps engag'd, will she her southern heart
Yield to my harrier, unsupploring woe?
I am not form'd, by flattery and praise,
By sighs and tears, and all the winning arts
Of love, to feed a fair-one's vanity;
To show her no more and spoil her. There will not
That and my stars nor temper; there be left
Nothing but a young age. A gentler father,
Consulting to guide and rule her choice,
Would give her to a husband's power,
To a husband's duty, with reason,
And love, will ever love her;
And then a tyrant.

Exit Des.

Off. My noble master was well. This wonderful day
has brought us all to a new and friendlyship.

We meet to-day with open hearts and looks,
 Not gloom'd by party, scowling on each other,
 But all the children of one happy isle,
 The social sons of liberty. No pride,
 No passion now, no thwarting views divide us :
 Prince Manfred's line, at last to William's join'd,
 Combine us in one family of brothers.
 This to the late good king's well-ordered will,
 And wise Siffredi's generous care, we owe.
 I truly give you joy. First of you all,
 I here renounce those errors and divisions
 That have so long disturb'd our peace, and seem'd,
 Fermenting still, to threaten new commotions—
 By time instructed, let us not disdain
 To quit mistakes. We all, my lords, have err'd.
 Men may, I find, be honest, though they differ.

“ *1st Baron.* Who follows not, my lord, the fair
 example

‘ You set us all, whate’er be his pretence,
 ‘ Loves not with single and unbiass’d heart,
 ‘ His country as he ought.

“ *2nd Baron.* Oh, beauteous peace !

“ Sweet union of a state ! what else but thou

“ Gives safety, strength, and glory to a people ?

“ I bow, lord constable, beneath the snow

“ Of many years ; yet in my breast revives

“ A youthful flame. Methinks, I see again

“ Those gentle days renew’d, that bless’d our isle,

“ Ere by this wasteful fury of division,

“ Worse than our present destructive fires,

- " It desolated sunk. I see our plains
" Unbounded waving with the gifts of harvest ;
" Our seas with commerce throng'd ; our busy port
" With cheerful toil. Our Enna blooms afresh ;
" Afresh the sweets of thymy Hybla flow.
" Our nymphs and shepherds sporting in each vale,
" Inspire new song, and wake the pastoral reed—
" The tongue of age is fond—Come, come, my sons
" I long to see this prince, of whom the world
" Speaks largely well—His father was my friend,
" The brave unhappy Manfred—Come, my lords ;
" We tarry here too long.

Enter two Officers keeping off the Crowd.

- " *One of the Crowd.* Shew us our king,
" The valiant Manfred's son, who lov'd the people—
" We must, we will behold him—Give us way.
" *1st Off.* Pray, gentlemen, give back—it must
not be—
back, I pray—on such a glad occasion,
ould not ill entreat the lowest of you.
" *2nd Man of the Crowd.* Nay, give us but a glimpse
of our young king.
" We, more than any Baron of them all,
" Will pay him due allegiance.
" *2nd Off.* Friends—indeed
You cannot pass this way—We have strict orders,
To keep for him himself, and for the Barons,
All these apartments clear—Go to the gate
That fronts the sea, you there will find admission.

II. TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA.

39

Omnes. Long live king Tancred! Manfred!
—huzza!

[*Chorus*]

Enter 1st Officer.

1st Off. My lord, the king is rob'd, the
and waits your presence. [*Exeunt Omnes*]

[*Sigismunda*]

Enter 2nd Officer.

2nd Off. I have not seen

Wild a tumult; the town is mad with transport;
Shew us our king, they cry, our Norman king,
The valiant Manfred's son, who lov'd the people.
In vain I told 'em, that we had strict orders
To keep for him himself, and for the Barons,
All these apartments clear. Noight could
Appease their storm of zeal; 'till at
The northern gate, that fronts the sea,
'promis'd them admittance.

1st Off. I do not marvel at their rage of joy;
He is a brave and amiable prince.
When in my Lord Sifredo's house I liv'd,
By his favour I obtain'd this office,
There remember well the young Count Tancred;
'To see him and to love him were the same;
He was so noble in his ways, yet still
So affable and mild—Well, well, old Sicily,
Let happy days await thee!

2nd Off. Grant us, Heaven!

We have seen sad and troublesome times

D

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

If you had a chance to meet me
And find out how I feel about you
You'd know I'm not just a dreamer

And the *Journal* says that the
Should not be a *Journal* but a *Journal*
And the *Journal* says that the

10/11/11

1. 1000

...all. But, I turned no
...conditions, which at on
...his house, and his lov

...and his ...
...planning ...

Figure 1

You
 The
 At

... 1993)



I mark'd a gathering cloud, when, to my sight,
As if design'd to share the public storm;
He saw the tyrant's daughter. But Tancelm
At least to me the doubting remnant brown
And shook his swelling bosom: when he start
h' unjust, the base conditions of the will
uncertain, tost in cruel agitation,
He oft, methought, address'd a curse to heaven,
and interrupt Sigfred; who appear'd
With conscious haste, to dread our interruption,
and hurry'd on—But hark! I hear a noise,
as if th' assembly rose—"Ha! Sigismunda,
Oppress'd with grief, and wrapp'd in pensive
sorrow,
Passes along.
" [Sigismunda ~~and Manfred~~ pass through the
scene.]"

Exit LAURA.

Laura. Your high-prais'd friend, the king,
false, most vilely false. The meanest slave
had shewn a nobler heart; "nor grossly thus,
By the first bait ambition spread, been gull'd."
Manfred's son! away! it cannot be!
The son of that brave prince could ne'er "betray
so long usurp'd from his great
this day, by such amazing fortune
gain'd; he ne'er could" sacrifice
honour, gratitude, and love,
consentment of his father's fate,

" And pride itself; whate'er exalts a man
" Above the groveling sons of peasant mud,"
All in a moment—And for what? why, truly,
For kind permission, gracious leave, to sit
On his own throne with tyrant William's daughter!

Rod. I stand amaz'd—You surely wrong him,

Laura.

There must be some mistake.

Laura. There can be none!

Siffredi read his full and free consent
Before th' applauding senate. True indeed,
A small remain of shame, a timorous weakness,
Even dastardly in falsehood, made him blush
To act this scene in Sigismunda's eye,
Who sunk beneath his perfidy and baseness.
Hence, till to-morrow he adjourn'd the senate!
To-morrow, fix'd with infamy to crown him!
Then, leading off his gay, triumphant princess,
He left the poor unhappy Sigismunda
To bend her trembling steps to that sad home
His faithless vows will render hateful to her—
He comes—Farewell—I cannot bear his presence

[*Exit Laura*]

Enter TANCRED and SIFFREDI, meeting.

Tan. Avoid me, hoary traitor! Go, Rodolpho,
Give orders that all passages this way
Be shut—Defend me from a hateful world,
The bane of peace and honour—then return—

[*Exit Rodolpho*]

What! dost thou haunt me still? Oh, monstrous
insult!

Inparallel'd indignity! Just Heaven!
Was ever king, was ever man so treated;
so trampled into baseness?

Sif. Here, my liege,
here strike! I nor deserve, nor ask for mercy.

Tan. Distraction!—Oh, my soul!—Hold, rea-
son, hold.

Thy giddy seat—Oh, this inhuman outrage
Unhinges thought!

Sif. Exterminate thy servant."

Tan. All, all but this I could have borne—but this!
This daring insolence beyond example!
This murderous stroke, that stabs my peace for ever!
That wounds me there—there! where the human
heart

Most exquisitely feels——

Sif. Oh, bear it not,
My royal lord; appease on me your vengeance!

Tan. Did ever tyrant image aught so cruel!
The lowest slave that crawls upon the earth,
Robb'd of each comfort Heaven bestows on mortals,
On the bare ground has still his virtue left,
The sacred treasure of an honest heart,
Which thou hast dar'd, with rash, audacious hand,
And impious fraud, in me to violate——

Sif. Behold, my lord, that rash, audacious hand,
Which not repents its crime—Oh, glorious, happy!
If by my ruin I can save your honour.

Tan. Such honour I renounce; with sovereign scorn
Greatly detest it, and its mean adviser!

But thou not dar'd beneath my name to shelter,

" My name, for other purposes design'd,

" Given from the fondness of a faithful heart,

" With the best love o'erflowing!—Hast thou not

Beneath thy sovereign's name, basely presum'd

To shield a lie—a lie, in public utter'd,

To all deluded Sicily? But know,

This poor contrivance is as weak as base.

" In such a wretched toil none can be held

" But fools and cowards—Soon thy flimsy arts,

" Touch'd by my just, my burning indignation,

" Shall burst like threads in flame—Thy doating
prudence

" But more secures the purpose it would shake.

" Had my resolves been wavering and doubtful,

" This would confirm them, make them fix'd as fate;

" This adds the only motive that was wanting

" To urge them on through war and desolation."

What! marry her! Constantia! her! the daughter
Of the fell tyrant who destroy'd my father!

The very thought is madness! Ere thou seest

The torch of Hymen light these hated nuptials,

Thou shalt behold Sicilia wrapt in flames,

Her cities raz'd, her vallies drench'd with slaughter—

Love set aside, my pride assumes the quarrel;

My honour now is up; in spite of thee,

A world combin'd against me, I will give

This scatter'd will in fragments to the winds,

Assert my rights, the freedom of my heart,
Crush all who dare oppose me to the dust,
And heap perdition on thee!

Sif. Sir, 'tis just.

Exhaust on me thy rage; I claim it all.
But for these public threats thy passion utters,
'Tis what thou canst not do.

Tan. I cannot! ha!

Driven to the dreadful brink of such dishonour,
Enough to make the tamest coward brave,
And into fierceness rouse the mildest nature,
What shall arrest my vengeance? Who?

Sif. Thyself.

Tan. Away! Dare not to justify thy crime!
That, that alone can aggravate its horror,
Add insolence to insolence—perhaps
May make my rage forget—

Sif. Oh, let it burst

On this grey head, devoted to thy vengeance;
But when the storm has rent all to the roots,
Thou then must hear—may none, I know, will
Wilt hear the calm, yet stronger voice of reason.

Thou must reflect that a whole people,
The weal of trustful millions should depend
Thyself the judge, the arbiter of all.

Thou must reflect that there are other rules,
A nobler pride, a more exalted interest,
Superior pleasures far, that will oblige
Compel thee, to stand in the breach,
Unwarranted perhaps a monarch's justice.

“ But which necessity, ev’n virtue’s tyrant,
“ With awful voice commanded”—Yes, thou must,
In calmer hours, divest thee of thy love,
These common passions of the vulgar breast,
This boiling heat of youth, and be a king,
The lover of thy people!

Tan. “ Truths, ill employ’d,
“ Abus’d to colour guilt!—A king! a king!”
Yes, I will be a king, but not a slave;
In this will be a king; in this my people
Shall learn to judge how I will guard their rights,
When they behold me vindicate my own.
But have I, say, been treated like a king?—
Heavens! could I stoop to such outrageous usage!
I were a mean, a shameless wretch, unworthy
To wield a sceptre in a land of slaves,
A soil abhorr’d of virtue; should belie
My fathers blood, belie those very maxims,
At other times you taught my youth—Siffredi!

[In a softened tone of voice.]

Sif. Behold, my prince, thy poor old servant,
Whose darling care, these twenty years, has been
To nurse thee up to virtue; “ who, for thee,
“ Thy glory and thy weal, renounces all,
“ All interest or ambition can pour forth;
“ What many a selfish father would pursue
“ Though treachery and crimes:” behold him here,
On his feeble knees, to beg, conjure thee,
To beg thee to controul thy passion,
To save thyself, thy honour, and thy people!

Kneeling with me, behold the many thousands
 To thy protection trusted ; fathers, mothers,
 The sacred front of venerable age,
 The tender virgin, and the helpless infant ;
 “ The ministers of Heav’n, those who maintain,
 “ Around thy throne, the majesty of rule ;
 “ And those whose labour, scorch’d by winds and sun,
 “ Feeds the rejoicing public ;” see them all
 Here at thy feet conjuring thee to save them
 From misery and war, from crimes and rapine !
 “ Can there be aught, kind Heaven, in self-indul-
 gence

“ To weigh down these, this aggregate of love,
 “ With which compar’d, the dearest private passion
 “ Is but the wafted dust upon the balance ?”
 Turn not away——Oh, is there not some part
 In thy great heart, so sensible to kindness,
 And generous warmth, some nobler part, to feel
 The prayers and tears of these, the mingled voice
 Of heaven and earth ?

Tan. There is, and thou hast touch’d it.
 Rise, rise, Siffredi——Oh, thou hast undone me !
 Unkind old man !——Oh, ill-entreated Tancred !
 Which way soe’er I turn, dishonour rears
 Her hideous front—and misery and ruin.
 “ Was it for this you took such care to form me !
 “ For this imbued me with the quickest sense
 “ Of shame ; these finer feelings, that ne’er vex
 “ The common mass of mortals, dully happy
 “ In bless’d insensibility ? Oh, rather

" You should have scar'd my heart, taught me this
power

" And splendid interest lord it still o'er virtue;

" That, gilded by prosperity and pride,

" There is no shame, no meanness; temper'd thus

" I had been fit to rule a venal world.

" Alas! what meant thy wantonness of prudence

Why have you rais'd this miserable conflict

Between the duties of the king and man?

Set virtue against virtue?—" Ah, Siffredil

" 'Tis thy superfluous, thy unfeeling wisdom,

" That has involv'd me in a maze of error

" Almost beyond retreat"—But hold, my son

Thy steady purpose—Tost by various passions

To this eternal anchor keep—There is,

Can be no public without private virtue—

Then, mark me well, observe what I command

" It is the sole expedient now remaining—"

To-morrow, when the senate meets again,

Unfold the whole, unravel the deceit;

" Nor that alone; try to repair its mischief;

" There all thy power, thy eloquence and inter-

" Exert to reinstate me in my rights,

" And from thy own dark snares to disembroil me

Start not, my lord—This must and shall be done

Or here our friendship ends—Howe'er disguis'd

Whatever thy pretence, thou art a traitor.

Sif. I should indeed deserve the name of traitor

And even a traitor's fate, had I so slightly,

From principles so weak, done what I did,
As e'er to disavow it——

Tan. Ha!

Sif. My liege,
Expect not this——Though practis'd long in courts,
I have not so far learn'd their subtle trade,
To veer obedient with each gust of passion.
I honour thee, I venerate thy orders,
But honour more my duty. Nought on earth
Shall ever shake me from that solid rock,
Nor smiles, nor frowns.——

Tan. You will not then?

Sif. I cannot.

Tan. Away! begone!—Oh, my Rodolpho, come,
And save me from this traitor! Hence, I say.

Avoid my presence strait! and know, old man,
Thou, my worst foe beneath the mask of friendship,
Who, not content to trample in the dust
My dearest rights, dost add cruel insolence
Persist, and call it duty!—You not
A daughter that you love so dearly feel
The vengeance that should smite you all?
Away!

Rod. What?

Against his friend?

Tan. Friend?

When I have told

How play'd me ill

Who had nor heart nor spirit, thou wilt stand
Amaz'd, and wonder at my stupid patience.

“ *Rod.* I heard, with mix'd astonishment and grief
“ The king's unjust, dishonourable will,
“ Void in itself—I saw you stung with rage,
“ And writhing in the snare; just as I went,
“ At your command to wait you here—but that
“ Was the king's deed, not his.

“ *Man.* Oh, he advis'd it!
“ These many years he has in secret hatch'd
“ This black contrivance, glories in the scheme,
“ And proudly plumes him with his traiterous virtue
“ But that was nought, Rodolpho, nothing, nothing
“ Oh, that was gentle, blameless to what follow'd
“ I had, my friend, to Sigismunda given,
“ To hush her fears, in the full gush of fondness,
“ A blank sign'd with my hand—and he, O
“ heavens!

“ Was ever such a wild attempt!—he wrote
“ Beneath my name an absolute compliance
“ To this detested will, nay, dar'd to read it
“ Before myself, on my insult

“ To the pageant plac'd—O

“ Out the pages, the rage

“ Whirl'd me through

“ tem

“ Now on the first, and

“ Represent'd—his face

“ All mad with

“ What could

“ relief

" To my distracted mind, was to adjourn
 " Th' assembly till to-morrow—But to-morrow
 " What can be done?—Oh, it avails not what!
 " I care not what is done—My only care
 " Is how to clear my faith with Sigismunda.
 " She thinks me false! She cast a look that kill'd me!
 " Oh! I am base in Sigismunda's eye!
 " The lowest of mankind, the most perfidious!
 " *Rod.* This was a strain of insolence indeed,
 " A daring outrage of so strange a nature
 " As stuns me quite——
 " *Tan.* Curs'd be my timid prudence,
 " That dash'd not back, that moment in his face,
 " The bold presumptuous lie!—and curs'd this hand,
 " That from a start of poor dissimulation,
 " Led off my Sigismunda's hated rival.
 " Ah, then! what, poison'd by the false appearance,
 " What, Sigismunda, were thy thoughts of me?
 " Now, in the silent bitterness of soul,
 " How dost thou scorn me! hate mankind, thyself,
 " How dost thou curse the vows of faithless Tancred?
 " How dost thou curse the love that distracts
 " My soul, and how dost thou curse the
 " How'd

“ Has clinch'd the chain, confirm'd Siffredi's crime,

“ And fix'd me down to infamy !

“ *Red.* My Lord,

“ Blame not the conduct which your situation

“ Tore from your tortur'd heart—What could you
do ?

“ Had you, so circumstanc'd, in open senate,

“ Before th' astonish'd public, with no friends

“ Prepar'd, no party form'd, affronted thus

“ The haughty Princess and her powerful faction,

“ Supported by this will, the sudden stroke,

“ Abrupt and premature, might have recoil'd

“ Upon yourself, even your own friends revolted,

“ And turn'd at once the public scale against you.

“ Besides, consider, had you then detected

“ In its fresh guilt this action of Siffredi,

“ You must with signal vengeance have chastis'd

“ The treasonable deed—Nothing so mean

“ As weak insulted power that dares not punish.

“ And how would that have suited with your love ;

“ His daughter present too ? Trust me, your conduct,

“ Howe'er abhorrent to a heart like yours,

“ Was fortunate and wise—Not that I mean

“ E'er to advise submission——

“ *Tan.* Heavens ! submission——

“ Could I descend to bear it, even in thought,

“ Despise me, you, the world, and Sigismunda !

“ Submission !—No !—To-morrow's glorious light

“ Shall flash discovery on the scene of baseness.

“ Whatever be the risque, by heavens, to-morrow

ACT II. TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA.

" I will o'erturn the dirty lie-built schemes
" Of these old men, and shew my faithful senate,
" That Manfred's son knows to assert and wear,
" With undiminish'd dignity, that crown
" This unexpected day has plac'd upon him."
But this, my friend, " these stormy gusts of pride
" Are foreign to my love——Till Sigismunda
" Be disabus'd, my breast is tumult all,
" And can obey no settled course of reason.
" I see her still, I feel her powerful image,
" That look, where with reproach complaint was
 mix'd,
" Big with soft wo, and gentle indignation,
" Which seem'd at once to pity and to scorn me——
" Oh, let me find her! I too long have left
" My Sigismunda to converse with tears,
" A prey to thoughts that picture me a villain.
" But ah! how, clogg'd with this accursed state,
" A tedious world, shall I now find access?
" Her father too—Ten thousand horrors crowd
" Into the wild, fantastic eye of love——
" Who knows what he may do? Come then, my
 friend,
" And by thy sister's hand, oh, let me steal
" A letter to her bosom—I no longer
" Can bear her absence, by the just contempt
" She now must brand me with, inflam'd to madness.
" Fly, my Rodolpho, fly! engage thy sister
" To aid my letter." *This black, unheard of outrage,*
I cannot now impart——Till Sigismunda

*Be disabus'd, my breast is tumult all.
Come, then, my friend, and by the hand of Laura,
Oh, let me steal a letter to her bosom,
And this "very" evening
Secure an interview—I would not bear
This rack another day, not for my kingdom.
"Till then, deep plung'd in solitude and shades,
"I will not see the hated face of man."
Thought drives on thought, on passions passions roll;
Her smiles alone can calm my raging soul.* [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Chamber. SIGISMUNDA alone, sitting in a disconsolate Posture.

AH, tyrant prince! ah more than faithless Tancred!
Ungenerous and inhuman in thy falsehood!
Hadst thou this morning, when my hopeless heart,
Submissive to my fortune and my duty,
Had so much spirit left, as to be willing
To give thee back thy vows, ah! hadst thou then
Confess'd the sad necessity thy state
Impos'd upon thee, and with gentle friendship,
Since we must part at last, our parting soften'd;
I should indeed—I should have been unhappy,
But not to this extreme—"Amidst my grief,
'I had, with pensive pleasure, cherish'd still
The sweet remembrance of thy former love,

- " Thy image still had dwelt upon my soul,
 " And made our guiltless woes not undelightful.
 " But coolly thus—How couldst thou be so cruel?—
 " Thus to revive my hopes, to sooth my love,
 " And call forth all its tenderness, then sink me
 " In black despair—What unrelenting pride
 " Possess'd thy breast, that thou couldst bear unmov'd
 " To see me bent beneath a weight of shame?
 " Pangs thou canst never feel! How couldst thou
 drag me,
 " In barbarous triumph at a rival's car?
 " How make me witness to a sight of horror?
 " That hand, which, but a few short hours ago,
 " So wantonly abus'd my simple faith,
 " Before th' attesting world given to another,
 " Irrevocably given!—There was a time,
 " When the least cloud that hung upon my brow,
 " Perhaps imagin'd only, touch'd thy pity.
 " Then, brighten'd often by the ready tear,
 " Thy looks were softness all; then the quick heart,
 " In every nerve alive, forgot itself,
 " And for each other then we felt alone.
 " But now, alas! those tender days are fled;
 " Now thou canst see me wretched, pierc'd with an-
 guish,
 " With studied anguish of thy own creating,
 " Nor wet thy harden'd eye—Hold, let me think—
 " I wrong thee sure; thou canst not be so base,
 " As meanly in my misery to triumph—
 " What is it then!—'Tis fickleness of nature,

" 'Tis sickly love extinguish'd by ambition——"
 Is there, kind Heaven, no constancy in man ?
 No stedfast truth, no generous fix'd affection,
 That can bear up against a selfish world ?
 No, there is none—Even Tancred is inconstant !

[Rings.]

Hence ! let me fly this scene !—Whate'er I see,
 These roofs, these walls, each object that surrounds
 me,

Are tainted with his vows—But whither fly ?
 The groves are worse, the soft retreat of Belmont,
 Its deepening glooms, gay lawns, and airy summits,
 Will wound my busy memory to torture,
 And all its shades will whisper—faithless Tancred !—
 My father comes—How, sunk in this disorder,
 Shall I sustain his presence ?

Enter SIFFREDI.

Sif. Sigismunda,
 My dearest child ! I grieve to find thee thus
 A prey to tears. " I know the powerful cause
 " From which they flow, and therefore can excuse
 them,
 " But not their wilful obstinate continuance.
 " Come, rouse thee then, call up thy drooping spirit,"
 Awake to reason from this dream of love,
 And shew the world thou art Siffredi's daughter.

Alas ! I am unworthy of that name.

Thou art indeed to blame ; thou hast too rashly
 thy heart, without a father's sanction.

But this I can forgive. "The king has virtues,
 "That plead thy full excuse; nor was I void
 "Of blame, to trust thee to those dangerous virtues.
 "Then dread not my reproaches. Though he blames,
 "Thy tender father pities more than blames thee.
 "Thou art my daughter still;" and, if thy heart
 Will now resume its pride, assert itself,
 And greatly rise superior to this trial,
 I to my warmest confidence again
 Will take thee, and esteem thee more my daughter.

Sig. Oh, you are gentler far than I deserve!
 It is, it ever was, my darling pride,
 To bend my soul to your supreme commands,
 Your wisest will; and though by love betray'd—
 Alas! and punish'd too—I have transgress'd
 The nicest bounds of duty, yet I feel
 A sentiment of tenderness, a source
 Of filial nature springing in my breast,
 That, should it kill me, shall controul this passion,
 And make me all submission and obedience
 To you my honour'd lord, the best of fathers.

Sif. Come to my arms, thou comfort of my age!
 Thou only joy and hope of these grey hairs!
 Come, let me take thee to a parent's heart;
 There, with the kindly aid of my advice,
 Even with the dew of these paternal tears,
 Revive and nourish this becoming spirit——
 Then thou dost promise me, my Sigismunda——
 Thy father stoops to make it his request—
 Thou wilt resign thy fond presumptuous hopes,

And henceforth never more indulge one thought
That in the light of love regards the king?

Sig. Hopes I have none!—Those by this fatal day
Are blasted all—But from my soul to banish,
While weeping memory there retains her seat,
Thoughts which the purest bosom might have cher-
ish'd,

Once my delight, now even in anguish charming,
Is more, my lord, than I can promise.

Sis. Absence, and time, the softener of our passions,
Will conquer this. Meantime, I hope from thee
A generous great effort; that thou wilt now
Exert thy utmost force, nor languish thus
Beneath the vain extravagance of love.
Let not thy father blush to hear it said,
His daughter was so weak, e'er to admit
A thought so void of reason, that a king
Should to his rank, his honour, and his glory,
The high important duties of a throne,
Even to his throne itself, madly prefer
A wild romantic passion, the fond child
Of youthful dreaming thought and vacant hours;
That he should quit his Heaven-appointed station,
Desert his awful charge, the care of all
“ The toiling millions which this isle contains;
“ Nay more, should plunge them into war and ruin,
“ And all to sooth a sick imagination,
“ A miserable weakness”—*What*, must for thee,
To make thee blest, Sicilia be unhappy?
The king himself, lost to the nobler sense

“ Of manly praise, become the piteous hero
 “ Of some soft tale, and rush on sure destruction ?
 “ Canst thou, my daughter, let the monstrous thought
 “ Possess one moment thy perverted fancy ?”
 Rouse thee, for shame ! and if a spark of virtue
 Lies slumb’ring in thy soul, bid it blaze forth ;
 Nor sink unequal to the glorious lesson,
 This day thy lover gave thee from his throne.

Sig. Ah, that was not from virtue !—Had, my father,
 That been his aim, I yield to what you say ;
 “ ’Tis powerful truth, unanswerable reason.
 “ Then, then, with sad but dutious resignation,
 “ I had submitted as became your daughter ;
 “ But in that moment, when my humbled hopes
 “ Were to my duty reconcil’d, to raise them
 “ To yet a fonder height than e’er they knew,
 “ Then rudely dash them down——There is the sting !
 “ The blasting view is ever present to me——”
 Why did you drag me to a sight so cruel ?

Sif. It was a scene to fire thy emulation.

Sig. It was a scene of perfidy !—But know,
 I will do more than imitate the king—
 For he is false !—I, though sincerely pierc’d
 With the best, truest passion, ever touch’d
 A virgin’s breast, here vow to Heaven and you,
 Though from my heart I cannot, from my hopes
 To cast this prince—What would you more, my
 father ?

Sif. Yes, one thing more—thy father then is happy—
 “ Though by the voice of innocence and virtue

" Absolv'd, we live not to ourselves alone :

" A rigorous world with peremptory sway,

" Subjects us all, and even the noblest most."

This world from thee, my honour and thy own,
Demands one step ; a step, by which, convinc'd,
The king may see thy heart disdains to wear
A chain which his has greatly thrown aside.

" 'Tis fitting too, thy sex's pride commands thee,

" To shew th' approving world thou canst resign,

" As well as he, nor with inferior spirit,

" A passion fatal to the public weal."

But above all, thou must root out for ever

From the king's breast the least remain of hope,

And henceforth make his mentioned love dishonour.

These things, my daughter, that must needs be done

Can but this way be done—by the safe refuge,

The sacred shelter of a husband's arms.

And there is one——

Sig. Good heavens ! what means my lord ?

Sif. One of illustrious family, high rank,
Yet still of higher dignity and merit,
Who can and will protect thee ; one to whom
The king himself—Nay, hear me, Sigismunda,
The noble Osmond courts thee for his bride,
And has my plighted word—This day——

[*Kneeling.*] My father !

He with trembling arms embrace thy knees

If you ever wish to see me happy ;

For in infant years I gave you joy,

When, as I prattling twin'd around your neck,

You snatch'd me to your bosom, kiss'd my eyes,
 And melting said you saw my mother there ;
 Oh, save me from that worst severity
 Of fate ! Oh, outrage not my breaking heart
 To that degree !—I cannot !—'tis impossible !——
 So soon withdraw it, give it to another—
 " Hear me, my dearest father ; hear the voice
 " Of nature and humanity, that plead
 " As well as justice for me !——Not to choose
 " Without your wise direction may be duty ;
 " But still my choice is free—that is a right,
 " Which even the lowest slave can never lose.
 " And would you thus degrade me ?—make me base ?
 " For such it were to give my worthless person
 " Without my heart, an injury to Osmond,
 " The highest can be done"—Let me, my lord—
 Or I shall die, shall, by the sudden change,
 Be to distraction shock'd—Let me wear out
 My hapless days in solitude and silence,
 Far from the malice of a prying world ;
 At least—you cannot sure refuse me this——
 Give me a little time—I will do all,
 All I can do, to please you !—" Oh, your eye
 " Sheds a kind beam——"

Sif. My daughter ! you abuse
 The softness of my nature—

Sig. Here, my father,
 'Till you relent, here will I grow for ever !

Sif. Rise, Sigismunda.—Though you touch my
 heart,

Nothing can shake th' inexorable dictates
Of honour, duty, and determin'd reason.
Then by the holy ties of filial love,
Resolve, I charge thee, to receive Earl Osmond,
As suits the man who is thy father's choice,
And worthy of thy hand—I go to bring him—

Sig. Spare me, my dearest father!

Sif. [*Aside,*] I must rush
From her soft grasp, or nature will betray me!
“ Oh, grant us, Heaven! that fortitude of mind,
“ Which listens to our duty, not our passions”—
Quit me, my child!

Sig. You cannot, oh, my father!
You cannot leave me thus!

Sif. Come hither, Laura,
Come to thy friend. Now shew thyself a friend.
Combat her weakness; dissipate her tears;
Cherish, and reconcile her to her duty. [*Exit Siffredi.*]

Enter LAURA.

Sig. Oh, wo on wo! distress'd by love and duty!
Oh, every way unhappy Sigismunda!

Laura. Forgive me, Madam, if I blame your grief.
How can you waste your tears on one so false?
Unworthy of your tenderness; to whom
Nought but contempt is due and indignation?

You know not half the horrors of my fate!
I perhaps have learn'd to scorn his falsehood;
When the first sad burst of tears was past,
He have rous'd my pride and scorn'd himself—

But 'tis too much, this greatest last misfortune—
Oh, whither shall I fly? Where hide me, Laura,
From the dire scene my father now prepares?

Laura. What thus alarms you, Madam?

Sig. Can it be?

Can I——ah, no!——at once give to another
My violated heart? in one wild moment?
He brings Earl Osmond to receive my vows.
Oh, dreadful change! for Tancred, haughty Osmond.

Laura. Now, on my soul, 'tis what an outrag'd heart
Like yours should wish!——I should, by heavens,
esteem it

Most exquisite revenge!

Sig. Revenge! on whom?

On my own heart, already but too wretched!

Laura. On him! this Tancred! who has basely sold,
For the dull form of despicable grandeur,
His faith, his love!——At once a slave and tyrant!

Sig. Oh, rail at me, at my believing folly,
My vain ill-founded hopes, but spare him, Laura.

Laura. Who rais'd these hopes? who triumphs o'er
that weakness?

Pardon the word—You greatly merit him;
Better than him, with all his giddy pomp;
You rais'd him by your smiles when he was nothing.
Where is your woman's pride, that guardian spirit
Given us to dash the perfidy of man?

Ye powers! I cannot bear the thought with patience—

“ Yet recent from the most unsparing vows

“ The tongue of love e'er lavish'd; from your hopes

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“ So vainly, idly, cruelly deluded ;”
Before the public thus, before your father,
By an irrevocable solemn deed,
With such inhuman scorn, to throw you from him :
To give his faithless hand yet warm from thine,
With complicated meanness, to Constantia.
And, to complete his crime, when thy weak limbs
Could scarce support thee, then, of thee regardless,
To lead her off.

Sig. That was indeed a sight
To poison love ; to turn it into rage
And keen contempt.—What means this stupid weak-
ness

That hangs upon me ? Hence, unworthy tears
Do grace my cheek no more ! No more, my heart,
For one so coolly false or meanly fickle——

“ Oh, it imports not which”——dare to suggest
The least excuse !——Yes, traitor, I will wring
Thy pride, will turn thy triumph to confusion !

“ I will not pine away my days for thee,
“ Sighing to brooks and groves ; while, with vain pity,
“ You in a rival’s arms lament my fate——

“ No, let me perish ere I tamely be
“ That soft, that patient, gentle Sigismunda,
“ Who can console her with the wretched boast,
“ She was for thee unhappy !——If I am,
“ I will be nobly so !”——Sicilia’s daughters

Shall wondering see in me a great example
One who punish’d an ill-judging heart,
Who made it bow to what it most abhorr’d !

Crush'd it to misery ! for having thus
So lightly listen'd to a worthless lover !

Laura. At last it mounts, the kindling pride of virtue ;
Trust me, thy marriage will embitter his——

Sig. Oh, may the furies light his nuptial torch !
Be it accurs'd as mine ! for the fair peace,
The tender joys of hymeneal love,
May jealousy awak'd, and fell remorse,
Pour all their fiercest venom through his breast !—
Where the fates lead, and blind revenge, I follow :—
Let me not think—By injur'd love ! I vow,
Thou shalt, base prince ! perfidious and inhuman !
Thou shalt behold me in another's arms ;
In his thou hatest ! Osmond's !

Laura. “ That will grind
“ His heart with secret rage : ” Ay, that will sting
His soul to madness ; “ set him up a terror,
“ A spectacle of wo to faithless lovers ! ”——
Your cooler thought, besides, will of the change
Approve, and think it happy. Noble Osmond
“ From the same stock with him derives his birth,
“ First of Sicilian barons, prudent, brave,
“ Of strictest honour, and by all rever'd——”

Sig. Talk not of Osmond, but perfidious Tancred !
Rail at him, rail ! invent new names of scorn !
Assist me, Laura ; lend my rage fresh fuel ;
Support my staggering purpose, which already
Begins to fail me—Ah, my vaunts how vain !
How have I ly'd to my own heart !—Alas,
My tears return, the mighty flood o'erwhelms me !

" Ten thousand crowding images distract
" My tortur'd thought—And is it come to this?
" Our hopes, our vows, our oft repeated wishes,
" Breath'd from the fervent soul, and full of heave
" To make each other happy—come to this!"

Laura. If thy own peace and honour cannot keep
Thy resolution fix'd, yet, Sigismunda,
Oh, think, how deeply, how beyond retreat,
Thy father is engag'd.

Sig. Ah, wretched weakness!
That thus enthrals my soul, " that chases thence
" Each nobler thought, the sense of every duty
And have I then no tears for thee, my father?
Can I forget thy cares, from helpless years,
Thy tenderness for me? " an eye still beam'd
" With love; a brow that never knew a frown
" Nor a harsh word thy tongue?" Shall I for
Repay thy stooping venerable age
With shame, disquiet, anguish, and dishonour
It must not be!—Thou first of angels! come,
Sweet filial piety, and firm my breast!
Yes, let one daughter to her fate submit,
Be nobly wretched—but her father happy!—
Laura!—they come! Oh, heavens, I cannot see
this horrid trial!—Open, open earth!
Hide me from their view.

Madam.

Enter SIFFREDI and OSMOND.

My daughter,

Act III. TANCRED AND

Behold my noble friend who

And whom to call no son

"Nor shall I call on you

"To see thee dead."

Osm. Think not, madam,

Madam, on this man

To make his death

That seeks your love

And will be true

Consult your own

Yours does not know

Sig. I am a man

O'er my own

Sig. He is a man

Sig. O

Forgive me, madam

To my dear friend

Sig. I am a man

If by this death

I have not lost

Osm. I am a man

What can I do

Or I am a man

Es. I am a man

Osm.

Then will I do

That cannot be

"A most worthy nature, as Conscience
Does not allow depend upon the deed;
And if they will, and if the conscience does it,
I will not be a subject.
"But I am I cannot—no more, I trust them—
"For as much as you—but could he place
"His scepter on the throne of Sicily—
"For, as a generous noble, too much for man!"
"What's that then? I care not what it be.
"My honour now, my dignity demands,
"That my propo'd alliance, by her father,
"And even herself accepted, be not scorn'd.
"I love her too—I never knew till now
"To what a pitch I love her. Oh, she shot
"Ten thousand charms into my inmost soul!
"She look'd so mild, so amiably gentle,
"She bow'd her head, she glow'd with such con-
"fusion,
"Such loveliness of modesty! She is,
"In gracious mind, in manners, and in person,
"The perfect model of all female beauty!"
"She must be mine—She is!—If yet her heart
"Consents not to my happiness, her duty,
"Join'd to my tender cares, will gain so much
"Upon her generous nature—That will follow.

*The man of sense, who acts a prudent part,
Not flattery steals, but forms himself the heart.*

[Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*the Garden belonging to SIFFREDI's House. Enter
SIGISMUNDA and LAURA.*

Sigismunda, with a letter in her hand.

'Tis done!—I am a slave!—The fatal vow
has pass'd my lips!—Methought in those sad mo-
ments,

the tombs around, the saints, the darken'd altar,
and all the trembling shrines with horror shook.
It here is still new matter of distress.

O, Tancred, cease to persecute me more!
O, grudge me not some calmer state of woe;
Give me quiet gloom to shade my hopeless days,
Where I may never hear of love and thee!—
As Laura, too, conspired against my peace?
Why did you take this letter?—Bear it back——
I will not court new pain. *[Giving her the letter.]*

Laura. Madam, Rodolpho
reg'd me so much, nay, even with tears conjur'd me,
at this once more to serve th' unhappy king——
For such he said he was——that though enrag'd,
equal with thee, at his inhuman falsehood,
could not to my brother's fervent prayers
refuse this office——Read it——His excuses
'till only more expose his falsehood.
Sig. No :

It suits not Osmond's wife to read one line
From that contagious hand—she knows too well!

Laura. He paints him out distress'd beyond expression ;

Even on the point of madness. “ Wild as winds,
“ And fighting seas, he raves. His passions mix,
“ With ceaseless rage, all in each giddy moment.”
He dies to see you, and to clear his faith.

Sig. Save me from that!—That would be worse than all !

Laura. I but report my brother's words ; who then
Began to talk of some dark imposition,
That had deceiv'd us when interrupted,
We heard your father and Earl Osmond near,
As summon'd to Constantia's court they went.

Sig. Ha ! imposition !—Well, if I am doom'd
To be, o'er all my sex, the wretch of love,
In vain I would resist—Give me the letter—
To know the worst is some relief—Alas,
It was not thus, with such dire palpitations,
That, Tancred, once I us'd to read thy letters.

[*Attempting to read the letter, but gives it to Laura.*
Ah, fond remembrance blinds me !—Read it, *Laura.*

Laura. [*Reads.*] “ Deliver me, Sigismunda, from
“ that most exquisite misery which a faithful heart
“ can suffer—To be thought base by her, from whose
“ esteem even virtue borrows new charms. When
“ I submitted to my cruel situation, it was not falsehood you beheld, but an excess of love. Rather than endanger that, I for a while gave up my ho-

‘ nour. Every moment till I see you stabs me with
 ‘ severer pangs than real guilt itself can feel. Let
 ‘ me then conjure you to meet me in the garden, to-
 ‘ wards the close of the day, when I will explain this
 ‘ mystery. We have been most inhumanly abused ;
 ‘ and that by the means of the very paper which I
 ‘ gave you, from the warmest sincerity of love, to
 ‘ assure to you the heart and hand of

“ TANCRED.”

Sig. There, Laura, there, the dreadful secret
 sprung !

That paper ! ah, that paper ! it suggests
 A thousand horrid thoughts—I to my father
 Gave it ! and he perhaps—I dare not cast
 A look that way—If yet indeed you love me,
 Oh, blast me not, kind Tancred, with the truth !
 Oh, pitying keep me ignorant for ever.
 What strange peculiar misery is mine ?
 Reduc’d to wish the man I love were false !
 ‘ Why was I hurry’d to a step so rash ?
 ‘ Repairless wo !—I might have waited, sure,
 ‘ A few short hours—No duty that forbade—
 ‘ I ow’d thy love that justice ; till this day
 ‘ Thy love an image of all perfect goodness !
 ‘ A beam from heaven that glow’d with every virtue !
 ‘ And have I thrown this prize of life away ?
 ‘ The piteous wreck of one distract’d moment ?
 ‘ Ah, the cold prudence of remorseless age !
 ‘ Ah, parents, traitors to your children’s bliss !

" Ah, curs'd, ah, blind revenge !—On every hand

" I was betray'd—You, Laura, too, betray'd me!

" *Laura.* Who, who but he, whate'er he writes
betray'd you ?

" Or false or pusillanimous. For once,

" I will with you suppose, that his agreement

" To the king's will was forg'd—Though forg'd by
whom ?

" Your father scorns the crime—Yet what avails it!

" This, if it clears his truth, condemns his spirit.

" A youthful king, by love and honour fir'd,

" Patient to sit on his insulted throne,

" And let an outrage, of so high a nature,

" Unpunish'd pass, uncheck'd, uncontradict'd—

" Oh, 'tis a meanness equal even to falsehood.

" *Sig.* Laura, no more—We have already judg'd

" Too largely without knowledge. Oft, what seem

" A trifle, a mere nothing, by itself,

" In some nice situation turns the scale

" Of fate, and rules the most important actions.

" Yes, I begin to feel a sad presage!

" I am undone, from that eternal source

" Of human woes—the judgment of

" But what have I to do with these ex-

" Oh, cease, my treacherous heart

room !

is not thee to

to lament my

remain

servic

Of this dark scene ; to wrap myself in gloom,
In solitude and shades ; there to devour
The silent sorrows ever swelling here ;
And since I must be wretched—for I must—
To claim the mighty misery myself,
Engross it all, and spare a hapless father.
Hence, let me fly !—The hour approaches—

Laura. Madam,

Behold he comes—the king—

Sig. Heavens ! how escape ?

O—I will stay—This one last meeting—Leave me.

[*Exit Laura.*]

Enter TANCRED.

Tan. And are these long, long hours of torture past ?
My life ! my Sigismunda !

[*Throwing himself at her feet.*]

Sig. Rise, my lord.

To see my sovereign thus no more becomes me.

Tan. Oh, let me kiss the ground on which you tread !

Let me exhale my soul in softest transport !

Since I again behold my Sigismunda ! [Rising.]

Unkind ! how couldst thou ever deem me false ?

How thus dishonour love ?—“ Oh, I could much

“ Embitter my complaint !—how low were then

“ Thy thoughts of me ? How didst thou then affront

“ The human heart itself ?” After the vows,

The fervent truth, the tender protestations,

Which mine has often pour’d, to let thy breast,

Whate’er th’ appearance was, admit suspicion ?

[illegible]

had he not been thy father—Ha! my love!

'ou tremble, you grow pale!

Sig. Oh, leave me Tancred!

Tan. No!—Leave thee!—Never! never till you set

ly heart at peace, till these dear lips again

ronounce thee mine! Without thee, I renounce

lyself, my friends, the world—here on this hand—

Sig. My lord, forget that hand, which never now

an be to thine united——

Tan. Sigismunda!

'hat dost thou mean?—Thy words, thy look, thy

manner,

em to conceal some horrid secret—Heaven! ——

—that was wild—Distraction tries the thought! ——

Sig. Inquire no more—I never can be thine.

Tan. What, who shall interpose? What darest attempt

o brave the fury of an injur'd king,

ho, ere he sees thee ravish'd from his bosom,

ill wrap all blazing Sicily in flames! ——

Sig. In vain your power, my lord—I'll face thee,

nd to my father's unrelenting wall,

s plac'd an everlasting bar betwixt us——

m——Earl Osmond's——wife.

Tan. Earl Osmond's wife! ——

After a long pause, during which they look at one another

with the highest agitation, and most tender distress.

over-joy'd I hear thee ring—What! marry'd?

What!

Tancred!

ver!

dear wife,

Without so much as hearing me !—Distraction !——
Alas ! what hast thou done ? Ah, Sigismunda !
Thy rash credulity has done a deed,
Which, of two happiest lovers that e'er felt
The blissful power, has made two finish'd wretches !
But—madness !—Sure, thou know'st it cannot be !
This hand is mine ! a thousand thousand vows——

Enter OSMOND.

Osm. [*Snatching her hand from the king.*] Madam,
this hand, by the most solemn rites,
A little hour ago, was given to me,
And did not sovereign honour now command me,
Never but with my life to quit my claim,
I would renounce it——thus !

Tan. Ha, who art thou ?
Presumptuous man !

Sig. [*Aside.*] Where is my father ? Heavens !

[*Goes out.*]

Osm. One thou shouldst better know—Yes—view
me, one
Who can and will maintain his rights and honour,
Against a faithless prince, an upstart king,
Whose first base deed is what a harden'd tyrant
Would blush to act.

Tan. Insolent Osmond ! know,
This upstart king will hurl confusion on thee,
And all who shall invade his sacred rights,
Or to thine—thine, founded on compulsion,
Infamous deceit, “ while his proceed

" From mutual love, and free long-plighted faith.
 " She is, and shall be mine!"—I will annul
 By the high power with which the laws invest me,
 Those guilty forms in which you have entrap'd,
 " Basely entrap'd, to thy detested nuptials,"
 My queen betroth'd, who has my heart, my hand,
 And shall partake my throne—If, haughty lord,
 If this thou didst not know, then know it now;
 And know, besides, as I have told thee this,
 Shouldst thou but think to urge thy treason further—
 " Than treason more! treason against my love!"—
 Thy life shall answer for it.

Osm. Ha! my life!——

It moves my scorn to hear thy empty threats.
 When was it that a Norman baron's life
 Became so vile, as on the frown of kings
 To hang?—Of that, my lord, the law must judge:
 Or if the law be weak, my guardian sword——

Tan. Dare not to touch it, traitor, lest my rage
 Break loose, and do a deed that misbecomes me.

Enter SIFFREDI.

Sif. My gracious lord, what is it I behold!
 My sovereign in contention with his subjects?
 Surely this house deserves from royal Tancred
 A little more regard, than to be made
 A scene of trouble, and unseemly jars.
 " It grieves my soul, it baffles every hope,
 " It makes me sick of life, to see thy glory

"Pho! blasted in the bud!"—Heavens! can your
 harshness

From your exalted character descend,
 To the vulgar and ignominious; and, instead
 Of the glorious exercise of our rights,
 Of the holy enjoyment of domestic bliss,
 Kindling thus around the sweet repose,
 The warm glow of families, for which
 Nature has provided laws of man or laws
 Not given by man?

Enter Alphonso, Dorothea.

Shall my children's rights, the duties of my station
 Be to me unknown? But thou, old man,
 Dost thou not blast to rock a rights invaded;
 And if not here our dearest ties disturb'd?
 Thou wilt with more than conscious perfidy
 First trample all allegiance, word, truth,
 Humanity itself, beneath thy feet.

Thou'ldst thou'ldst thou'ldst thou'ldst—come, to thy confusion,
 Deny the vast reproaches I spare thee
 Refuse thee rest, for whose ill-worth friendship
 Thou hast most lately sacrificed thy daughter.
 Deny it, my lord.—For thee, I am conceal'd,
 It is best for me to hide thy angry eye.

Alphonso, Dorothea, exit.

Enter Sigismunda, Alphonso, Dorothea.

Alphonso, Dorothea, exit.

Enter Sigismunda, Alphonso, Dorothea.

Alphonso, Dorothea, exit.

Enter Sigismunda, Alphonso, Dorothea.

Alphonso, Dorothea, exit.

Enter Sigismunda, Alphonso, Dorothea.

Alphonso, Dorothea, exit.

Enter Sigismunda, Alphonso, Dorothea.

Alphonso, Dorothea, exit.

Enter Sigismunda, Alphonso, Dorothea.

Alphonso, Dorothea, exit.

My wedded wife! Where are we? in a land
 Of civil rule, of liberty and laws?—
 Not, on my life, pursue them?—Giddy prince!
 My life disdains thy nod. It is the gift
 Of parent Heaven, who gave me too an arm,
 A spirit to defend it against tyrants.
 ‘ The Norman race, the sons of mighty Rollo,
 ‘ Who rushing in a tempest from the north,
 ‘ Great nurse of generous freemen, bravely won
 ‘ With their own swords their seats, and still possess
 them
 ‘ By the same noble tenure, are not us’d
 “ To hear such language—If I now desist,
 “ Then brand me for a coward! deem me villain!
 “ A traitor to the public! By this conduct
 “ Deceiv’d, betray’d, insulted, tyranniz’d.”
 Mine is a common cause. My arm shall guard,
 Mix’d with my own, the rights of each Sicilian,
 “ Of social life, and of mankind in general.”
 Ere to thy tyrant rage they fall a prey,
 I shall find means to shake thy tottering throne,
 “ Which this illegal, this perfidious usage
 “ Forfeits at once,” and crush thee in the ruins!—
 Constantia is my queen!

Sif. Lord constable,

Let us be stedfast in the right; but let us
 Act with cool prudence, and with manly temper,
 As well as manly firmness. “ True, I own,
 “ Th’ indignities you suffer are so high,
 “ As might even justify what now you threaten.

“ But if, my lord, we can prevent the woes,
“ The cruel horrors of intestine war,
“ Yet hold untouch'd our liberties and laws ;
“ Oh, let us, rais'd above the turbid sphere
“ Of little selfish passions, nobly do it !
“ Nor to our hot, intemperate pride, pour out
“ A dire libation of Sicilian blood.
“ 'Tis godlike magnanimity to keep,
“ When most provok'd, our reason calm and clear,
“ And execute her will from a strong sense
“ Of what is right, without the vulgar aid
“ Of heat and passion, which, though honest, bears us
“ Often too far.” Remember that my house
Protects my daughter still ; and ere I saw her
Thus ravish'd from us, by the arm of power,
This hand should act the Roman father's part.
Fear not ; be temperate ; all will yet be well.
I know the king. “ At first his passions burst
“ Quick as the lightning's flash ; but in his breast
“ Honour and justice dwell”——Trust me, to reason
He will return.

Osm. He will !—By heavens, he shall !——
You know the king—I wish, my lord Sigismund,
That you had deign'd to attend me all your life.
And now you have a son, who will be
As good as dead, if you do not return.

"Of wide-establish'd order out of joint,
 "And overturn all justice; then, perchance,
 "He, in a fit of sickly kind repentance,
 "May make a merit to return to reason."
 No, no, my lord! there is a nobler way,
 To teach the blind oppressive fury reason:
 Oft has the lustre of avenging steel
 Unseal'd her stupid eyes—The sword is reason!

Enter RODOLPHO with Guards.

Rod. My lord high constable of Sicily,
 In the king's name, and by his special order,
 I here arrest you prisoner of state.

Osm. What king? I know no king of Sicily,
 Unless he be the husband of Constantia.

Rod. Then know him now—behold his royal orders
 To bear you to the castle of Palermo.

Sif. Let the big torrent foam its madness off.
 Submit, my lord—No castle long can hold
 Our wrongs—This, more than friendship or alliance,
 Confirms me thine; this binds me to thy fortunes,
 By the strong tie of common injury,
 Which nothing can dissolve—I grieve, Rodolpho,
 To see the reign in such unhappy sort
 Begin.

Osm. The reign! the usurpation call it!
 This meteor king may blaze a while, but soon
 Must spend his idle terrors—Sir, lead on—
 Farewell, my lord—more than my life and fortune,
 Remember well, is in your hands—my honour!

Osm. It is not by the favour of Count Tancred
 That I am here. As much I scorn his favour,
 As I defy his tyranny and threats——
 Our friend Goffredo, who commands the castle,
 On my parole, ere dawn to render back
 My person, has permitted me this freedom.
 Know then; the faithless outrage of to-day,
 By him committed whom you call the king,
 Has rous'd Constantia's court. Our friends, the friends
 Of virtue, justice, and of public faith,
 Ripe for revolt, are in high ferment all.
 " This, this, they say, exceeds whate'er deform'd
 " The miserable days we saw beneath
 " William the Bad. This saps the solid base,
 " At once, of government and private life :
 " This shameless imposition on the faith,
 " The majesty of senates, this lewd insult,
 " This violation of the rights of men,
 " Added to these, his ignominious treatment
 " Of her, th' illustrious offspring of our kings,
 " Sicilia's hope, and now our royal mistress.
 " You know, my lord, how grossly these infringe
 " The late king's will, which orders, if count Tancred
 " Make not Constantia partner of his throne,
 " That he be quite excluded the succession,
 " And she to Henry given, king of the Romans.
 " The potent emperor Barbarossa's son,
 " Who seeks with earnest instance her alliance
 " You, as guardian of the laws,
 " Of this will, to you intrusted,

' The land from civil fury, urge me on.
' But how proceed?—I only faster rush
' Upon the desperate evils I would shun.
' Whate'er the motive be, deceit, I fear,
' And harsh unnatural force, are not the means
Of public welfare, or of private bliss"——
ear witness, Heaven! thou mind-inspecting eye!
ly breast is pure. I have prefer'd my duty,
he good and safety of my fellow-subjects,
o all those views that fire the selfish race
mortal men, and mix them in eternal broils.

Enter an Officer belonging to SIFFREDI.

Off. My lord, a man of noble port, his face
rapp'd in disguise, is earnest for admission.
Off. Go, bid him enter—— [*Officer goes out.*
I wrapp'd in disguise!
d at this late unseasonable hour!
When o'er the world tremendous midnight reigns,
by the dire gloom of raging tempest doubled——
can it be?

Enter OSMOND discovering himself.

Os. "What! ha!" Earl Osmond, you?—Wel-

come, once more,
his glad roof!—But why in this disguise?
ld I could hope the l exceeds his promise!
faith, soon as now's sun
scilia's cliffs, e free.——
angel turn to justice?

" But it requires an awful flight of virtue,
 " Above the passions of the vulgar breast,
 " And thence from thee I hope it, noble Osmor
 Suppose my daughter, to her God devoted,
 Were plac'd within some convent's sacred veil
 Beneath the dread protection of the altar—
Osm. Ere then, by heavens! I would "

shave

" My holy scalp," turn whining monk my
 And pray incessant for the tyrant's safety.
 What! How! because an insolent invader
 A sacrilegious tyrant, " in contempt
 " Of all those noblest rights, which so
 " Is man's peculiar pride," demands
 " That I shall thus betray the common
 " Of human kind."

What! shall I tamely yield her up,

Even in the manner you propose?

I were supremely vile! degraded!

The scorn of mankind! and abhor

Sif. There

Of reason,

Superior far

That single

With pro

Osm. M

Who

I th

holds a

blemish

The vivifying soul! and he who slights it,
Will leave the other dull and lifeless dross.

Sif. No more——You are too warm.

Osm. You are too cool.

Sif. Too cool, my lord? I were indeed too cool,
Not to resent this language, and to tell thee—
I wish Earl Osmond were as cool as I
To his own selfish bliss—ay, and as warm
To that of others——But of this no more—
My daughter is thy wife—I gave her to thee,
And will, against all force, maintain her thine.
But think not I will catch thy headlong passions,
Whirl'd in a blaze of madness o'er the land ;
Or, till the last extremity compel me,
Risk the dire means of war——The king, to-morrow,
Will set you free ; and, if by gentle means
He does not yield my daughter to your arms,
And wed Constantia, as the will requires,
Why then expect me on the side of justice——
Let that suffice.

Osm. It does—Forgive my heat.

My rankled mind, by injuries inflam'd,
May be too prompt to take, and give offence.

Sif. 'Tis past—Your wrongs, I own, may well
transport

The wisest mind——But henceforth, noble Osmond,
Do me more justice, honour more my truth,
Nor mark me with an eye of squint suspicion——
' These jars apart—You may repose your soul
' On my firm faith, and unremitting friendship.

“ Of that I sure have given exalted proof,
 “ And the next sun we see shall prove it further.”—
 Return, my son, and from your friend Goffredo
 Release your word. There try, by soft repose,
 To calm your breast.

Osm. Bid the vext ocean sleep,
 Swept by the pinions of the raging north—
 But your frail age, by care and toil exhausted,
 Demands the balm of all-repairing rest.

Syf. Soon as to-morrow's dawn shall streak the skies,
 I, with my friends in solemn state assembled,
 Will to the palace, and demand your freedom,
 Then by calm reason, or by higher means,
 The king shall quit his claim, and in the face
 Of Sicily, my daughter shall be yours.
 Farewell.

Osm. My lord, good night. [Exit Sigifredo.]

[After a long pause.] I like him not—

Yes—I have mighty matter of suspicion.

“ 'Tis plain. I see it lurking in his breast,

“ He has a foolish fondness for this king”——

My honour is not safe, while here my wife

Remains——Who knows but he this very day

May bear her to some convent, as he meant

The king too——though I smother'd up my rage

I must set all——will set all——at once

What right? He has no right——

He has!——I will be his tool of this

——no one——ay, and

Act V. TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA.

" Who loves young Tancred ! Hence her swooning,
tears,

" And all her soft distress, when she disgrac'd me,

" By basely giving her perfidious hand

" Without her heart—Hell and perdition ! this,

" This is the perfidy !—this is the fell,

" The keen envenom'd, exquisite disgrace,

" Which, to a man of honour, even exceeds

" The falsehood of the person—But I now

" Will rouse me from the poor tame lethargy,

" By my believing fondness cast upon me."

I will not wait his crawling timid motions,

" Perhaps to blind me meant, which he to-morrow

" Has promis'd to pursue. No ! ere his eyes

" Shall open on to-morrow's orient beam,"

I will convince him that Earl Osmond never

Was form'd to be his dupe—" I know full well

" Th' important weight and danger of the deed :

" But to a man, whom greater dangers press,

" Driven to the brink of infamy and horror,

" Rashness itself, and utter desperation,

" Are the best prudence. I will bear lix

This night, and lodge

I have a trust

Hence ! let

Should arde

A bold de

" When I

" And with

" I will repa

“ To rise with all his garrison—My friends

“ With brave impatience wait.” The mine is laid,

And only wants my kindling touch to spring.

[*Exit Osm.*]

SCENE II.

SIGISMUNDA'S Apartment. Enter SIGISMUNDA and

LAURA.

[*Thunder.*]

Laura. Heavens! 'tis a fearful night!

Sig. Ah! the black rage

Of midnight tempest, or th' assuring smiles

Of radiant morn, are equal all to me.

Nought now has charms or terrors to my breast,

The seat of stupid wo!—Leave me, my Laura.

Kind rest, perhaps, may hush my woes a little.

Oh, for that quiet sleep that knows no morning!

Laura. Madam, indeed I know not how to go.

Indulge my fondness—Let me watch a while

By your sad bed, 'till these dread hours shall pass.

Sig. Alas! what is the toil of elements, [*Thunder.*]

This idle perturbation of the sky,

To what I feel within?—Oh, that the fires

Of pitying heaven would point their fury here!

Good night, my dearest Laura.

Laura. I know not

What expression means—But 'tis with pain,

I can persuade myself to leave you—

Well then—Good night, my dearest Sigismunda.

[*Exit.*]

Sig. And am I then alone?—The most undone,
Most wretched being now beneath the cope
Of this affrighting gloom that wraps the world—
I said I did not fear—Ah, me! I feel
A shivering horror run through all my powers!
Oh, I am nought but tumult, fears and weakness!
And yet how idle fear when hope is gone,
Gone, gone for ever!—Oh, thou gentle scene

[*Looking towards her bed.*]

Of sweet repose, where, by th' oblivious draught
Of each sad toilsome day, to peace restor'd,
Unhappy mortals lose their woes awhile,
Thou hast no peace for me!—What shall I do?
How pass this dreadful night, so big with terror?—
Here, with the midnight shades, here will I sit,

[*Sitting down.*]

A prey to dire despair, and ceaseless weep
The hours away—Bless me—I heard a noise——

[*Starting up.*]

No—I mistook—nothing but silence reigns
And awful midnight round—Again!—Oh, heavens!
My lord the king!

Enter TANCRED.

Tan. Be not alarm'd, my love!

Sig. My royal lord, why at this midnight hour,
How came you hither?

Tan. By that secret way

With bitterness unequal'd—But, alas!
 What are thy woes to mine?—to mine! just Heaven!
 Now is thy turn of vengeance—hate, renounce me!
 Oh, leave me to the fate I well deserve,
 To sink in hopeless misery!—at least,
 Try to forget the worthless Sigismunda!

Tan. Forget thee! No! Thou art my soul itself!
 I have no thought, no hope, no wish but thee!
 “Even this repented injury, the fears,
 “That rouse me all to madness, at the thought
 “Of losing thee, the whole collected pains
 “Of my full heart, serve but to make thee dearer.”
 Ah, how, forget thee!—Much must be forgot,
 Ere Tancred can forget his Sigismunda!

Sig. But you, my lord, must make that great effort.

Tan. Can Sigismunda make it?

Sig. Ah, I know not
 With what success—But all that feeble woman
 And love-entangled reason can perform,
 I, to the utmost, will exert to do it.

“*Tan.* Fear not—’Tis done!—If thou canst form
 the thought,
 “Success is sure—I am forgot already.
 “*Sig.* Ah, Tancred!—But, my lord, respect me
 more.
 “Think who I am—What can you now propose?
 “*Tan.* To claim the plighted vows which Heaven
 has heard,
 “To vindicate the rights of holy love
 “By faith and honour bound, to which compar’d

" These empty forms, which have ensnar'd thy hand,
" Are impious guile, abuse, and profanation——
" Nay, as a king, whose high prerogative
" By this unlicens'd marriage is affronted,
" To bid the laws themselves pronounce it void.

" *Sig.* Honour, my lord, is much too proud to
catch

" At every slender twig of nice distinctions.
" These for th' unfeeling vulgar may do well :
" But those, whose souls are by the nicer rule
" Of virtuous delicacy nobly sway'd,
" Stand at another bar than that of laws.
" Then cease to urge me—Since I am not born
" To that exalted fate to be your queen——
" Or, yet a dearer name—to be your wife !——
" I am the wife of an illustrious lord
" Of your own princely blood ; and what I am,
" I will with proper dignity remain.
" Retire, my royal lord.—There is no means
" To cure the wounds this fatal day has given.
" We meet no more !"

Tan. Oh, barbarous Sigismunda !

And canst thou talk thus steadily ; thus treat me
With such un pitying, unrelenting rigour ?
Poor is the love, that rather than give up
A little pride, a little formal pride,
The breath of vanity, can bear to see
The man, whose heart was once so dear to thine,
By many a tender vow so mix'd together,
A prey to anguish, fury and distraction !

anst not surely make me such a wretch,
 anst not, Sigismunda !—Yet relent,
 ze us yet !—Rodolpho, with my guards,
 n the garden—Let us seize the moments ,
 er may have again—With more than power
 assert thee mine, with fairest honour.
 orld shall even approve; each honest bosom
 with a kindred joy to see us happy.
 The world approve! what is the world to me?
 nscious mind is its own awful world.—
ne is fix'd—Distress me then no more ;
the heart can plead, (and it, alas,
but too much)

yet, perhaps, if thou wert not a king,
 ow not, Tancred, what I might have done.
 n, then, my conduct, sanctify'd by love,
 ld not be deem'd, by the severest judge,
 mean effect of interest or ambition.
 now not all my partial heart can plead,"
 ver shake th' unalterable dictates
 rannize my breast.

'Tis well—No more—
 me to my fate—Yes, yes, inhuman !
 by barbarian heart is steel'd by pride,
 s to love and pity, here behold me
 n the ground, ~~the~~ *the* and abject wretch !
 all cares, all dignities, all duties !
 ill I grow, breathe out my faithful soul,
 t thy feet—Death, death alone shall part us !
 Have you then vow'd to drive ~~me~~ to perdition !

What can I more?—Yes, Tancred! once again
I will forget the dignity my station
Commands me to sustain—for the last time
Will tell thee, that, I fear, no ties, no duty,
Can ever root thee from my hapless bosom.
Oh, leave me! fly me! were it but in pity!—
To see what once we tenderly have lov'd,
Cut off from every hope—cut off for ever!
Is pain thy generosity should spare me.
Then rise, my lord; and if you truly love me,
If you respect my honour, nay, my peace,
Retire! for though th' emotions of my heart
Can ne'er alarm my virtue; yet, alas!
They tear it so, they pierce it with such anguish—
Oh, 'tis too much!—I cannot bear the conflict!

Enter OSMOND.

Osm. Turn, tyrant, turn! and answer to my honour,
For this thy base insufferable outrage!

Tan. Insolent traitor! think not to escape
Thyself my vengeance! [*They fight, Osmond falls.*]

Sig. Help, here! Help!—Oh, heavens!

[*Throwing herself down by him.*]

Alas, my lord, what meant your headlong rage?
That faith, which I this day, upon the altar,
To you devoted, is unblemish'd, pure
As vestal truth; was resolutely yours,
Beyond the power of aught on earth to shake it.

Osm. Perfidious woman! die!—[*Shortening his sword, he plunges it into her breast.*] and to the grave
Attend a husband, yet but half aveng'd!

Tan. Oh, horror! horror! execrable villain!

Osm. And, tyrant! thou!—thou shalt not o'er my
tomb

Exult—'Tis well—'Tis great!—I die content!—[*Dies.*

Enter RODOLPHO and LAURA.

Tan. [*Throwing himself down by Sigismunda.*] Quick!
here! bring aid!—"All in Palermo bring,
"Whose skill can save her!"—Ah, that gentle bosom
Pours fast the streams of life.

Sig. All aid is vain,
I feel the powerful hand of death upon me—
But, oh! it sheds a sweetness through my fate,
That I am thine again; and without blame
May in my Tancred's arms resign my soul!

—*Tan.* Oh, death is in that voice! so gently mild,
So sadly sweet, as mixes even with mine
The tears of hovering angels!—Mine again!—
And is it thus the cruel fates have join'd us?

Are these the horrid nuptials they prepare
For love like ours?—"Is virtue thus rewarded?"

"Let not my impious rage accuse just Heaven!

"Thou, Tancred, thou, hast murdered Sigismunda!

"That furious man was but the tool of fate,

"I, I the cause!—But I will do thee justice

"On this deaf heart! that to thy tender wisdom

"Refus'd an ear"—Yes, death shall soon unite us.

Sig. Live, live, my Tancred!—Let my death suffice
To expiate all that may have been amiss.
May it appease the fates, avert their fury
From thy propitious reign! “Meantime, of me
“And of thy glory mindful, live, I charge thee,
“To guard our friends, and make thy people happy—”

Enter SIFFREDI fixed in astonishment and grief.

My father!—Oh, how shall I lift my eyes
To thee, my sinking father!

Sif. Awful Heaven!

I am chastis'd—My dearest child!—

Sig. Where am I?

A fearful darkness closes all around—

My friends! We needs must part—I must obey
Th' impetuous call—Farewell, my Laura! “cherish
“My poor afflicted father's age—Rodolpho,
“Now is the time to watch th' unhappy king,
“With all the care and tenderness of friendship.”—
Oh, my dear father, bow'd beneath the weight
Of age and grief—the victim even of virtue,
Receive my last adieu!—Where art thou, Tancred?
Give me thy hand—But, ah,—it cannot save me
From the dire king of terrors, whose cold power
Creeps o'er my heart—Oh!

Tan. How these pangs distract me!

Oh, lift thy gracious eyes;—Thou leav'st me then
Thou leav'st me, Sigismunda!

Sig. “Yet a moment—”

“I had, my Tancred, something more to say—”

" Yes—but thy love and tenderness for me,
 " Sure makes it needless—Harbour no resentment
 " Against my father ; venerate his zeal,
 " That acted from a principle of goodness,
 " From faithful love to thee—Live, and maintain
 " My innocence embalm'd, with holiest care
 " Preserve my spotless memory !" Oh,——I die——
 Eternal Mercy take my trembling soul !
 Oh, 'tis the only sting of death to part
 From those we love—from thee—farewell, my Tan-
 cred !

[Dies.

Tan. Thus then !

[Flying to his sword, is held by Rodolpho.

Rod. Hold, hold, my lord !—Have you forgot
 Your Sigismunda's last request already ?

Tan. Off ! set me free ! Think not to bind me down,
 With barbarous friendship, to the rack of life !
 What hand can shut the thousand thousand gates
 Which death still opens to the woes of mortals ?—
 " I shall find means—No power in earth or heaven
 " Can force me to endure the hateful light,
 " Thus robb'd of all that lent it joy and sweetness !"

Off, traitors, off ! or my distracted soul
 Will burst indignant from this jail of nature,
 To where she beckons yonder—No, mild seraph,
 Point not to life—I cannot linger here,
 Cut off from thee, the miserable pity,
 The scorn of human kind !——A trampled king !
 " Who let his mean poor-hearted love, one moment,
 " To coward prudence stoop ! who made it not

" The first undoubting action of his reign,
 " To snatch thee to his throne, and there to shield thee,
 " Thy helpless bosom, from a ruffian's fury!"——
 Oh, shame! Oh, agony! Oh, the fell stings
 Of late, of vain repentance!——Ha, my brain
 Is all on fire! a wild abyss of thought!
 Th' infernal world discloses! See! Behold him!
 Lo! with fierce smiles he shakes the bloody steel,
 And mocks my feeble tears.—Hence, quickly, hence!
 Spurn his vile carcass! give it to the dogs!
 Expose it to the winds and screaming ravens!
 " Or hurl it down that fiery steep to hell,
 " There with his soul to toss in flames for ever."
 Ah, impotence of rage!

Rod. *Preserve him, Heaven!*

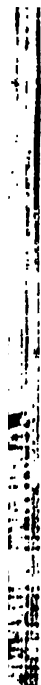
Tan. What am I? Where?

Sad, silent, all?—The forms of dumb despair,
 Around some mournful tomb.—What do I see?
 This soft abode of innocence and love
 Turn'd to the house of death! a place of horror!——
 Ah, that poor corse! pale! pale! deform'd with murder!
 Is that my Sigismunda? [*Throws herself down by her.*

Sif. [*After a pathetic pause, looking on the scene before him.*
 Have I liv'd

To see the enfeebled years, by Heaven reserv'd
 A dreadful monument of justice?——
 To raise the king, and bear him hence
 From this distracting scene of blood and death.
 I dare not give him my assistance;
 I dare not would only more inflame his rage.

—“ Behold the fatal work of my dark hand,
 “ That by rude force the passions would command,
 “ That ruthless thought to root them from the breast ;
 “ They may be rul’d, but will not be oppress.”
 Taught hence, ye parents, who from nature stray,
 And the great ties of social life betray ;
 Ne’er with your children act a tyrant’s part :
 ’Tis yours to guide, not violate the heart.
 Ye vainly wise, who o’er mankind preside,
 Behold my righteous woes, and drop your pride ;
 Keep virtue’s simple path before your eyes,
 Nor think from evil good can ever rise.



EPILOGUE.

*CRAMM'D to the throat with wholesome moral stuff,
Alas, poor audience! you have had enough.
Was ever hapless heroine of a play
In such a piteous plight as ours to-day?
Was ever woman so by love betray'd?
Match'd with two husbands, and yet—die a maid.
But bless me!—hold—what sounds are these I hear—
I see the Tragic Muse herself appear.*

[The back-scene opens, and discovers a romantic sylvan landscape; from which the Tragic Muse advances slowly to music, and speaks the following lines:

*Hence with your flippant epilogue, that tries
To wipe the virtuous tear from British eyes;
That dares my moral, tragic scene profane,
With strains—at best, unsuited, light and vain.
Hence from the pure unsully'd beams that play
In yon fair eyes where virtue shines—away!*

*Britons, to you from chaste Castalian groves,
Where dwell the tender, oft unhappy loves;
Where shades of heroes roam, each mighty name,
And court my aid to rise again to fame;*

EPILOGUE.

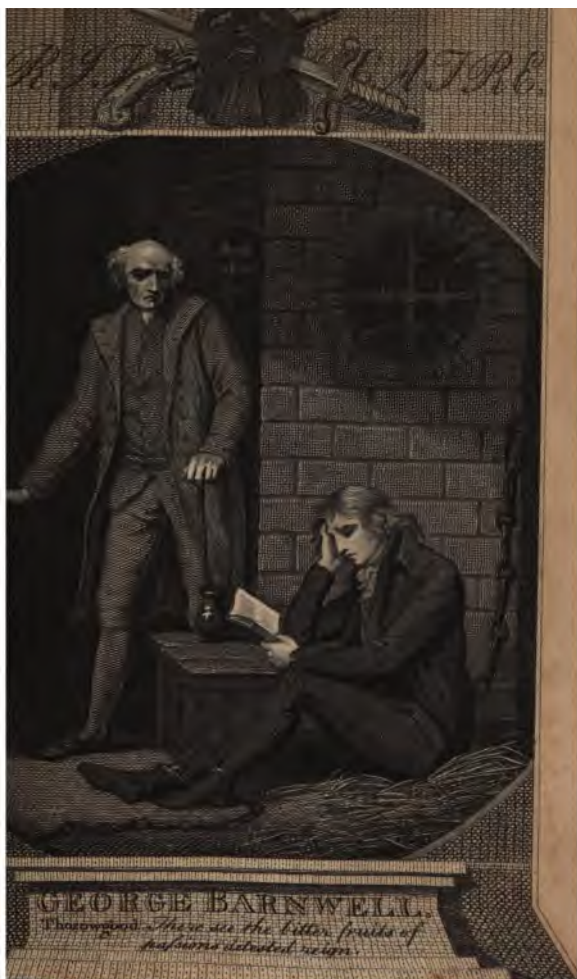
*To you I come, to freedom's noblest seat,
And in Britannia fix my last retreat.*

*In Greece and Rome, I watch'd the public weal;
The purple tyrant trembled at my steel:
Nor did I less o'er private sorrows reign,
And mend the melting heart with softer pain.
On France and You then rose my brightning star,
With social ray—The arts are ne'er at war.
Oh, as your fire and genius strongly blaze,
As yours are generous freedom's bolder lays,
Let not the Gallit taste leave yours behind;
In decent manners and in life refin'd;
Banish the motly mode, to tag low verse,
The laughing ballad to the mournful herse.
When through five acts your hearts have learn'd to glow,
Touch'd with the sacred force of honest woe;
Oh, keep the dear impression on your breast,
Nor idly lose it for a wretched jest.*

THE END.









GEORGE BARNWELL.

A

TRAGEDY,

By GEORGE LILLO.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

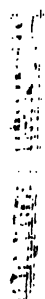
* The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.*

LONDON :

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M DCC XCII.



would sacrifice the constitution of his country, and the liberties of mankind, to his ambition or revenge. I have attempted, indeed, to enlarge the province of the graver kind of poetry, and should be glad to see it carried on by some abler hand. Plays founded on moral tales in private life may be of admirable use, by carrying conviction to the mind with such irresistible force as to engage all the faculties and power of the soul in the cause of virtue, by stifling vice in its first principles. They who imagine this to be too much to be attributed to tragedy, must be strangers to the energy of that noble species of poetry. Shakspeare, who has given such amazing proofs of his genius, in that as well as in comedy, in his *Hamlet* has the following lines :

Had he the motive and the cause for passion
That I have, he would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech :
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,
Confound the ign'rant, and amaze indeed
The very faculty of eyes and ears.

And farther, in the same speech :

I've heard that guilty creatures at a play
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been so struck to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.

Prodigious ! yet strictly just. But I shall not take up your valuable time with my remarks : only give me

leave just to observe, that he seems so firmly persuaded of the power of a well-written piece to produce the effect here ascribed to it, as to make Hamlet venture his soul on the event, and rather trust that, than a messenger from the other world, tho' it assumed, as he expresses it, his noble Father's form, and assured him, that it was his spirit. I'll have, says Hamlet, grounds more relative ;

—— the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

Such plays are the best answers to them who deny the lawfulness of the stage.

Considering the novelty of this attempt, I thought it would be expected from me to say something in its excuse ; and I was unwilling to lose the opportunity of saying something of the usefulness of tragedy in general, and what may be reasonably expected from the farther improvement of this excellent kind of poetry.

SIR,

I hope you will not think I have said too much of an art, a mean specimen of which I am ambitious enough to recommend to your favour and protection.

*' mind, conscious of superior worth, as much des-
as flattery, as it is above it. Had I found in
an inclination to so contemptible a vice, I*

should not have chosen Sir JOHN EYLES for my patron. And indeed the best written panegyric, tho' strictly true, must place you in a light much inferior to that in which you have long been fixed by the love and esteem of your fellow-citizens, whose choice of you for one of their representatives in parliament, has sufficiently declared their sense of your merit. Nor hath the knowledge of your worth been confined to the city: the proprietors in the South-Sea Company, in which are included numbers of persons as considerable for their rank, fortune, and understanding, as any in the kingdom, gave the greatest proof of their confidence in your capacity and probity, by choosing you Sub-Governor of their Company, at a time when their affairs were in the utmost confusion, and their properties in the greatest danger. Neither is the court insensible of your importance. I shall not, therefore, attempt a character so well known, nor pretend to add any thing to a reputation so well established.

Whatever others may think of a Dedication, wherein there is so much said of other things, and so little of the person to whom it is addressed, I have reason to believe that you will the more easily pardon it upon that very account.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

GEORGE LILLO.

GEORGE BARNWELL.

THIS Play affects the middle or mercantile part of life as it once was, but the application of it now must be among the lowest occupations of society.—The snares of *Millwood* would now be nearly ineffectual to the London Merchant's seduction; general dissipation has taken away our constancy even in our vices.

There is, however, a merit in this play that does not fall to the share of many.—The sentiments are easy and natural, and the interest such as will be acknowledged powerful by all, although the polished modern manners should not eagerly desire its performance upon the stage. Indeed, from the nature of the principal female character, it is not possible that it should ever be among the current amusements of the season. Knowing this, the Managers perform it now and then as an hereditary obligation from past times, but then in so vile a way, that nothing but the powerful pathos of the writing could make it bear yet badly as we have always seen it acted, and never been able to refrain from tears.

Best of Mr. LILLO's dramatic productions, TAL CURIOSITY, a play that comes closer to the sublime horrors of Shakspeare's *MACBETH* than any produced this century.

PROLOGUE.

ragic muse, sublime, delights to show
distress'd, and scenes of royal wo;
ul pomp, majestic, to relate
ll of nations, or some hero's fate;
cepter'd chiefs may, by example, know
range vicissitudes of things below;
t dangers on security attend;
pride and cruelty in ruin end:
e Providence supreme, to know, and own
anity adds glory to a throne.
ry former age, and foreign tongue,
h native grandeur thus the goddess sung.
our stage, indeed, with wish'd success,
e sometimes seen her in an humbler dress;
only in distress, when she complains
lthern's, Rowe's, or Otway's moving strains,
illiant drops that fall from each bright eye
isent pomp, with brighter gems supply.
e us, then, if we attempt to show,
ess strains, a tale of private wo.
lon 'Prentice ruin'd is our theme,
from the fam'd old song that bears his name
re your taste is not so high to scorn
l tale esteem'd ere you were born;

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

THOROWGOOD,	-	-	-	Mr. Hull.
BARNWELL, <i>uncle to George,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Booth.
GEORGE BARNWELL,	-	-	-	Mr. Farren.
TRUIMAN,	-	-	-	Mr. Davies.
BLUNT,	-	-	-	Mr. Thompson.
Gaoler,	-	-	-	Mr. Ledger.

Women.

MARIA,	-	-	-	Mrs. T. Kennel.
MILLWOOD,	-	-	-	Mrs. Bates.
LUCY,	-	-	-	Mrs. Wilson.

Officers with their Attendants, and Footmen.

SCENE, London, and an adjacent Village.



GEORGE BARNWELL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in THOROWGOOD's House. Enter THOROWGOOD and TRUEMAN.

Trueman.

SIR, the packet from Genoa is arrived. [*Gives letter.*]

Thor. Heaven be prais'd! The storm that threatened our royal mistress, pure religion, liberty, and laws, is for a time diverted. The haughty and revengeful Spaniard, disappointed of the loan on which he depended from Genoa, must now attend the slow returns of wealth from his new world, to supply his empty coffers, ere he can execute his proposed invasion of our happy island. By this means, time is gained to make such preparations on our part, as may, Heaven concurring, prevent his malice, or turn the meditated mischief on himself.

True. He must be insensible indeed, who is not affected when the safety of his country is concerned.

Mar. Sir, I have endeavoured not to wrong your well-known generosity by an ill-timed parsimony.

Thor. Nay, 'twas a needless caution: I have no cause to doubt your prudence.

Mar. Sir, I find myself unfit for conversation; I should but increase the number of the company, without adding to their satisfaction.

Thor. Nay, my child, this melancholy must not be indulged.

Mar. Company will but increase it: I wish you would dispense with my absence. Solitude best suits my present temper.

Thor. You are not insensible, that it is chiefly on your account these noble lords do me the honour so frequently to grace my board. Should you be absent, the disappointment may make them repent of their condescension, and think their labour lost.

Mar. He that shall think his time or honour lost in visiting you, can set no real value on your daughter's company, whose only merit is, that she is yours. The man of quality who chooses to converse with a gentleman and merchant of your worth and character, may confer honour by so doing, but he loses none.

Thor. Come, come, Maria, I need not tell you, that a young gentleman may prefer your conversation to mine, and yet intend me no disrespect at all; for though he may lose no honour in my company, 'tis very natural for him to expect more pleasure in yours. I remember the time when the company of the greatest and wisest men in the kingdom would have been

with the Spanish court. 'Tis done: the state and bank of Genoa having maturely weighed, and rightly judged of their true interest, prefer the friendship of the merchants of London to that of the monarch, who proudly stiles himself king of both Indies.

True. Happy success of prudent counsels! What an expence of blood and treasure is here saved! “Excellent queen; O how unlike those princes, who make the danger of foreign enemies a pretence to oppress their subjects by taxes great, and grievous to be borne!

“*Thor.* Not so our gracious queen! whose richest exchequer is her people’s love, as their happiness her greatest glory.

“*True.* On these terms to defend us, is to make our protection a benefit worthy her who confers it, and well worth our acceptance.” Sir, have you any commands for me at this time?

Thor. Only look carefully over the files, to see whether there are any tradesmen’s bills unpaid; if there are, send and discharge ’em. We must not let artificers lose their time, so useful to the public and their families, in unnecessary attendance. [*Exit Trueman.*

Enter MARIA.

Well, Maria, have you given orders for the entertainment? I would have it in some measure worthy the guests. Let there be plenty, and of the best, that the courtiers may at least commend our hospitality.

B ij

Mar. Whether from a want of that just ambition that would become your daughter, or from some other cause, I know not; but I find high birth and titles don't recommend the man who owns them, to my affections.

Thor. I would not that they should, unless his merit recommends him more. A noble birth and fortune, though they make not a bad man good, yet they are a real advantage to a worthy one, and place his virtues in the fairest light.

Mar. I cannot answer for my inclinations; but they shall ever be submitted to your wisdom and authority. And as you will not compel me to marry whom I cannot love, love shall never make me act contrary to my duty. Sir, have I your permission to retire!

Thor. I'll see you to your chamber. [Exit

SCENE II.

A Room in MILLWOOD's House. Enter MILLWOOD and LUCY.

Lucy. How do I look to-day, Lucy?
Mill. Oh, killingly, madam! A little more and you'll be irresistible. — But why this more than ordinary care of your dress and complexion? What conquest are you aiming at?

Mill. A conquest would be new indeed.

Lucy. Not to you, who make 'em every day—

to me——Well, 'tis what I'm never to expect—unfortunate as I am——But your wit and beauty——

Mill. First made me a wretch, and still continue me so. Men, however generous or sincere to one another, are all selfish hypocrites in their affairs with us; we are no otherwise esteemed or regarded by them, but as we contribute to their satisfaction.

Lucy. You are certainly, madam, on the wrong side in this argument. Is not the expence all theirs? And I am sure it is our own fault if we have not our share of the pleasure.

Mill. We are but slaves to men.

Lucy. Nay, 'tis they that are slaves most certainly, for we lay them under contribution.

Mill. Slaves have no property; no, not even in themselves: all is the victor's.

Lucy. You are strangely arbitrary in your principles, madam.

Mill. I would have my conquest complete, like those of the Spaniards in the New World; who first plundered the natives of all the wealth they had, and then condemned the wretches to the mines for life, to work for more.

Lucy. Well, I shall never approve of your scheme of government: I should think it much more politic, as well as just, to find my subjects an easier employment.

Mill. It is a general maxim among the knowing part of mankind, that a woman without virtue, like a man without honour or honesty, is capable of any

action, though never so vile: and yet what pains they not take, what arts not use, to seduce us from our innocence, and make us contemptible and wicked even in their own opinion? Then is it not just, villains, to their cost, should find us so? But God makes them suspicious, and keeps them on their guard: therefore we can take advantage only of the young and innocent part of the sex, who having never injured women, apprehend no injury from them.

Lucy. Ay, they must be young indeed.

Mill. Such a one, I think, I have found. As I have passed through the city, I have often observed him receiving and paying considerable sums of money; from thence I conclude he is employed in affairs of consequence.

Lucy. Is he handsome?

Mill. Ay, ay, the stripling is well made, and has a good face.

Lucy. About—

Mill. Eighteen.

Lucy. Innocent, handsome, and about eighteen. You'll be vastly happy. Why, if you manage well, you may keep him to yourself these two or three years.

Mill. If I manage well, I shall have done with him much sooner. Having long had a design on him, on meeting him yesterday, I made a full stop, and gazed wishfully in his face, ask'd his name. He blush'd, bowing very low, answer'd, George Barnwell. I begged his pardon for the freedom I had taken, and told him, that he was the person I had long wished

see, and to whom I had an affair of importance to communicate at a proper time and place. He named a tavern; I talked of honour and reputation, and invited him to my house. He swallowed the bait, promised to come, and this is the time I expect him. [*Knocking at the door.*] Somebody knocks—D'ye hear; I am at home to nobody to-day but him. [*Exit Lucy.*] Less affairs must give way to those of more consequence; and I am strangely mistaken if this does not prove of great importance to me, and him too, before I have done with him. Now, after what manner shall I receive him? Let me consider—— What manner of person am I to receive? He is young, innocent, and bashful; therefore I must take care not to put him out of countenance at first. “But then, if I have any skill in physiognomy, he is amorous; and, with a little assistance, will soon get the better of his modesty.” I'll e'en trust to nature, who does wonders in these matters. “If to seem what one is not, in order to be the better liked for what one really is; if to speak one thing, and mean the direct contrary, be art in a woman—” “I know nothing of nature.”

Enter BARNWELL, bowing very low. LUCY at a distance.

Mill. Sir, the surprise and joy——

Barn. Madam!

Mill. This is such a favour—— [*Advancing.*

Barn. Pardon me, madam.

Mill. So unhop'd for!

[Still advancing]

[Barnwell salutes her, and retires in confusion]

To see you here——Excuse the confusion——

Barn. I fear I am too bold——

Mill. Alas, sir, I may justly apprehend you think me so. Please, sir, to sit. I am as much at a loss how to receive this honour as I ought, as I am surpris'd at your goodness in conferring it.

Barn. I thought you had expected me: I prompt to come.

Mill. That is the more surprising; few men such religious observers of their word.

Barn. All who are honest are.

Mill. To one another; but we simple women seldom thought of consequence enough to gain in their remembrance.

[Laying her hand on his, as by a

Barn. Her disorder is so great, she don't tremble!—What can this mean?

Mill. The interest I have in all that relates to you (the reason of which you shall know hereafter)

curiosity; and were I sure you would not be disappointed, I should desire to know more of you on a very particular subject.

Madam, you may command my power on any subject, I have none that I would not obey.

You'll think me bold.

Barn. No, indeed.

Mill. What then are your thoughts of her?

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21st Nov 1944

Dear Mr. [Name]

I am sorry to hear that you

are not well and hope you

will soon be back to work.

I am sure you will find

the work very interesting.

I am sure you will find

the work very interesting.

I am sure you will find

the work very interesting.

I am sure you will find

the work very interesting.

I am sure you will find

the work very interesting.

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I am sure you will find

the work very interesting.

I am sure you will find

the work very interesting.



and actions are! And the effect they have on me is strange. I feel desires I never knew before. I must be gone, while I have power to go. [*Aside.*] Madam I humbly take my leave.

Mill. You will not, sure, leave me so soon!

Barn. Indeed I must.

Mill. You cannot be so cruel! I have prepared poor supper, at which I promised myself your company.

Barn. I am sorry I must refuse the honour you designed me: but my duty to my master calls me hence. I never yet neglected his service. He is a gentle, and so good a master, that should I wrong him, though he might forgive me, I should never forgive myself.

Mill. Am I refused, by the first man, the second favour I ever stooped to ask? Go then, thou proud hard-hearted youth; but know, you are the only man that could be found, who would let me sue twice for greater favours.

Barn. What shall I do? How shall I go, or stay?

Mill. Yet do not, do not leave me. I with my sex's pride would meet your scorn; but when I look upon you, when I behold those eyes—Oh! spare my tongue, and let my blushes—this flood of tears too, that will force its way, declare—what woman's modesty should hide.

Barn. Oh, Heavens! she loves me, worthless as I am. Her looks, her words, her flowing tears confess it. And can I leave her then? Oh, never, never!

Blunt. What will she get by that? He seems under age, and can't be supposed to have much money.

Lucy. But his master has, and that's the same thing, as she'll manage it.

Blunt. I don't like this fooling with a handsome young fellow: while she's endeavouring to ensnare him, she may be caught herself.

Lucy. Nay, were she like me, that would certainly be the consequence; for, I confess, there is something in youth and innocence that moves me mightily.

Blunt. Yes; so does the smoothness and plumpness of a partridge move a mighty desire in the hawk to be the destruction of it.

Lucy. Why, birds are their prey, and men are ours; though, as you observed, we are sometimes caught ourselves. But that, I dare say, will never be the case of our mistress.

Blunt. I wish it may prove so; for you know we all depend upon her. Should she trifle away her time with a young fellow that there's nothing to be got by, we must all starve.

Lucy. There's no danger of that; for I am sure she has no view in this affair but interest.

Blunt. Well, and what hopes are there of success in that?

Lucy. The most promising that can be. 'Tis true he has his scruples; but she'll soon teach him them, by sliding his conscience. Oh, the useful way, depend upon't. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Draws, and discovers BARNWELL and MILLWOOD at Supper. An Entertainment of Music and Singing. After which they come forward.

Barn. What can I answer? All that I know is, that you are fair, and I am miserable.

Mill. We are both so, and yet the fault is in ourselves.

Barn. To ease our present anguish by plunging into guilt, is to buy a moment's pleasure with an age of pain.

Mill. I should have thought the joys of love as lasting as they are great: if ours prove otherwise, 'tis your inconstancy must make them so.

Barn. The law of Heaven will not be reversed, and that requires us to govern our passions.

Mill. To give us sense of beauty and desires, and yet forbid us to taste and be happy, is a cruelty to nature. Have we passions only to torment us?

Barn. To hear you talk, though in the cause of vice; to gaze upon your beauty, press your hand, "and see your snow-white bosom heave and fall," inflames my wishes; my pulse beats high, "my senses all are in a hurry," and I am on the rack of wild desire. — Yet, for a moment's guilty pleasure, shall I lose my innocence, my peace of mind, and hopes of solid happiness?

Mill. Chimeras all!

Barn. I would not——yet must on——

“Reluctant thus the merchant quits his ease,
“And trusts to rocks and sands, and stormy seas;
“In hopes some unknown golden coast to find,
“Commits himself, though doubtful, to the wind,
“Longs much for joys to come——yet mourns those left
“behind.”

Mill. Along with me, and prove

No joys like woman-kind, no heaven like love.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in THOROWGOOD's House. Enter BARNWELL.

Barnwell.

How strange are all things round me! Like some thief who treads forbidden ground, and fain would lurk unseen, fearful I enter each apartment of this well-known house. To guilty love, as if that were too little, already have I added breach of trust——A thief!——Can I know myself that wretched thing, and look my honest friend and injured master in the face? Though hypocrisy may a while conceal my guilt, at length it will be known, and public shame and ruin must ensue. In the mean time, what must

be my life? Ever to speak a language foreign to my heart; hourly to add to the number of my crimes, in order to conceal 'em. Sure such was the condition of the grand apostate, when first he lost his purity. Like me, disconsolate, he wandered; and while yet in heaven, bore all his future hell about him.

Enter TRUEMAN.

True. Barnwell, Oh, how I rejoice to see you safe! So will our master and his gentle daughter; who, during your absence, often inquired after you.

Barn. Would he were gone! His officious love will pry into the secrets of my soul. [*Aside.*]

True. Unless you knew the pain the whole family has felt on your account, you can't conceive how much you are beloved. But why thus cold and silent? When my heart is full of joy for your return, why do you turn away? why thus avoid me? What have I done? How am I altered since you saw me last? Or rather, what have you done? and why are you thus changed? for I am still the same?

Barn. What have I done, indeed! [*Aside.*]

True. Not speak!—nor look upon me!—

Barn. By my face he will discover all I would conceal; methinks already I begin to hate him. [*Aside.*]

True. I cannot bear this usage from a friend; one whom till now I ever found so loving; whom yet I love; though this unkindness strikes at the root of friendship, and might destroy it in any breast but mine.

Barn. I am not well. [*Turning to him.*] Sleep has been a stranger to these eyes since you beheld them last.

True. Heavy they look indeed, and swoln with tears;—now they overflow. Rightly did my sympathising heart forebode last night, when thou wast absent, something fatal to our peace.

Barn. Your friendship engages you too far. My troubles, whate'er they are, are mine alone: you have no interest in them, nor ought your concern for me give you a moment's pain.

True. You speak as if you knew of friendship nothing but the name. Before I saw your grief, I felt it. "Since we parted last I have slept no more than you, but pensive in my chamber sat alone, and spent the tedious night in wishes for your safety and return:" e'en now, though ignorant of the cause, your sorrow wounds me to the heart.

Barn. 'Twill not be always thus. Friendship and all engagements cease, as circumstances and occasions vary; and since you once may hate me, perhaps it might be better for us both that now you loved me less.

Sure I but dream! Without a cause would you use me thus? Ungenerous and ingrateful farewell; I shall endeavour to do so. [*Going.*] Yet stay, per-
haps when the cause demands
foreseen calamity may have been
bear.

arn. What part am I reduced to act? 'Tis vile base to move his temper thus, the best of friends men.

ue. I am to blame; pr'ythee, forgive me, Barn-. Try to compose your ruffled mind; and let know the cause that thus transports you from self; my friendly counsel may restore your e.

arn. All that is possible for man to do for man, generous friendship may effect; but here even 's in vain.

ue. Something dreadful is labouring in your st; oh, give it vent, and let me share your grief; I ease your pain, should it admit no cure, and e it lighter by the part I bear.

arn. Vain supposition! my woes increase by being rved; should the cause be known, they would ed all bounds.

ue. So well I know thy honest heart, guilt can harbour there.

arn. Oh, torture insupportable! [Aside.

ue. Then why am I excluded? Have I a thought ould conceal from you?

arn. If still you urge me on this hated subject, never enter more beneath this roof, nor see your again.

ue. 'Tis strange—but I have done, say but you me not.

arn. Hate you! I am not that monster yet.

ue. Shall our friendship still continue?

Barn. It's a blessing I never was worthy of, yet now must stand on terms ; and but upon conditions can confirm it.

True. What are they ?

Barn. Never hereafter, though you should wonder at my conduct, desire to know more than I am willing to reveal.

True. 'Tis hard ; but upon any conditions I must be your friend.

Barn. Then, as much as one lost to himself can be another's, I am yours. [Embracing.

True. Be ever so, and may Heaven restore your peace !

Barn. Will yesterday return ? We have heard
 " the glorious sun, that till then incessant roll'd,
 " once stopp'd his rapid course, and once went back.
 " The dead have risen, and parched rocks pour'd
 " forth a liquid stream to quench a people's thirst.
 " The sea divided, and form'd walls of water, while
 " a whole nation pass'd in safety through its sandy
 " bosom. Hungry lions have refus'd their prey ;
 " and men unhurt have walk'd amidst consuming
 " flames ; but never yet did time, once past, return."

True. " Though the continued chain of time has
 " never once been broke, nor ever will, but uninter-
 " rupted must keep on its course, till lost in eter-
 " nity, it ends where it first began ; 'Heaven
 " can repair what our evils time can 'Heaven
 " we ought not to repair." But
 our attendants the youth."

tive from ill, as idleness his worst of snares. Will you go with me?

Barn. I'll take a little time to reflect on what has past, and follow you. [*Exit Trueman.*] I might have trusted Trueman, and engaged him to apply to my uncle to repair the wrong I have done my master; but what of Millwood? "Must I expose her too? Un-
 "generous and base! Then Heaven requires it not.
 "But Heaven requires that I forsake her. What!
 "never to see her more? Does Heaven require that?
 "I hope I may see her, and Heaven not be offended.
 "Presumptuous hope! Dearly already have I proved
 "my frailty. Should I once more tempt Heaven, I
 "may be left to fall, never to rise again. Yet," shall I leave her, for ever leave her, and not let her know the cause? She who loves me with such a boundless passion! Can cruelty be duty? I judge of what she then must feel, by what I now endure. The love of life, and fear of shame, opposed by inclination strong as death or shame, like wind and tide in raging conflict meet, when neither can prevail, keep me in doubt. How then can I determine?

Enter THOROWGOOD.

Thor. Without a cause assign'd, or notice given, to absent yourself last night was a fault, young man, and I came to chide you for it, but hope I am prevented. That modest blush, the confusion so visible in your face, speak grief and shame. When we have offended Heaven, it requires no more; and shall

man, who needs himself to be forgiven, be harder to appease? If my pardon or love be of moment to you peace, look up secure of both.

Barn. This goodness has o'ercome me. [*Aside*] Oh, sir, you know not the nature and extent of my offence; and I should abuse your mistaken bounty to receive it. Though I had rather die than speak my shame; though racks could not have forced the guilty secret from my breast, your kindness has.

Thor. Enough, enough, whate'er it be; this concern shews you're convinced, and I am satisfied. How painful is the sense of guilt to an ingenuous mind? Some youthful folly, which it were prudent not to inquire into. "When we consider the frail condition of humanity, it may raise our pity, not our wonder, that youth should go astray; when reason, weak at the best, opposed to inclination, scarce formed, and wholly unassisted by experience, faintly contends, or willingly becomes the slave of sense. The state of youth is much to be deplored, and the more so, because they see it not; being then to danger most exposed, when they are least prepared for their defence." [*Aside*]

Barn. It will be known, and you'll recall your pardon and abhor me.

Thor. I never will, be upon you this gay thoughtless of your life sense of pleasure and passion voluptuous appetites and fiercest the strongest curb relay

becomes habitual, the very power of leaving it is

rn. Hear me, on my knees, confess——

rr. Not a syllable more upon this subject; it
not mercy, but cruelty, to hear what must give
uch torment to reveal.

rn. This generosity amazes and distracts me.

rr. This remorse makes thee dearer to me than
ou hadst never offended. Whatever is your
of this I am certain, 'twas harder for you to
, than me to pardon. [*Exit Thorowgood.*]

rn. Villain, villain, villain! basely to wrong so
ent a man. Should I again return to folly?—
ed thought!—But what of Millwood then?—

I renounce her;—I give her up——The strug-
ver, and virtue has prevailed. Reason may
ce, but gratitude compels. This unlooked-
nerosity has sav'd me from destruction. [*Going.*]

Enter a Footman.

Sir, two ladies from your uncle in the country
to see you.

Who should they be. [*Aside.*] Tell them
t upon 'em.

He thinks I dread to see 'em.——Now
arms me.——Guilt, what a coward
ce!

SCENE II.

*Another Room in THOROWGOOD'S House. Enter
MILLWOOD, LUCY, and a Footman.*

Foot. Ladies, he'll wait upon you immediately.

Mill. 'Tis very well.—I thank you. [*Exit Foot.*]

Enter BARNWELL.

Barn. Confusion ! Millwood !

Mill. That angry look tells me that here I am an unwelcome guest ; I feared as much ; the unhappy are so every where.

Barn. Will nothing but my utter ruin content you ?

Mill. Unkind and cruel ! Lost myself, your happiness is now my only care.

Barn. How did you gain admission ?

Mill. Saying we were desired by your uncle to visit, and deliver a message to you, we were received by the family without suspicion, and with much respect conducted here.

Barn. Why did you come at all ?

Mill. I never shall trouble you more. I'm come to take my leave for ever. Such is the malice of my fate : I go hopeless, despairing ever to return. This hour is all I have left : one short hour is all I have to bestow on love and you, for whom I thought the longest life too short.

Barn. Then we are met to part for ever ?

Mill. It must be so. Yet think not that time or absence shall ever put a period to my grief, or make me love you less. Tho' I must leave you, yet condemn me not.

Barn. Condemn you! No, I approve your resolution, and rejoice to hear it; 'tis just——'tis necessary,——I have well weigh'd and found it so.

Lucy. I am afraid the young man has more sense than she thought he had. [*Aside.*

Barn. Before you came, I had determin'd never to see you more.

Mill. Confusion! [*Aside.*

Lucy. Ay, we are all out; this is a turn so unexpected, that I shall make nothing of my part; they must e'en play the scene betwixt themselves. [*Aside.*

Mill. 'Twas some relief to think, tho' absent, you would love me still; but to find, "tho' fortune had "been indulgent, that you, more cruel and inconstant," you had resolved to cast me off——This, as I never could expect, I have not learnt to bear.

Barn. I am sorry to hear you blame me in a resolution that so well becomes us both.

Mill. I have reason for what I do, but you have none.

Barn. Can we want a reason for parting, who have so many to wish we never had met?

Mill. Look on me, Barnwell. Am I deform'd or old, that satiety so soon succeeds enjoyment? Nay, look again; am I not she whom yesterday you thought the fairest and the kindest of her sex; whose

Barn. My troubles can't be greater than they are.

Lucy. Well, well, sir, if she won't satisfy you, I will.

Barn. I am bound to you beyond expression.

Mill. Remember, sir, that I desired you not to hear it.

Barn. Begin, and ease my racking expectation.

Lucy. Why, you must know, my lady here was an only child, and her parents dying while she was young, left her and her fortune (no inconsiderable one, I assure you) to the care of a gentleman who has a good estate of his own.

Mill. Ay, ay, the barbarous man is rich enough; but what are riches when compar'd to love?

Lucy. For a while he perform'd the office of a faithful guardian, settled her in a house, hir'd her servants.—But you have seen in what manner she liv'd, so I need say no more of that.

Mill. How I shall live hereafter, Heaven knows!

Lucy. All things went on as one could wish; till some time ago, his wife dying, he fell violently in love with his charge, and would fain have marry'd her. Now the man is neither old nor ugly, but a good personable sort of a man, but I don't know how it was, she could never endure him. In short, her ill usage so provoked him, that he brought in an account of his executorship, wherein he makes her debtor to him.—

Mill. A trifle in itself, but more than enough to

ruin me, whom, by this unjust account, he had stripp'd of all before.

Lucy. Now, she having neither money nor friend, except me, who am as unfortunate as herself, he compell'd her to pass his account, and give bond for the sum he demanded; but still provided handsomely for her, and continued his courtship, till being inform'd by his spies (truly I suspect some in her own family), that you were entertain'd at her house, and staid with her all night, he came this morning raving and storming like a madman, talks no more of marriage (so there's no hope of making up matters that way), but vows her ruin, unless she'll allow him the same favour that he supposes she granted you.

Barn. Must she be ruin'd, or find her refuge in another's arms?

Mill. He gave me but an hour to resolve in; that's happily spent with you—And now I go—

Barn. To be expos'd to all the rigours of the various seasons; the summer's parching heat, and winter's cold; unhoused, to wander, friendless, thro' the unhospitable world, in misery and want; attended with fear and danger, and pursued by malice and revenge. Wouldst thou endure all this for me, and can I do nothing, nothing, to prevent it?

Lucy. 'Tis really a pity there can be no way found out.

Barn. Oh, where are all my resolutions now?
 "Like early vapours, or the morning dew, chas'd by

"the sun's warm beams, they're vanish'd and lost,
"as tho' they had never been."

Lucy. Now I advised her, sir, to comply with the gentleman; "that would not only put an end to her troubles, but make her fortune at once."

Barn. Tormenting fiend, away! I had rather perish, nay, see her perish, than have her saved by him. I will, myself, prevent her ruin, though with my own. A moment's patience; I'll return immediately. *[Exit Barnwell.]*

Lucy. 'Twas well you came, or, by what I can perceive, you had lost him.

Mill. That, I must confess, was a danger I did not foresee; I was only afraid he should have come without money. You know, a house of entertainment, like mine, is not kept without expence.

Lucy. That's very true; but then you should be reasonable in your demands; 'tis pity to discourage a young man.

Mill. Leave that to me.

Re-enter BARNWELL, with a Bag of Money.

Barn. What am I about to do?—Now you, who boast your reason all-sufficient, suppose yourselves in my condition, and determine for me; whether 'tis right to let her suffer for my faults, or, by this small addition to my guilt, prevent the ill effects of what is past.

Lucy. These young sinners think every thing in the ways of wickedness so strange!—But I could

tell him, that this is nothing but what's very common; for one vice as naturally begets another, as a father a son. But he'll find out that himself, if he lives long enough. [Aside.]

Barn. Here, take this, and with it purchase your deliverance; return to your house, and live in peace and safety.

Mill. So, I may hope to see you there again?

Barn. Answer me not, but fly, lest, in the agonies of my remorse, I take again what is not mine to give, and abandon thee to want and misery.

Mill. Say, but you'll come.

Barn. You are my fate, my Heaven or my hell; only leave me now, dispose of me hereafter as you please. [Exit *Millwood and Lucy.*]

What have I done? Were my resolutions founded on reason, and sincerely made? Why then has Heaven suffer'd me to fall? I sought not the occasion; and if my heart deceives me not, compassion and generosity were my motives. "Is virtue inconsistent with itself, or are vice and virtue only empty names; or do they depend on accidents, beyond our power to produce, or to prevent; wherein we have no part, and yet must be determined by the event?" But why should I attempt to reason? All is confusion, horror, and remorse. I find I am lost, cast down from all my late-erected hope, and plunged again in guilt, yet scarce know how or why:

Such undistinguish'd horrors make my brain,

Like hell, the seat of darkness and of pain.

[Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter THOROWGOOD's House. THOROWGOOD
sitting at a table (with Account Books) sit-
ting at a table.*

Thorowgood.

"MITSING I would not have you only learn the
method of merchandise, and practise it hereafter,
merely as a means of getting wealth: it will be
worth our pains to study it as a science, to
know how it is founded in reason and the nature of
things, how it promotes humanity, as it has open'd,
how it keeps up an intercourse between nations,

how it brings from one another in situation, customs,
promoting arts, industry, peace, and
mutual benefits diffusing mutual love

Considering of this I have consider'd, and
my thoughts

I have the country

do

friends

average

their

earn, w

“norance in manual arts, their situation, or some other accident, they stand in need of.

“*Thor.* ’Tis justly observ’d: the populous east, “luxuriant, abounds with glittering gems, bright “pearls, aromatic spices, and health-restoring drugs: “the late-found western world’s rich earth glows “with unnumber’d veins of gold and silver ore. On “every climate, and on every country, Heaven has “bestow’d some good peculiar to itself. It is the industrious merchant’s business to collect the various “blessings of each soil and climate; and, with the “product of the whole, to enrich his native country.”—Well, I have examin’d your accounts; they are not only just, as I have always found them, but regularly kept, and fairly enter’d. I commend your diligence. Method in business is the surest guide: “he who neglects it, frequently stumbles, “and always wanders perplex’d, uncertain, and in “danger.” Are Barnwell’s accounts ready for my inspection? He does not use to be the last on these occasions.

True. Upon receiving your orders he retir’d, I thought in some confusion. If you please, I’ll go and hasten him. I hope he has not been guilty of any neglect.

Thor. I’m now going to the Exchange; let him know at my return I expect to find him ready. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter MARIA with a book. Sits and reads.

Mar. How forcible is truth! The weakest mind,

inspired with love of that, fixed and collected in itself, with indifference beholds the united force of earth and hell opposing. Such souls are raised above the sense of pain, or so supported that they regard it not. The martyr cheaply purchases his Heaven; small are his sufferings, great is his reward. Not so the wretch who combats love with duty; whose mind, weakened and dissolved by the soft passion, feeble and hopeless, opposes his own desires—What is an hour, a day, a year of pain, to a whole life of tortures such as these?

Enter TRUEMAN.

True. Oh, Barnwell! Oh, my friend! how art thou fallen!

Mar. Ha! Barnwell! What of him? Speak, say, what of Barnwell?

True. 'Tis not to be conceal'd: I've news to tell of him, that will afflict your generous father, yourself, and all who know him.

Mar. Defend us, Heaven!

True. I cannot speak it. See there. [*Gives a letter.*]

Mar. [*Reads.*] 'I know my absence will surprise my honoured master and yourself; and the more, when you shall understand that the reason of my withdrawing, is my having embezzled part of the cash with which I was entrusted. After this, 'tis needless to inform you, that I intend never to return again. Though this might have been known, by examining my accounts, yet to prevent that unnecessary

le, and to cut off all fruitless expectations of return, I have left this from the lost

GEORGE BARNWELL.

12. Lost indeed ! Yet how he should be guilty of he there charges himself withal, raises my woe equal to my grief. Never had youth a higher of virtue. Justly he thought, and as he thought rectified ; never was life more regular than his.— understanding uncommon at his years, an open, pure manliness of temper, his manners easy, un- affected, and engaging.

13. This, and much more you might have said truth. He was the delight of every eye, and joy of every heart that knew him.

14. Since such he was, and was my friend, can I not his loss ? See, the fairest, happiest maid this city boasts, kindly condescends to weep for his happy fate, poor, ruined Barnwell !

15. Trueman, do you think a soul so delicate as his, sensible of shame, can e'er submit to live a life of vice ?

16. Never, never. So well I know him, I'm sure he, so contrary to his nature, must have fallen by some unavoidable necessity.

17. No means to preserve him ?
18. There are but few men recover from such a fall. Never. Nor would I ever be brought

GEORGE BARNWELL.

Mar. I fear as much, and therefore would not have my father know it.

True. That's impossible.

Mar. What's the sum?

True. 'Tis considerable; I've marked it here, shew it, with the letter, to your father, at his return.

Mar. If I should supply the money, could you dispose of that and the account, as to conceal this happy mismanagement from my father?

True. Nothing more easy. But can you intend—Will you save a helpless wretch from ruin?—'twere an act worthy such exalted virtue as Maria. Sure Heaven, in mercy to my friend, inspired the generous thought.

Mar. Doubt not but I would purchase so great happiness at a much dearer price. But how shall be found?

True. Trust to my diligence for that. In the time, I'll conceal his absence from your father, find such excuses for it, that the real cause shall never be suspected.

Mar. In attempting to save from shame, on which we hope may yet return to virtue, to Heaven you, the only witnesses of this action, I apprehend I do any thing misbecoming my sex and character.

True. Earth must approve the deed, and I doubt not, will reward it.

Mar. If Heaven succeeds it, I am well

virgin's fame is sullied by suspicion's lightest
ath: and, therefore, as this must be a secret from
father and the world, for Barnwell's sake, for
e, let it be so to him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*Room in MILLWOOD's House. Enter LUCY and
BLUNT.*

Lucy. Well, what do you think of Millwood's con-
now ?

Blunt. I own it is surprising : I don't know which
more most, her feigned, or his real passion ; tho'
e sometimes been afraid that her avarice would
per her. But his youth and want of experience
it the easier to impose on him.

Lucy. No, it is his love. To do him justice, not-
standing his youth, he don't want understanding.
You men are much easier imposed on in these af-
than your vanity will allow you to believe. Let
the wisest of you all as much in love with me
with Millwood, and I'll engage to make
of him.

Blunt. I'll consider, to make
him too ?
answer for
master
the various
to conti-

nue that course, astonish even me, who know her so well.

Blunt. But then you are to consider that the money was his master's.

Lucy. There was the difficulty of it. Had it been his own, it had been nothing. Were the world his, she might have it for a smile. But those golden days are done: he's ruined, and Millwood's hopes of farther profits there, are at an end.

Blunt. That's no more than we all expected.

Lucy. Being called by his master to make up his accounts, he was forced to quit his house and service, and wisely flies to Millwood for relief and entertainment.

Blunt. I have not heard of this before: how did she receive him?

Lucy. As you would expect. She wondered what he meant, was astonished at his impudence, and, with an air of modesty peculiar to herself, swore so heartily that she never saw him before, that she put me out of countenance.

Blunt. That's much indeed! But how did Barnwell behave?

Lucy. He grieved; and at length, enraged at this barbarous treatment, was preparing to be gone; and making towards the door, shewed a sum of money, which he had brought from his master's, the last he is ever likely to have from thence.

Blunt. But then, Millwood——

Lucy. Ay, she, with her usual address, returned

her old arts of lying, swearing, and dissembling; hung on his neck, wept, and swore 'twas meant in jest.—The amorous youth melted into tears, threw the monee into her lap, and swore he had rather die than think her false.

Blunt. Strange infatuation!

Lucy. But what ensued was stranger still. As doubts and fears, followed by reconcilment, [ever increase love where the passion is sincere; so in him it caused so wild a transport of excessive fondness, such joy, such grief, such pleasure, and such anguish, that nature seemed sinking with the weight, and his charmed soul disposed to quit his breast for hers. Just then, when every passion with lawless anarchy prevailed, and reason was in the raging tempest lost, the cruel, artful Millwood prevailed upon the wretched youth to promise——what I tremble but to think of.

Blunt. I am amazed! What can it be?

Lucy. You will be more so, to hear it is to attempt the life of his nearest relation, and best benefactor.

Blunt. His uncle! whom we have often heard him speak of as a gentleman of a large estate, and fair character, in the country where he lives!

Lucy. The same. She was no sooner possessed of the last dear purchase of his ruin; but her avarice, insatiate as the grave, demanded this horrid sacrifice. Barnwell's near relation, "and unsuspected virtue, "must give too easy means to seize this good man's "treasure;" whose blood must seal the dreadful secret, and prevent the terrors of her guilty fears.

Blunt. Is it possible she could persuade him to an act like that? He is by nature honest, grateful, compassionate, and generous; "and though his love and her artful persuasions, have wrought him to practise what he most abhors; yet we all can witness his necessity for him, with what reluctance he has still complied: so many tears he shed o'er each offence, 'till he might, if possible, sanctify theft, and make a merit of a crime."

Lucy. 'Tis true, at the naming of the murder of his uncle he started into rage; and, breaking from her arms (where she till then had held him with well-dissembled love, and false endearments), called him a cruel, monster, devil, and told her she was born to his destruction. She thought it not for her purpose to meet his rage with her rage, but affected a more passionate fit of grief, railed at her fate, and cursed her wayward stars, that still her wants should force her to press him to act such deeds, as she must necessarily abhor as well as he. She told him necessity had no law, and love no bounds; that therefore he must do as he truly loved, but meant, in her necessity, to do as he loved to save her. Then she kneeled, and swore, that since his refusal he had given her cause to doubt his love, she never would see him more, unless, to preserve her true, he robbed his uncle to supply her wants. He murdered him to keep it from discovery.

Blunt. I am astonished. What said he?

Lucy. Speechless he stood; but in his face I might have read, that various passions tore

soul. Oft he in anguish threw his eyes towards heaven, "and then as often bent their beams on her;" then wept and groaned, and beat his troubled breast: at length, with horror not to be express'd, he cried, — 'Thou cursed fair, have I not given dreadful proofs of love? What drew me from my youthful innocence, and stained my then unspotted soul, but love? What caused me to rob my worthy, gentle master, but cursed love? What makes me now a fugitive from his service, loathed by myself, and scorned by all the world, but love? What fills my eyes with tears, my soul with torture never felt on this side death before? Why love, love, love! And why, above all, do I resolve (for, tearing his hair, he cried, I do resolve) to kill my uncle?'

Blunt. Was she not moved? It makes me weep to hear the sad relation.

Lucy. Yes—with joy, that she had gained her point. She gave him no time to cool, but urged him to attempt it instantly. He's now gone. If he performs it, and escapes, there's more money for her; if not, he'll ne'er return, and then she's fairly rid of him.

Blunt. 'Tis time the world were rid of such a monster.

Lucy. If we don't use our endeavours to prevent the murder, we are as bad as she.

Blunt. I am afraid it is too late.

Lucy. Perhaps not. Her barbarity to Barnwell makes me hate her. We have run too great a length

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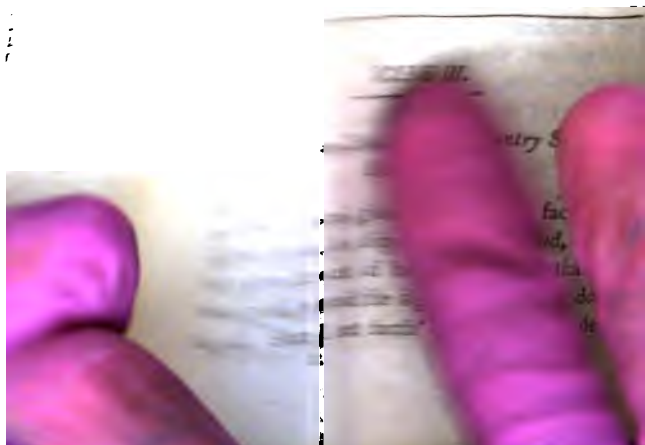
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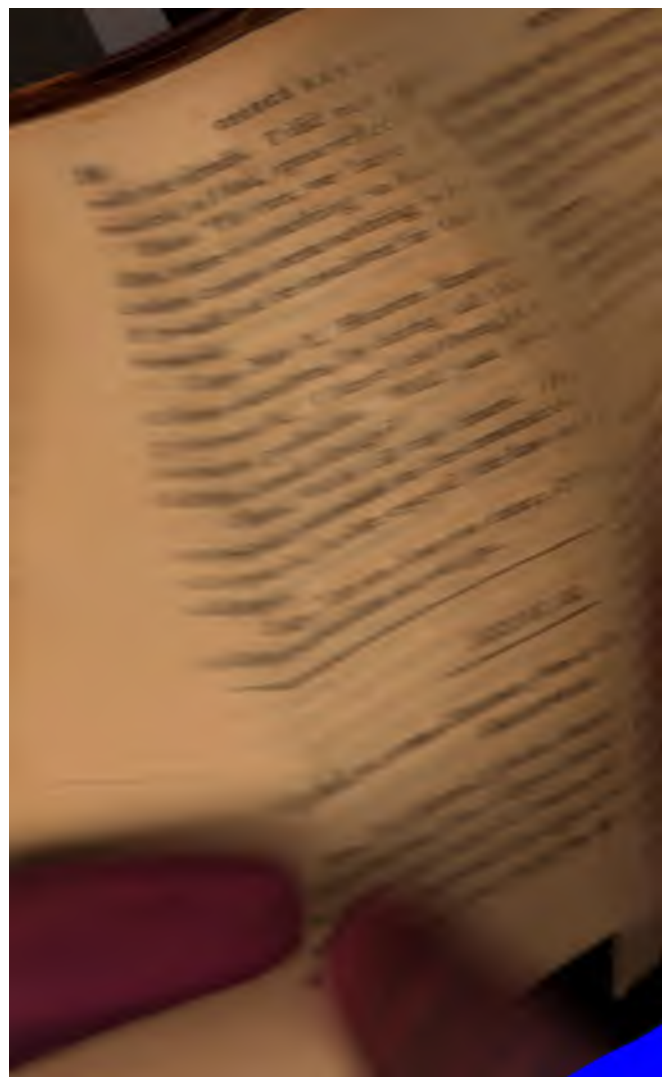
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[Exe]



where'er I tread, methinks, the solid earth trembles beneath my feet. *Murder my uncle!*—"Yonder
"limpid stream, whose hoary fall has made a natural cascade, as I passed by, in doleful accents
"seemed to murmur—Murder! The earth, the
"air, and water seem'd concern'd. But that's not
"strange: the world is punish'd, and nature feels a
"shock, when Providence permits a good man's fall.
"Just Heaven! then what should I feel for him that
"was" my father's only brother, and since his death
has been to me a father; that took me up an infant
and an orphan, reared me with tenderest care, and
still indulged me with most paternal fondness? Yet
here I stand his destined murderer—I stiffen with
horror at my own impiety—'Tis yet unperformed—
What if I quit my bloody purpose, and fly the place?
[*Going, then stops.*]—But whither, oh, whither shall
I fly? My master's once friendly doors are ever shut
against me; and without money Millwood will never
see me more; and she has got such firm possession
of my heart, and governs there with such despotic
sway, that life is not to be endured without her.
Ay, there's the cause of all my sin and sorrow: 'tis
more than love; it is the fever of the soul, and madness
of desire. In vain does nature, reason, conscience,
all oppose it; the impetuous passion bears down
all before it, and drives me on to lust, to theft,
and murder. Oh, conscience! feeble guide to virtue,
thou only shew'st us when we go astray, but wantest
power to stop us in our course!—Ha! in



like the solemn object of our thoughts, we are almost at present what we must be hereafter ; till curiosity awakes the soul, and sets it on enquiry.

Enter BARNWELL, at a distance.

Oh, death ! thou strange, mysterious power, seen every day, yet never understood, but by the communicative dead, what art thou ? The extensive mind of man, that with a thought circles the earth's vast globe, sinks to the centre, or ascends above the stars ; that worlds exotic finds, or thinks it finds, thy thick clouds attempts to pass in vain ; lost and bewildered in the horrid gloom, defeated, she returns more doubtful than before, of nothing certain but of labour lost.

[During this speech, Barnwell sometimes presents the pistol, and draws it back again.]

Barn. Oh ! 'tis impossible.

[Throwing down the pistol.]

[Uncle starts, and attempts to draw his sword.]

Unc. A man so near me ! armed and masked——

Barn. Nay then, there's no retreat.

[Plucks a poignard from his bosom, and stabs him.]

Unc. Oh ! I am slain. All gracious Heaven, regard the prayer of thy dying servant ; bless, with the choicest blessings, my dearest nephew ; forgive my murderer, and take my fleeting soul to endless mercy.

[Barnwell throws off his mask, runs to him, and, kneeling by him, raises and chafes him.]

Barn. Expiring saint ! Oh, murdered, martyred

uncle! lift up your dying eyes, and view your nephew in your murderer——Oh, do not look so tenderly upon me!——Let indignation lighten from your eyes, and blast me ere you die.——By Heaven, he weeps, in pity of my woes.——Tears, tears, for blood!——The murdered, in the agonies of death, weeps for his murderer.——Oh, speak your pious purpose; pronounce my pardon then, and take me with you——He would, but cannot——Oh, why, with such fond affection, do you press my murdering hand?——[*Uncle sighs and dies.*]——“What, will “you kiss me?”——Life, that hovered on his lips but till he had sealed my pardon, in that sigh expired.—He’s gone for ever, “and, oh! I follow——[*Swoons “away upon his uncle’s dead body.*]”——Do I still breathe, and taint with my infectious breath the wholesome air?——Let Heaven from its high throne, in justice or in mercy now look down on that dear murdered saint, and me the murderer, and if his vengeance spares, let pity strike and end my wretched being.——Murder the worst of crimes, and parricide the worst of murders, and this the worst of parricides.——“Cain, who stands on record “from the birth of time, and must to its last final “period, as accursed, slew a brother favoured above “him: detested Nero, by another’s hand, dispatched “a mother that he feared and hated: but I, with my “own hand, have murdered a brother, mother, father, and a friend most loving and beloved.——his execrable act of mine is without a parallel.—

" Oh, may it ever stand alone, the last of murders, as
" it is the worst !

" *The rich man thus, in torment and despair,*

" *Preferr'd his vain, his charitable pray'r.*

" *The fool, his own soul lost, would fain be wise*

" *For others' good, but Heav'n his suit denies.*

" *By laws and means well-known we stand or fall ;*

" *And one eternal rule remains for all."*

Oh, may it ever stand alone accurst,

The last of murders, as it is the worst. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Room in THOROWGOOD's House. Enter MARIA,
meeting TRUEMAN.*

Maria.

" How falsely do they judge, who censure or ap-
" plaud, as we are afflicted or rewarded here. I know
" I am unhappy ; yet cannot charge myself with any
" crime, more than the common frailties of our kind,
" that should provoke just Heaven to mark me out
" for sufferings so uncommon and severe. Falsely
" to accuse ourselves, Heaven must abhor. Then it
" is just and right that innocence should suffer ; for
" Heaven must be just in all its ways. Perhaps by
" that we are kept from moral evils, much worse
" than penal, or more improved in virtue. Or may
" not the lesser ills that we sustain be made the means

"of greater good to others? Might all the joyless
"days and sleepless nights that I have passed, but
"purchase peace for thee.

"*Thou dear, dear cause of all my grief and pain;*

"*Small were the loss, and infinite the gain,*

"*Though to the grave in secret love I pine,*

"*So life and fame, and happiness were thine.*"

What news of Barnwell?

True. None; I have sought him with the greatest diligence, but all in vain.

Mar. Does my father yet suspect the cause of his absence?

True. All appeared so just and fair to him, it is not possible he ever should. But his absence will no longer be concealed. Your father is wise; and though he seems to hearken to the friendly excuses I would make for Barnwell, yet I am afraid he regards them only as such, without suffering them to influence his judgment.

"*Mar.* How does the unhappy youth defeat all
"our designs to serve him? yet I can never repent
"what we have done. Should he return, 'twill make
"his reconciliation with my father easier, and pre-
"serve him from future reproach of a malicious un-
"forgiving world."

Enter THOROWGOOD and LUCY.

Thor. This woman here has given me a sad, and, 'bating some circumstances, too probable an account of Barnwell's defection.

Lucy. I am sorry, sir, that my frank confession

my former unhappy course of life, should cause you to suspect my truth on this occasion.

Thor. It is not that; your confession has in it all the appearance of truth. Among many other particulars, she informs me, that Barnwell has been influenced to break his trust, and wrong me at several times of considerable sums of money. Now, as I know this to be false, I would fain doubt the whole of her relation, too dreadful to be willingly believed.

Mar. Sir, your pardon; I find myself on a sudden so indisposed that I must retire. "Providence opposes all attempts to save him." Poor ruined Barnwell! Wretched, lost Maria! [*Aside. Exit.*]

Thor. How am I distressed on every side! Pity for that unhappy youth, fear for the life of a much valued friend—and then my child—the only joy and hope of my declining life!—Her melancholy increases hourly, and gives me painful apprehensions of her loss——Oh, Trueman, this person informs me that your friend, at the instigation of an impious woman, is gone to rob and murder his venerable uncle.

True. Oh, execrable deed! I am blasted with the horror of the thought.

Lucy. This delay may ruin all.

Thor. What to do or think, I know not. That he ever wronged me, I know is false; the rest may be so too; there's all my hope.

True. Trust not to that; rather suppose all true, than lose a moment's time. Even now the horrid

1874.

26

1st of May 1874

My dear friend,
I have just received
your letter of the 24th
and am glad to hear
that you are well.
I am well and hope
this letter will find
you the same.

Yours truly,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison

My dear friend,
I have just received
your letter of the 24th
and am glad to hear
that you are well.



your own shadow, or, what's less than a shadow, your conscience.

Barn. Though to man unknown I did the accursed act, what can we hide from Heaven's all-seeing eye?

Mill. No more of this stuff. What advantage have you made of his death? or what advantage may yet be made of it? Did you secure the keys of his treasure, which, no doubt, were about him? What gold, what jewels, or what else of value have you brought me?

Barn. Think you I added sacrilege to murder?—Oh, had you seen him as his life flowed from him in a crimson flood, and heard him praying for me by the double name of nephew and of murderer—(alas, alas, he knew not then, that his nephew was his murderer!)—how would you have wished, as I did, though you had a thousand years of life to come, to have given them all to have lengthened his one hour! But being dead, I fled the sight of what my hands had done; nor could I, to have gained the empire of the world, have violated, by theft, his sacred corpse.

Mill. Whining, preposterous, canting villain! murder your uncle, rob him of life, nature's first, last, dear prerogative, after which there's no injury then fear to take what he no longer wanted, bring to me your penury and guilt. Do you think I'll hazard my reputation, nay, my life, to enter you?

Barn. Oh, Millwood!—this from thee?—
I have done. If you hate me, if you wish

then are you happy ; for, oh, 'tis sure my grief will quickly end me.

Mill. In his madness he will discover all, and involve me in his ruin. We are on a precipice from whence there's no retreat for both—Then to preserve myself—[*Pauses.*]—There is no other way. —'Tis dreadful, but reflection comes too late when danger's pressing, and there's no room for choice. —It must be done. [*Aside. Rings a bell, enter a Servant.*] Fetch me an officer, and seize this villain. He has confessed himself a murderer. Should I let him escape, I might justly be thought as bad as he.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Barn. Oh, Millwood ! sure you do not, you cannot mean it. Stop the messenger ; upon my knees, I beg you'd call him back. 'Tis fit I die indeed, but not by you. I will this instant deliver myself into the hands of justice, indeed I will ; for death is all I wish. But thy ingratitude so tears my wounded soul, 'tis worse ten thousand times than death with torture.

Mill. Call it what you will ; I am willing to live, and live secure, which nothing but your death can warrant.

Barn. If there be a pitch of wickedness that sets the author beyond the reach of vengeance, you must be secure. But what remains for me, but a dismal dungeon, hard galling fetters, an awful trial, and an ignominious death, justly to fall unpitied and ab-

your own shadow
your conscience.

Barn. Though
act, what can we

Mill. No more of
you made of his death
be made of it? Did
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what jewels, or what
me?

Barn. Think you I ad
Oh, had you seen him at
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Barn. Oh, Millwood
have done. If you ha

Blunt. Would I had been so too! Lucy will soon be here; and I hope to thy confusion, thou devil!

Mill. Insolent!—This to me?

Blunt. The worst that we know of the devil is, that he first seduces to sin, and then betrays to punishment. [Exit.]

Mill. They disapprove of my conduct then, “and mean to take this opportunity to set up for themselves.”—My ruin is resolved.—I see my danger, but scorn both it and them. I was not born to fall by such weak instruments. [Going.]

Enter THOROWGOOD.

Thor. Where is the scandal of her own sex, and curse of ours?

Mill. What means this insolence? Whom do you seek?

Thor. Millwood.

Mill. Well, you have found her then. I am Millwood.

Thor. Then you are the most impious wretch that e'er the sun beheld.

Mill. From your appearance I should have expected wisdom and moderation, but your manners belie your aspect. What is your business here? I know you not.

Thor. Hereafter you may know me better; I am Barnwell's master.

Mill. Then you are master to a villain, which, I think, is not much to your credit.

Thor. Had he been as much above thy arts, as my credit is superior to thy malice, I need not have blushed to own him.

Mill. My arts! I don't understand you, sir; if he has done amiss, what's that to me? Was he my servant, or yours? you should have taught him better.

Thor. Why should I wonder to find such uncommon impudence in one arrived to such a height of wickedness? "When innocence is banished, modesty soon follows." Know, sorceress, I'm not ignorant of any of the arts by which you first deceived the unwary youth. I know how, step by step, you've led him on, reluctant and unwilling, from crime to crime, to this last horrid act, which you contrived, and by your cursed wiles even forced him to commit.

Mill. Hal Lucy has got the advantage, and accused me first. Unless I can turn the accusation, and fix it upon her and Blunt, I am lost. [*Aside.*]

Thor. Had I known your cruel design sooner, it had been prevented. To see you punished, as the law directs, is all that now remains. "Poor satisfaction! for he, innocent as he is, compared to you, must suffer too. "But Heaven, who knows our frame, and graciously distinguishes between frailty and presumption, will make a difference, though man cannot, who sees not the heart, but only judges by the outward action."

Mill. I find, sir, we are both unhappy in our secrets. I was surprised at such ill treatment without

use from a gentleman of your appearance, and therefore too hastily returned it; for which I ask your pardon. I now perceive you have been so far imposed on, as to think me engaged in a former correspondence with your servant, and some way or other necessary to his undoing.

Thor. I charge you as the cause, the sole cause of all his guilt, and all his suffering, of all he now endures, and must endure, till a violent and shameful death shall put a dreadful period to his life and miseries together.

Mill. 'Tis very strange. But who's secure from scandal and detraction? So far from contributing to his ruin, I never spoke to him till since this fatal accident, which I lament as much as you. 'Tis true, I have a servant, on whose account he hath of late frequented my house. If she has abused my good opinion of her, am I to blame? Has not Barnwell done the same by you?

Thor. I hear you; pray go on.

Mill. I have been informed he had a violent passion for her, and she for him: but till now I always thought it innocent. I know her poor, and given to expensive pleasures. Now, who can tell but she may have influenced the amorous youth to commit this to supply her extravagancies?—It must be recollected a thousand circumstances that I'll have her man-servant whom I'll have her accomplice arrested immediately. I will lay all my ill-grounded suspi-

cions of me, and join to punish the real contrivers of this bloody deed.

[Offers to go.]

Thor. Madam, you pass not this way : I see your design, but shall protect them from your malice.

Mill. I hope you will not use your influence, and the credit of your name, to screen such guilty wretches. Consider, sir, the wickedness of persuading a thoughtless youth to such a crime.

Thor. I do—and of betraying him when it was done.

Mill. That which you call betraying him may convince you of my innocence. She who loves him though she contrived the murder, would never have delivered him into the hands of justice, as I, struck with horror at his crimes, have done.

Thor. How should an unexperienced youth escape her snares ? “The powerful magic of her wit and form might betray the wisest to simple dotage, and fire the blood that age had froze long since.” Even I, that with just prejudice came prepared, had by her artful story been deceived, but that my strong conviction of her guilt makes even a doubt impossible. [Aside.] Those whom subtilly you would accuse, you know are your accusers ; and, which proves unanswerably their innocence and your guilt, they accused you before the deed was done, and did all that was in their power to prevent it.

Mill. Sir, you are very hard to be convinced ; I have a proof, which, when produced, will silence all objections.

[Exit Mill.]

Enter LUCY, TRUEMAN, BLUNT, *Officers, &c.*

Lucy. Gentlemen, pray place yourselves, some on one side of that door, and some on the other; watch her entrance, and act as your prudence shall direct you. This way, [*To Thorowgood.*] and note her behaviour. I have observed her; she's driven to the last extremity, and is forming some desperate resolution. I guess at her design.

Re-enter MILLWOOD *with a Pistol*; TRUEMAN *secures her.*

True. Here thy power of doing mischief ends, deceitful, cruel, bloody woman!

Mill. Fool, hypocrite, villain, man! thou canst not call me that.

True. To call thee woman were to wrong thy sex, thou devil!

Mill. That imaginary being is an emblem of thy cursed sex collected. A mirror, wherein each particular man may see his own likeness, and that of all mankind.

Thor. Think not, by aggravating the faults of others, to extenuate thy own, of which the abuse of such uncommon perfections of mind and body is not the least.

Mill. If such I had, well may I curse your barbarous sex, who robbed me of 'em ere I knew their worth; then left me, too late, to count their value by their loss. Another and another spoiler came, and

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From suburb magistrate

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alike natural and indifferent to
who devour, or are devoured, as
others weaker or stronger than

it pity it is a mind so comprehensive,
inquisitive, should be a stranger to
sweet and powerful charms !

I am not fool enough to be an atheist,
I have known enough of men's hypocrisy
a thousand simple women so. Whatever
is in itself, as practis'd by mankind, it has
the evils you say it was designed to cure.
plague, and famine have not destroyed so
of the human race, as this pretended piety
one ; and with such barbarous cruelty, as if
y way to honour Heaven were to turn the
world into hell.

Truth is truth, though from an enemy,
in malice. You bloody, blind, and
gots, how will you answer this ?

are your laws, of which you make
fool's wisdom and the coward's
ent and of all your vil-
punish what you act
have and you been in

Mary. This pious charity to the afflicted well becomes your character; yet pardon me, sir, if I wonder you were not at their trial.

Thor. I knew it was impossible to save him; and my family bear so great a part in his distress, that to have been present would but have aggravated our sorrows without relieving his.

Blunt. It was mournful indeed. Barnwell's mild and modest deportment, as he passed, drew tears from every eye. When placed at the bar, arraigned before the reverend judges, with many tears and interrupting sobs, he confessed and aggravated his offences, without accusing, or once resting on Millwood, the shameless author of *his ruin*. But she, dauntless and unconcerned, by his side, viewing with visible pride and contempt the vast assembly, who, all with sympathizing sorrow, wept for the wretched youth. *Good, when* called upon to answer, loudly inquired upon her innocence, and made an artful and defence; but finding all in vain, the impartial and the learned bench concurring to find her guilty, she curse herself, poor Barnwell, and all mankind. But what was he condemned, and is this the end of his story. I am going to visit Millwood, to see the wrongs I dread, and the wrathful,

their circumstances. The judge, who condemns the poor man for being a thief, had been a thief himself had he been poor. Thus you go on deceiving and being deceived, harassing, plaguing, and destroying one another. But women are your universal prey.

*Women, by whom you are, the source of joy,
With cruel arts you labour to destroy :
A thousand ways our ruin you pursue,
Yet blame in us those arts first taught by you.
Oh, may from hence each violated maid,
By flattering, faithless, barb'rous man betray'd,
When robb'd of innocence, and virgin fame,
From your destruction raise a nobler name,
To avenge their sex's wrongs devote their mind,
And future Millwoods prove to plague mankind.*

[Exeunt.]

ACT V. "SCENE I,

"*A Room in a Prison. Enter THOROWGOOD,
BLUNT, and LUCY.*

"*Thorowgood.*

"I HAVE recommended to Barnwell a reverend divine, whose judgment and integrity I am well acquainted with. Nor has Millwood been neglected ;
"but she, unhappy woman, still obstinate, refuses
"his assistance.

"*Lucy.* This pious charity to the afflicted well becomes your character; yet pardon me, sir, if I wonder you were not at their trial.

"*Thor.* I knew it was impossible to save him; and I and my family bear so great a part in his distress, that to have been present would but have aggravated our sorrows without relieving his.

"*Blunt.* It was mournful indeed. Barnwell's youth and modest deportment, as he passed, drew tears from every eye. When placed at the bar, and arraigned before the reverend judges, with many tears and interrupting sobs, he confessed and aggravated his offences, without accusing, or once reflecting on Millwood, the shameless author of his ruin. But she, dauntless and unconcerned, stood by his side, viewing with visible pride and contempt the vast assembly, who, all with sympathizing sorrow, wept for the wretched youth. Millwood, when called upon to answer, loudly insisted upon her innocence, and made an artful and bold defence; but finding all in vain, the impartial jury and the learned bench concurring to find her guilty, how did she curse herself, poor Barnwell, us, her judges, all mankind. But what could that avail? She was condemned, and is this to suffer with him.

"*Thor.* The time draws on. I am going to visit Barnwell, as you are Millwood.

"*Lucy.* We have not wronged her, yet I dread the interview. She's proud, impatient, wrathful,

“and unforgiving. To be the branded instrument
“of vengeance, to suffer in her shame, and sympathize with her in all she suffers, is the tribute
“must pay for our former ill-spent lives, and
“confederacy with her in wickedness.

“*Thor.* Happy for you it ended when it did. *W.*
“you have done against Millwood I know proceed
“from a just abhorrence of her crimes, free from
“terest, malice, or revenge. Proselytes to virtue
“should be encouraged; pursue your proper
“reformation, and know me hereafter for
“friend.

“*Lucy.* This is a blessing as unhopd for as
“merited. But Heaven, that snatched us from
“pending ruin, sure intends you as its instru-
“to secure us from apostacy.

“*Thor.* With gratitude to impute your deliverance
“to Heaven is just. Many less virtuously delivered
“than Barnwell was, have never fallen in the same
“ner he has done. May not such owe their safety
“rather to Providence than to themselves? His
“pity and compassion let us judge him. Give
“his faults, but strong was the temptation. Let
“ruin teach us diffidence, humanity, and
“specfection: for if we, who wonder at his fall,
“like him been tried, like him perhaps we should
“fallen.”

SCENE II.

A Dungeon, a Table, and a Lamp. BARNWELL reading. Enter THOROWGOOD at a distance.

Thor. There see the bitter fruits of passion's detested reign, and sensual appetite indulged; severe reflections, penitence, and tears.

Barn. My honoured, injured master, whose goodness has covered me a thousand times with shame, forgive this last unwilling disrespect. Indeed I saw you not.

Thor. 'Tis well; I hope you are better employed in viewing of yourself; "your journey's long, your time for preparation almost spent." I sent a reverend divine to teach you to improve it, and should be glad to hear of his success.

Barn. The word of truth, which he recommended for my constant companion in this my sad retirement, has at length removed the doubts I laboured under. From thence I've learned the infinite extent of heavenly mercy; that my offences, though great, are not unpardonable; and that 'tis not my interest only, but my duty, to believe and to rejoice in my hope. So shall Heaven receive the glory, and future penitents the profit of my example.

Thor. Proceed.

Barn. 'Tis wonderful that words should charm despair, speak peace and pardon to a murderer's conscience; but truth and mercy flow in every sentence,

attended with force and energy divine. How shall I describe my present state of mind? I hope in doubt, and trembling I rejoice; I feel my grief increase, even as my fears give way. Joy and gratitude now supply more tears than the horror and anguish of despair before.

Thor. These are the genuine signs of true repentance; the only preparatory, the certain way to everlasting peace. "Oh, the joy it gives to see a soul
"formed and prepared for Heaven! For this the
"faithful minister devotes himself to meditation, abstinence, and prayer, shunning the vain delights
"of sensual joys, and daily dies, that others may live
"for ever. For this he turns the sacred volumes
"o'er, and spends his life in painful search of truth.
"The love of riches and the lust of power, he looks
"upon with just contempt and detestation; he only
"counts for wealth the souls he wins, and his highest ambition is to serve mankind. If the reward
"of all his pains be to preserve one soul from wandering, or turn one from the error of his ways,
"how does he then rejoice, and own his little labours
"overpaid."

Barn. What do I owe for all your generous kindness? But though I cannot, Heaven can and will reward you.

Thor. To see thee thus, is joy too great for words. Farewell.—Heaven strengthen thee:—Farewell.

Barn. Oh, sir, there's something I would say, if my sad swelling heart would give me leave.

Thor. Give it vent awhile, and try.

Barn. I had a friend—'tis true I am unworthy—yet
thinks your generous example might persuade—
ould not I see him once, before I go from whence
e's no return?

Thor. He's coming, and as much thy friend as
I will not anticipate his sorrow; too soon he'll
e sad effect of this contagious ruin. This tor-
domestic misery bears too hard upon me. I
etire to indulge a weakness I find impossible to
ne. [*Aside.*] Much loved—and much lamented
—Farewell.—Heaven strengthen thee.—
ty farewell.

The best of masters and of men—Farewell.
live let me not want your prayers.

Thor. Thou shalt not. Thy peace being made with
death is already vanquished.

Thou shalt attend this trial a little
for ever. [*Aside.*]

shall. I find a little good.
the fears of death, that
guilt, gives me a
—

and Kee

Bar

Barn. Mercy! Mercy! gracious Heaven! For death, but not for this, I was prepared.

True. What have I suffered since I saw thee last! What pain has absence given me!—But, oh, to see thee thus!—

Barn. I know it is dreadful! I feel the anguish of thy generous soul—But I was born to murder all who love me! [Both weep.]

True. I came not to reproach you; I thought to bring you comfort; but I'm deceiv'd, for I have none to give. I came to share thy sorrow, but cannot bear my own.

Barn. My sense of guilt indeed you cannot know; 'tis what the good and innocent, like you, can ne'er conceive: but other griefs at present I have none, but what I feel for you. In your sorrow I read you love me still; but yet, methinks, 'tis strange, when I consider what I am.

True. No more of that; I can remember nothing but thy virtues, thy honest, tender friendship, our former happy state, and present misery. Oh, had you trusted me when first the fair seducer tempted you, all might have been prevented.

Barn. Alas, thou knowest not what a wretch I've been. Breach of friendship was my first and least offence. So far was I lost to goodness, so devoted to the author of my ruin, that had she insisted on my murdering thee,—I think—I should have done it.

True. Pr'ythee, aggravate thy faults no more.

Barn. I think I should? Thus good and generous you are, I should have murdered you!

True. We have not yet embraced, and may be interrupted. Come to my arms.

Barn. Never, never will I taste such joys on earth; never will I so soothe my just remorse. Are those nest arms and faithful bosom fit to embrace and to support a murderer? These iron fetters only shall asp, and flinty pavement bear me; [*throwing himself on the ground.*] even these too good for such a body monster.

True. Shall fortune sever those whom friendship joined? Thy miseries cannot lay thee so low, but we will find thee. Here will we offer to stern calamity; this place the altar, and ourselves the sacrifice. Our mutual groans shall echo to each other through the dreary vault; our sighs shall number the moments as they pass, and mingling tears communicate such anguish, as words were never made to express.

Barn. Then be it so. [*Rising.*] Since you propose intercourse of woe, pour all your griefs into my breast, and in exchange take mine. [*Embracing.*] Here's now the anguish that you promised? You've taken mine, and make me no return. Sure peace and comfort dwell within these arms, and sorrow can't approach me while I am here. "This too is the work of Heaven; which having before spoke peace and pardon to me, now sends thee to confirm it."

Never to know my guilt, nor feel my pain,
Then must you own, you ought not to complain,
Since you nor weep, nor shall I die in vain.

[*Exeunt Barnwell and Officers.*]

“ SCENE III.

“ *The Place of Execution. The Gallows and Ladder at
“ the farther End of the Stage. A Crowd of Specta-
“ tors, BLUNT and LUCY.*

“ *Lucy.* Heaven! what a throng!

“ *Blunt.* How terrible is death when thus pre-
“ pared!

“ *Lucy.* Support them, Heaven! Thou only canst
“ support them; all other help is vain.

“ *Officer.* [*Within.*] Make way there; make way,
“ and give the prisoners room.

“ *Lucy.* They are here: observe them well. How
“ humble and composed young Barnwell seems! but
“ Millwood looks wild, ruffled with passion, con-
“ founded, and amazed.

“ *Enter BARNWELL, MILLWOOD, Officers, and Exe-*
“ *cutioners.*

“ *Barn.* See, Millwood, see, our journey's at an
“ end! Life, like a tale that's told, is passed away.
“ That short, but dark and unknown passage, death,
“ is all the space between us and endless joys, or
“ woes eternal.

“ *Mill.* Is this the end of all my flattering hopes ?
 “ Were youth and beauty given me for a curse, and
 “ wisdom only to ensure my ruin ? They were, they
 “ were. Heaven, thou hast done thy worst. Or, if
 “ thou hast in store some untried plague, somewhat
 “ that’s worse than shame, despair, and death, unpierced
 “ death, confirmed despair, and soul-confounding
 “ shame; something that men and angels can’t
 “ describe, and only fiends, who bear it, can conceive;
 “ now, pour it now on this devoted head, that
 “ I may feel the worst thou canst inflict, and bid defiance
 “ to thy utmost power.

“ *Barn.* Yet ere we pass the dreadful gulf of death,
 “ yet ere you’re plunged in everlasting woe, Oh,
 “ bend your stubborn knees, and harder heart, humbly
 “ to deprecate the wrath divine! Who knows,
 “ but Heaven, in your dying moments, may bestow
 “ that grace and mercy which your life despised ?

“ *Mill.* Why name you mercy to a wretch like me ?
 “ Mercy is beyond my hope, almost beyond my wish.
 “ I can’t repent, nor ask to be forgiven.

“ *Barn.* Oh, think what ’tis to be for ever, ever
 “ miserable, nor with vain pride oppose a power that
 “ is able to destroy you !

“ *Mill.* That will destroy me ; I feel it will. A
 “ deluge of wrath is pouring on my soul. Chains,
 “ darkness, wheels, racks, sharp-stinged scorpions,
 “ molten lead, and whole seas of sulphur, are light to
 “ what I feel.

“ *Barn.* Oh, add not to your vast account despair;
“ a sin more injurious to Heaven, than all you’ve yet
“ committed.

“ *Mill.* Oh, I have sinned beyond the reach of
“ mercy!

“ *Barn.* Oh, say not so; ’tis blasphemy to think
“ it. As yon bright roof is higher than the earth,
“ so, and much more, does Heaven’s goodness pass
“ our apprehension. Oh, what created being shall
“ presume to circumscribe mercy that knows no
“ bounds!

“ *Mill.* This yields no hope. Though pity may
“ be boundless, yet ’tis free. I was doomed before
“ the world began to endless pains, and thou to joys
“ eternal.

“ *Barn.* Oh, gracious Heaven! extend thy pity to
“ her; let thy rich mercy flow in plenteous streams
“ to chase her fears, and heal her wounded soul.

“ *Mill.* It will not be: your prayers are lost in air,
“ or else returned perhaps with double blessings to
“ your bosom: they help not me.

“ *Barn.* Yet hear me, Millwood.

“ *Mill.* Away, I will not hear thee: I tell thee,
“ youth, I am by Heaven devoted a dreadful instance
“ of its power to punish. [*Barnwell seems to pray.*] If
“ thou wilt pray, pray for thyself, not me. How
“ doth his fervent soul mount with his words, and
“ both ascend to heaven! that heaven, whose gates
“ are shut with adamantine bars against my prayers,

" had I the will to pray. I cannot bear it. Sure 'tis
 " the worst of torments to behold others enjoy that
 " bliss which we must never taste.

" *Officer.* The utmost limit of your time's expired.

" *Mill.* Encompassed with horror, whither must I
 " go? I would not live—nor die—That I could
 " cease to be—or ne'er had been!

" *Barn.* Since peace and comfort are denied her
 " here, may she find mercy where she least expects
 " it, and this be all her hell! From our example
 " may all be taught to fly the first approach of vice:
 " but if o'ertaken,

" *By strong temptation, weakness, or surprise,*

" *Lament their guilt, and by repentance rise.*

" *Th'impenitent alone die unforgiven:*

" *To sin's like man, and to forgive like Heaven.*

" *Enter TRUEMAN.*

" *Lucy.* Heart-breaking sight!—Oh, wretched,
 " wretched Millwood!

" *True.* How is she disposed to meet her fate?

" *Blunt.* Who can describe unutterable wo?

" *Lucy.* She goes to death encompassed with hor-
 " ror, loathing life, and yet afraid to die. No tongue
 " can tell her anguish and despair.

" *True.* Heaven be better to her than her fears.—
 " May she prove a warning to others, a monument
 " of mercy in herself.

" *Lucy.* Oh, sorrow insupportable! Break, break,
 " my heart!"

*True. In vain,
With bleeding hearts, and weeping eyes, we show,
A humane, gen'rous sense of others' wo;
Unless we mark what drew their ruin on,
And, by avoiding that——prevent our own.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.

Spoken by MARIA.

*SINCE fate has robb'd me of the hapless youth,
For whom my heart had hoarded up its truth;
By all the laws of love and honour, now,
I'm free again to choose——and one of you.*

*But soft——With caution first I'll round me peep:
Maids, in my case, should look before they leap.
Here's choice enough, of various sorts and hue,
The cit, the wit, the rake cock'd up in cue,
The fair spruce mercer, and the tawny Jew.*

*Suppose I search the sober gallery?——No;
There's none but 'prentices, and cuckolds all-a-row;
And these, I doubt, are those that make them so.*

[Pointing to the Boxes.

*'Tis very well, enjoy the jest:——But you,
Fine powder'd sparks,——nay, I am told 'tis true,——
Your happy spouses——can make cuckolds too.*

PILOQUE.

Take it and from the difference this, perhaps:
The side named where of his chuck he traps;
As he, when I am sleeping, let her fall,
Let not my lies, and take no shame at all.

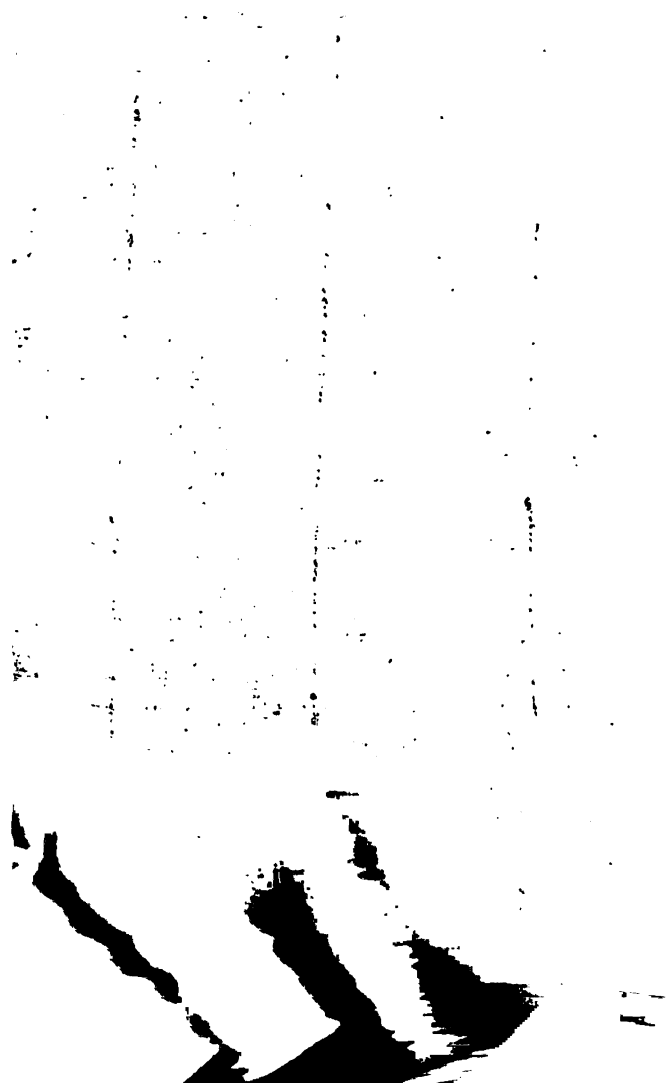
Will I have your poet I could meet,
The one would say his labors at my feet.
— I would have your passions real and adorns—
The one would give the list of creditors.

Let a man then with longer pause,
Or not, or heart to this conclusion draws;
The one he and that's longest in applause.

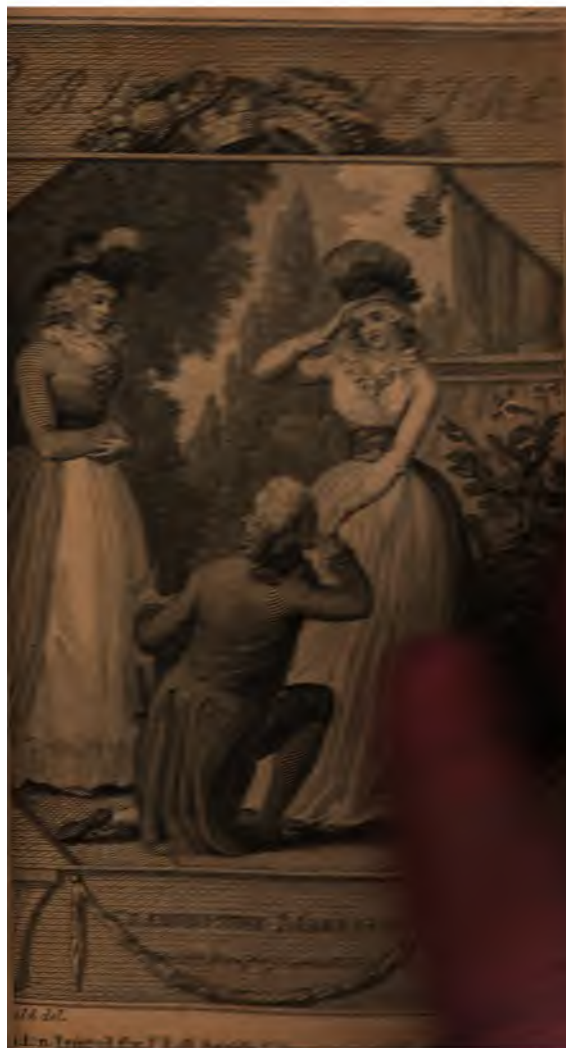












1762.

Printed by J. B. Smith, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.



THE
CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

A
COMEDY,
By G. COLMAN AND D. GARRICK, ESQRS.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,
By Permission of the Managers.

* The Lines distinguished by Inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

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to His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES.

11/11/11

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THE
CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

OF one of the best Comedies in our language, written by two of the happiest geniuses of the time, though curiosity would wish the knowledge of their several shares in the composition, we can give nothing satisfactory as an answer.

If internal evidence point out any thing of this sort, it seems to be that the design, if not even the execution of *OGLEBY*, came from *GARRICK*. The Comedy, without it, certainly had been good, but it could not have been striking.

The praise of the Authors having been awarded, it gives the Writer pleasure to devote one page to the just fame of the Actor. The character, as performed by Mr. *KING*, is the first comic effort of the Stage.

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

LORD OGLEBY,	-	-	-	-	Mr. King.
SIR JOHN MELVIL,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Farren.
STERLING,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Quick.
LOVEWELL,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Holman.
CANTON,	-	-	-	-	Mr. C. Powell.
BRUSH,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Bernard.
SERGEANT FLOWER,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Powel.
TRAVERSE, \	-	-	-	-	Mr. Thompson.
TRUEMAN,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Evatt.

Women.

Mrs. HEIDELBERG,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Webb.
Miss STERLING,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Mattocks.
FANNY,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Merry.
BETTY,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Wells.
Chambermaid,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Rock.
TRUSTY,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Platt.



THE
CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in STERLING'S House. Miss FANNY and BETTY meeting.

Betty running in.

MA'AM! Miss Fanny! ma'am!

Fanny. What's the matter! Betty!

Betty. Oh la! ma'am! as sure as I am alive, here is your husband—

Fanny. Hush! my dear Betty! if any body in the house should hear you, I am ruined.

Betty. Mercy on me! it has frightened me to such a degree that my heart is come up to my mouth.—But as I was saying, ma'am, here's that dear, sweet—

Fanny. Have a care! Betty.

Betty. Lord! I am bewitched, I think.—But as I was a saying, ma'am, here's Mr. Lovewell just come from London.

Fanny. Indeed!

Betty. Yes, indeed and indeed, ma'am, he is. I saw him crossing the court-yard in his boots.

Fanny. I am glad to hear it.—But pray now, my dear Betty, be cautious. Don't mention that word again, on any account. You know, we have agreed never to drop any expressions of that sort, for fear of an accident.

Betty. Dear ma'am, you may depend upon me. There is not a more trustier creature on the face of the earth, than I am. Though I say it, I am as secret as the grave—and if it is never told till I tell it, it may remain untold till doom's-day for Betty.

Fanny. I know you are faithful—but in our circumstances we cannot be too careful.

Betty. Very true, ma'am! and yet I vow and protest, there's more plague than pleasure with a secret; especially if a body mayn't mention it to four or five of one's particular acquaintance.

Fanny. Do but keep this secret a little while longer, and then, I hope, you may mention it to any body.—Mr. Lovewell will acquaint the family with the nature of our situation as soon as possible.

Betty. The sooner the better, I believe: for if he does not tell it, there's a little tell-tale, I know of, will come and tell it for him.

Fanny. Fie, Betty,

[*Blushing.*]

Betty. Ah! you may well blush. But you're not so sick, and so pale, and so wan, and so many qualms—

Fanny. Have done! I shall be quite angry with you. Angry!—Bless the dear puppet! I am ware

and love it, as much as it is my own—a mean
harm, Heaven knows.

Fanny. Well, say no more of this—It makes me
easy—All I have to ask of you, is to be faithful
to secret, and not to reveal this matter, till we dis-
cuss it to the family ourselves.

Betty. Me reveal it!—If I say a word, I wish I may
be burned. I would not do you any harm for the
world—And as for Mr. Lovewell, I am sure I have
loved the dear gentleman ever since he got a tide-
water's place for my brother—But let me tell you
this, you must leave off your soft looks to each other,
your whispers, and your glances, and your al-
ways sitting next to one another at dinner, and your
going walks together in the evening.—For my part, if
I had not been in the secret, I should have known
you were a pair of lovers at least, if not man and
wife, as—

Fanny. See there now! again. Pray be careful.

Betty. Well—well—nobody hears me.—Man and
wife.—I'll say no more—what I tell you is very true
all that—

[*Calling within.*] William!

—Oh! I hear your husband—

—at!

—Here comes Mr. Lovewell—Mind the

—you—I'll be—now, if you are

—he sees—so in the family.

—lose it, it is at all to me—

—must reveal—brew, so you

13 THE ~~WATSON~~ WARRIAGE.

“I shall go down the back-stairs
and see my mother.”

“I shall go down the back-stairs
and see my mother.” New distress
is upon me every day. The solitude of
my room is very oppressive to my life. It shall be re-
vealed to you the consequences.

THE WARRIAGE.

“I shall go down the back-stairs
and see my mother.” In tears?—Inde-
ed, I am in tears. I have promised me to support you
and to wait the determination of our fortune
with patience. For my sake, for your own, be com-
forted. My wife, your study, to add to our *uneasiness*
—a very evil.

“I shall go down the back-stairs
and see my mother.” The indelicacy of a se-
cret marriage grows every day more and more shock-
ing to me. I walk about the house like a guilty
wretch. I imagine myself the object of the suspicion
of the whole family; and I suffer the perpetual ter-
rors of a shameful detection.

“I shall go down the back-stairs
and see my mother.” *Lev. Indeed, indeed, indeed.*

“I shall go down the back-stairs
and see my mother.” The ab-
solute secrecy of your
ability, only serve to make
this affair properly to
employment of my tho-
a fair train. It begins
and I have no doubt of
of ourselves, of y

Act I. THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE. II

Fanny. End how it will, I am resolved it shall end soon—very soon. I would not live another week in this agony of mind to be mistress of the universe.

Lov. Do not be too violent neither. Do not let us disturb the joy of your sister's marriage with the tumult this matter may occasion!—I have brought letters from Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil to Mr. Sterling. They will be here this evening—and I dare say, within this hour.

Fanny. I am sorry for it.

Lov. Why so?

Fanny. No matter—Only let us disclose our marriage immediately!

Lov. As soon as possible.

Fanny. But directly.

Lov. In a few days, you may depend on it.

Fanny. To-night—or to-morrow morning.

Lov. That, I fear, will be impracticable.

Fanny. Nay, but you must.

Lov. Must! Why?

Fanny. Indeed you must.—I have the most alarming reasons for it.

Lov. Alarming, indeed! for they alarm me, even before I am acquainted with them—What are they?

Fanny. I cannot tell you.

Lov. Not tell me?

Fanny. Not 'at present. When all is settled, you shall be acquainted with every thing.

Lov. Sorry they are coming!—Must be discovered!

—What can this mean! Is it possible you can have any reasons that need be concealed from me?

Fanny. Do not disturb yourself with conjectures—but rest assured, that though you are unable to divine the cause, the consequence of a discovery, be it what it will, cannot be attended with half the miseries of the present interval.

Leo. You put me upon the rack.—I would do any thing to make you easy.—But you know your father's temper.—Money (you will excuse my frankness) is the spring of all his actions, which nothing but the idea of acquiring nobility or magnificence, can ever make him forego—and these he thinks his money will purchase.—You know too your aunt's, Mrs. Heidelberg's, notions of the splendor of high life; her contempt for every thing that does not relish of what she calls quality; and that from the vast fortune in her hands; by her late husband, she absolutely governs Mr. Sterling and the whole family: now if they should come to the knowledge of this affair too abruptly, they might, perhaps, be incensed beyond all hopes of reconciliation.

Fanny. But if they are made acquainted with it otherwise than by ourselves, it will be ten times worse: and a discovery grows every day more probable. The whole family have long suspected our affection. We are also in the power of a foolish maid-servant; and if we may even depend on her fidelity, we cannot answer for her discretion.—Discover it therefore, immediately, lest some accident

should bring it to light, and involve us in additional disgrace.

Lov. Well—well—I mean to discover it soon, but would not do it too precipitately. I have more than once sounded Mr. Sterling about it, and will attempt him more seriously the next opportunity. But my principal hopes are these.—My relationship to Lord Ogleby, and his having placed me with your father, have been, you know, the first links in the chain of this connection between the two families; in consequence of which, I am at present in high favour with all parties: while they all remain thus well affected to me, I propose to lay our case before the old lord; and if I can prevail on him to mediate in this affair, I make no doubt but he will be able to appease your father; and, being a lord and a man of quality, I am sure he may bring Mrs. Heidelberg into good humour at any time.—Let me beg you, therefore, to have but a little patience, as, you see, we are upon the very eve of a discovery, that must probably be to our advantage.

Fanny. Manage it your own way. I am persuaded.

Lov. But in the mean time make yourself easy.

Fanny. As easy as I can, I will.—We had better not remain together any longer at present.—Think of this business, and let me know how you proceed.

Lov. Depend on my care! But, pray, be cheerful.

Fanny. I will.

As she is going out, enter STERLING.

Sterl. Hey-day! who have we got here?

Fanny. [*Confused.*] Mr. Lovewell, sir!

Sterl. And where are you going, hussy?

Fanny. To my sister's chamber, sir!

Sterl. Ah, Lovewell! What! always getting a foolish girl yonder into a corner?—Well—well—us but once see her eldest sister fast married to John Melvil, we'll soon provide a good husband for Fanny, I warrant you.

Lov. Would to Heaven, sir, you would provide one of my recommendation!

Sterl. Yourself! eh, Lovewell?

Lov. With your pleasure, sir!

Sterl. Mighty well!

Lov. And I flatter myself, that such a proposal would not be very disagreeable to Miss Fanny.

Sterl. Better and better!

Lov. And if I could but obtain your consent, sir——

Sterl. What! you marry Fanny!—no—no—will never do, Lovewell!—You're a good boy—be sure—I have a great value for you—but can't think of you for a son-in-law.—There's no stuff in the case; no money, Lovewell!

Lov. My pretensions to fortune, indeed, are moderate; but though not equal to splendor, sufficient to keep us above distress.—Add to which,

I hope by diligence to increase it—and have love, honour—

Sterl. But not the stuff, Lovewell!—Add one little round o to the sum total of your fortune, and that will be the finest thing you can say to me.—You know I've a regard for you—would do any thing to serve you—any thing on the footing of friendship—but—

Lov. If you think me worthy of your friendship, sir, be assured, that there is no instance in which I should rate your friendship so highly.

Sterl. Psha! psha! that's another thing, you know.—Where money or interest is concerned, friendship is quite out of the question.

Lov. But where the happiness of a daughter is at stake, you would not scruple, sure, to sacrifice a little to her inclinations.

Sterl. Inclinations! why, you would not persuade me that the girl is in love with you—eh, Lovewell?

Lov. I cannot absolutely answer for Miss Fanny, sir; but am sure that the chief happiness or misery of my life depends intirely upon her.

Sterl. Why, indeed, now if your kinsman, Lord Ogleby, would come down handsomely for you—but that's impossible—No, no—'twill never do—I must hear no more of this—Come, Lovewell, promise me that I shall hear no more of this.

Lov. [*Hesitating.*] I am afraid, sir, I should not be able to keep my word with you, if I did promise you

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Why you would not offer to marry her, I consent I would you, Lovell?

Marry her, sir?

Yes, marry her, sir—I know you will not be seen or two from such a dangerous and as you are, would go much further than any young girl to do what she has more than twenty times to do, than twenty years than two fathers or mothers, or uncles or aunts, or brothers. But you would not, sure, be such a treacherous young rogue, as to sell your daughter's affections, and destroy the peace of your family in that manner.—I must insist on it, that you give your word not to marry her without consent.

Yes, Sir—I—I—as to that—I—I—begs, sir, excuse me on this point at present.

Sir. Promise then, that you will not marry this girl any further without my approval.

Yes. You may depend on that.

Sir. Well.

of the rest,

done with.

Any news of

Yes. Nothing.

Sir. Have

Madeira safe in

the goods with

they all right?

Low. They are, sir!

Sterl. And how are stocks?

Low. Fell one and a half this morning.

Sterl. Well, well,—some good news from America, and they'll be up again.—But how are Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil? When are we to expect them?

Low. Very soon, sir. I came on purpose to bring you their commands. Here are letters from both of them. *[Giving letters.]*

Sterl. Let me see—let me see—'Slife, how his lordship's letter is perfumed!—It takes my breath away. *[Opening it.]* And French paper too! with a fine border of flowers and flourishes—and a slippery gloss on it that dazzles one's eyes. 'My dear Mr. Sterling.' *[Reading.]* Mercy on me! his lordship writes a worse hand than a boy at his exercise.—But how's this?—Eh!—'with you to night'—*[Reading.]*—'Lawyers to morrow morning'—To night!—that's sudden, indeed—Where's my sister Heidelberg? she should know of this immediately.—Here, John! Harry! Thomas! *[Calling the servants.]* Hark ye, Lovewell!

Low. Sir.

Sterl. Mind now, how I'll entertain his lordship and Sir John—We'll shew your fellows at the other end of the town how we live in the city—They shall eat gold—and drink gold—and lie in gold.—Here, cook! butler! *[Calling.]* What signifies your birth, and education, and titles!—Money, money!—that's the stuff that makes the great man in this country.

Lev. Very true, sir.

Sterl. True, sir!—Why then, have done with your nonsense of love and matrimony. You're not rich enough to think of a wife yet. A man of business should mind nothing but his business.—Who are these fellows?—John! Thomas! [*Calling.*]—Get an estate, and a wife will follow of course.—Ah, Lovewell! an English merchant is the most respectable character in the universe.—'Slife, a rich English merchant may make himself a match for the daughter of a nabob.—Where are all the rascals? Here, William! [*Exit, calling.*]

Lev. So—as I suspected.—Quite averse to a match, and likely to receive the news of it with displeasure.—What's best to be done?—Let me see!—Suppose I get Sir John Melvil to interest himself in this affair. He may mention it to Lord O with a better grace than I can, and more probability to prevail on him to interfere in it. I can open my mind also more freely to Sir John. He told me, I left him in town, that he had something of consequence to communicate, and that I could be of service to him. I am glad of it: for the confidence he reposes in me, and the service I may do him, will ensure his good offices.—Poor Fanny! It hurts me to see her so uneasy, and her making a mystery of the matter adds to my anxiety.—Something must be done upon her account; for, at all events, her solicitude shall be removed.

SCENE II.

*ages to another Apartment. Enter Miss STERLING,
and Miss FANNY.*

Miss Sterl. Oh, my dear sister, say no more!—This
ownright hypocrisy.—You shall never convince
that you don't envy me beyond measure.—Well,
really, it is extremely natural—It is impossible to
be angry with you.

Fanny. Indeed, sister, you have no cause.

Miss Sterl. And you really pretend not to envy me?

Fanny. Not in the least.

Miss Sterl. And you don't in the least wish that you
were just in my situation?

Fanny. No, indeed, I don't. Why should I?

Miss Sterl. Why should you? What! on the brink
of marriage, fortune, title—But I had forgot—
there's that dear sweet creature Mr. Lovewell in
the case.—You would not break your faith with your
love now for the world, I warrant you.

Fanny. Mr. Lovewell!—always Mr. Lovewell!—
what signifies Mr. Lovewell, sister?

Miss Sterl. Pretend to be a shallow soul!—Oh, my dear
romantic sister, a perfect philosopher in
—Love is all that we need!—Eh, Fanny—Ah,
—and six!—
—why not— and six without the
—this happy mar-

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Sent
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f yours to be celebrated? I long to give you

Sterl. In a day or two—I cannot tell exactly—
my dear sister!—I must mortify her a little.

[I know you have a pretty taste. Pray, give
your opinion of my jewels.—How do you like the
this esclavage?] *[Shewing jewels.]*

Fanny. Extremely handsome, indeed, and well fan-

Sterl. What d'ye think of these bracelets? I
have a miniature of my father set round with
diamonds, to one, and Sir John's to the other.—And
a pair of ear-rings! set transparent! here, the tops,
which will take off to wear in a morning, or in an
evening—how d'ye like them? *[Shewes jewels.]*

Fanny. Very much, I assure you—Bless me, sister,
you have a prodigious quantity of jewels—you'll be
very queen of diamonds.

Sterl. Ha, ha, ha! very well, my dear!—
I shall be as fine as a little queen, indeed.—I have a
diamond set to come home to-morrow—made up of dia-
monds, and rubies, and emeralds, and topazes, and
sapphires—jewels of all colours, green, red, blue,
and white, intermixt—the prettiest thing you ever saw
in your life!—The jeweller, says, I shall set out with
more diamonds as any body in town, except Lady
Mortimer, and Polly What d'ye call it, Lord Squan-
ter's mistress.

Fanny. But what are your wedding clothes, sister?

Sterl. White and silver to be sure, you

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Miss Ste

Fanny, I

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horses!—

zing roun

Who is

know.—I bought them at Sir Joseph Lutestring's, and sat above an hour in the parlour behind the shop, consulting Lady Lutestring about gold and silver stuffs, on purpose to mortify her.

Fanny. Fie, sister! how could you be so abominably provoking.

Miss Sterl. Oh, I have no patience with the pride of your city-knights' ladies.—Did you ever observe the airs of Lady Lutestring, drest in the richest brocade out of her husband's shop, playing crown whist at Haberdasher's Hall—Whilst the civil smirking Sir Joseph, with a snug wig trimmed round his broad face as close as a new-cut yew-hedge, and his shoes so black that they shine again, stands all day in his shop, fastened to his counter like a bad shilling?

Fanny. Indeed, indeed, sister, this is too much—If you talk at this rate, you will be absolutely a byeword in the city—You must never venture on the inside of Temple Bar again.

Miss Sterl. Never do I desire it—never, my dear Fanny, I promise you. Oh, how I long to be transported to the dear regions of Grosvenor-square—far—far from the dull districts of Aldersgate, Cheap, Candlewick, and Farringdon Without and Within!—my heart goes pit-a-pat at the very idea of being introduced at Court!—gilt chariot!—pyeballed horses!—laced liveries!—and then the whispers buzzing round the circle—'Who is that young lady! Who is she?'—'Lady Melvil, ma'am!'—Lady

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—at the sound.—And then it
—of my father perpetually asking—
—“Change?”—to cry, Well, Sir
—from Arthur’s?—or—to say to
—of reality, Was your Ladyship at
—last night?—Did you call
—to the immensity of crowd I
—since a soul at the opera last
—you at Carlisle House next
—the *Beau Monde*! I was born
—of the great world.
—the midst of all this happiness,
—for me—no pity for us poor

—You?—You’re above pity.
—change conditions with me.—
—in love, you know.—Nay,
—Levewell and you come to—
—you will, you will live very
—He will mind his business
—the delightf
—perhaps
—play,
—now—
—with you



Enter Mrs. HEIDELBERG.

Mrs. Heidel. [*At entering.*] Here this evening!—I vow and pertest we shall scarce have time to provide for them—Oh, my dear! [*to Miss Sterl.*] I am glad to see you're not quite in a dish-abilie. Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil will be here to-night.

Miss Sterl. To-night, ma'am?

Mrs. Heidel. Yes, my dear, to-night.—Oh, put on a smarter cap, and change those ordinary ruffles!—Lord, I have such a deal to do, I shall scarce have time to slip on my Italian lutestring.—Where is this dawdle of a housekeeper? [*Enter Mrs. Trusty.*] Oh, here, Trusty! do you know that people of qualaty are expected here this evening?

Trusty. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Well—Do you be sure now that every thing is done in the most genteelest manner—and to the honour of the famaly.

Trusty. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Well—but mind what I say to you.

Trusty. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. His lordship is to lie in the chintz bed-chamber—d'ye hear?—and Sir John in the blue damask room—his lordship's valet-de-shamb in the opposite——

Trusty. But Mr. Lovewell is come down—and you know that's his room, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Well—well—Mr. Lovewell may make

shift—or get a bed at the George.—But hark ye, Trusty!

Trusty. Ma'am!

Mrs. Heidel. Get the great dining room in order as soon as possible. Unpaper the curtains, take the covers off the couch and the chairs, and put the china figures on the mantle piece immediately.

Trusty. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Be gone then! fly, this instant!—Where's my brother Sterling?

Trusty. Talking to the butler, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Very well. [*Exit Trusty.*] Miss Fanny! I pertest I did not see you before—Lord, child, what's the matter with you?

Fanny. With me! Nothing, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Bless me! Why your face is as pale, and black, and yellow—of fifty colours, I pertest.—
you And then you have drest yourself as loose and as big—I declare there is not such a thing to be seen now, as a young woman with a fine waist—You all make yourselves as round as Mrs. Deputy Barter. Go, child!—You know the quality will be here by and by.—Go, and make yourself a little more fit to be seen. [*Exit Fanny.*] She is gone away in tears—absolutely crying, I vow and pertest.—This ridiculous love! we must put a stop to it. It makes a perfect natural of the girl.

Miss Sterl. Poor soul! she can't help it. [*Affectedly.*]

Mrs. Heidel. Well, my dear! Now I shall have an opportunity of convincing you of the absurdity of

what you was telling me concerning Sir John Melvil's behaviour to you.

Miss Sterl. Oh, it gives me no manner of uneasiness. But, indeed, ma'am I cannot be persuaded but that Sir John is an extremely cold lover. Such distant civility, grave looks, and lukewarm professions of esteem for me and the whole family! I have heard of flames and darts, but Sir John's is a passion of mere ice and snow.

Mrs. Heidel. Oh fie, my dear! I am perfectly ashamed of you. That's so like the notions of your poor sister! What you complain of as coldness and indifference, is nothing but the extreme gentility of his address, an exact picture of the manners of quality.

Miss Sterl. Oh, he is the very mirror of complaisance! full of formal bows and set speeches!—I declare, if there was any violent passion on my side, I should be quite jealous of him.

Mrs. Heidel. I say jealous indeed—Jealous of who, pray?

Miss Sterl. My sister Fanny. She seems a much greater favourite than I am, and he pays her infinitely more attention, I assure you.

Mrs. Heidel. Lord! d'ye think a man of fashion, as he is, cannot distinguish between the genteel and the vulgar part of the family?—Between you and your sister, for instance—or me and my brother?—Be advised by me, child! It is all politeness and

good-breeding. Nobody knows the quality better than I do.

Miss Sterl. In my mind the old lord, his uncle, ten times more gallantry about him than Sir John. He is full of attentions to the ladies, and smiles, and grins, and leers, and ogles, and fills every wrinkle of his old wizened face with comical expressions of tenderness. I think he would make an admirable sweetheart.

Enter STERLING.

Sterl. [*At entering.*] No fish?—Why the pond dragged but yesterday morning—There's carp tench in the boat.—Pox on't, if that dog Love had any thought, he would have brought down a bot, or some of the land-carriage mackerell.

Mrs. Heidel. Lord, brother, I am afraid his ship and Sir John will not arrive while it is light.

Sterl. I warrant you.—But, pray, sister Heidelberg, let the turtle be dressed to-morrow, and some venison—and let the gardiner cut some pine-apples and get out some ice.—I'll answer for wine, I warrant you—I'll give them such a glass of Champagne as they never drank in their lives—no, not duke's table.

Mrs. Heidel. Pray now, brother, mind how you behave. I am always in a fright about you and your people of quality. Take care that you don't fall asleep directly after supper, as you commonly do. Take a good deal of snuff; and that will keep

awake—And don't burst out with your horrible loud horse-laugh. It is monstrous vulgar.

Sterl. Never fear, sister!—Who have we here?

Mrs. Heidel. It is Mons. Cantoön, the Swish gentleman, that lives with his lordship, I vow and pertest.

Enter CANTOÖN.

Sterl. Ah, mounseer! your servant.—I am very glad to see you, mounseer.

Can. Mosh oblige to Mons. Sterling.—Ma'am, I am yours—Matemoiselle, I am yours. [*Bowing round.*]

Mrs. Heidel. Your humble servant, Mr. Cantoön!

Can. I kiss your hands, matam!

Sterl. Well, mounseer!—and what news of your good family!—when are we to see his lordship and Sir John?

Can. Mons. Sterling! Milor Ogleby and Sir Jean Melville will be here in one quarter-hour.

Sterl. I am glad to hear it.

Mrs. Heidel. O, I am perdigious glad to hear it. Being so late, I was afeard of some accident.—Will you please to have any thing, Mr. Cantoön, after your journey?

Can. No, I tank you, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Shall I go and shew you the apartments, sir?

Can. You do me great honeur, ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Come then!—come, my dear!

[*To Miss Sterling.* *Exeunt.*]

Sterl. Pox on't, it's almost dark—It will be too late to go round the garden this evening.—However, I will carry them to take a peep at my fine canal.—At least, I am determined.

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Anti-chamber to Lord OGLEBY's Bed-chamber. There is a Table with Chocolate, and small Case for Medicines. Enter BRUSH, my Lord's Valet-de-chambre, and STYLING's Chambermaid.

Brush.

You shall stay, my dear, I insist upon it.

Cham. Nay, pray, sir, don't be so positive; I can stay indeed.

Brush. You shall drink one cup to our better acquaintance.

Cham. I seldom drinks chocolate; and, if I had one has no satisfaction with such apprehensions about one—if my lord should wake, or the Swish gentler should see one, or Madam Heidelberg should know of it, I should be frighted to death—besides, I had my tea already this morning—I'm sure I had my lord. [In a fright]

Brush. No, no, madam, don't flutter yourself—the moment my lord wakes, he rings his bell, by which I answer sooner or later, as it suits my convenience.

Cham. But should he come upon us without ringing——

Brush. I'll forgive him if he does—This key [*Takes a phial out of the case.*] locks him up till I please to let him out.

Cham. Law! Sir, that's potecary's stuff.

Brush. It is so—but without this he can no more get out of bed—than he can read without spectacles—[*Sips.*] What with qualms, age, rheumatisms, and a few surfeits in his youth, he must have a great deal of brushing, oiling, screwing, and winding-up, to set him a-going for the day.

Cham. [*Sips.*] That's prodigious indeed—[*Sips.*] My lord seems quite in a decay.

Brush. Yes, he's quite a spectacle, [*Sips.*] a mere corpse, till he is reviv'd and refresh'd from our little magazine here—When the restorative pills, and cordial waters warm his stomach, and get into his head, vanity frisks in his heart, and then he sets up for the lover, the rake, and the fine gentleman.

Cham. [*Sips.*] Poor gentleman! but should the Swish gentleman come upon us. [*Frightened.*]

Brush. Why then the English gentleman would be very angry.—No foreigner must break in upon my privacy. [*Sips.*] But I can assure you Monsieur Cantton is otherwise employed—He is obliged to skim the cream of half a score newspapers for my lord's breakfast—ha, ha, ha! Pray, madam, drink your cup peaceably—My lord's chocolate is remarkably good, he won't touch a drop, but what comes from Italy.

Cham. [*Sipping.*] 'Tis very fine indeed! [*Sips.*] and charmingly perfum'd—it smells for all the world like our young ladies' dressing-boxes.

Brush. You have an excellent taste, madam; and I must beg of you to accept of a few cakes for your own drinking, [*Takes them out of a drawer in the table.*] and, in return, I desire nothing but to taste the perfume of your lips. [*Kisses her.*]—A small return of favours, madam, will make, I hope, this country and retirement agreeable to us both. [*He bows, she curtsies.*]—Your young ladies are fine girls, faith: [*Sips.*] though, upon my soul, I am quite of my old lord's mind about them; and were I inclin'd to matrimony, I should take the youngest. [*Sips.*]

Cham. Miss Fanny's the most affablest, and the most best natur'd creter!—

Brush. And the eldest a little haughty or so——

Cham. More haughtier and prouder than Saturn himself—but this I say quite confidential to you; for one would not hurt a young lady's marriage, you know. [*Sips.*]

Brush. By no means; but you cannot hurt it with us—we don't consider tempers—we want money, Mrs. Nancy. Give us plenty of that, we'll abate you a great deal in other particulars, ha, ha, ha!

Cham. Bless me, here's somebody!—[*Bell rings.*]—Oh, 'tis my lord!—Well, your servant, Mr. Brush—I'll clean the cups in the next room.

Brush. Do so—but never mind the bell—I sha'n't

this half hour.—Will you drink tea with me in afternoon?

am. Not for the world, Mr. Brush—I'll be here at all things to rights—But I must not drink tea—I—and so your servant.

[Exit with tea-board. Bell rings again.

H. It is impossible to stupify one's self in the / for a week, without some little flirting with gails:—this is much the handsomest wench in e, except the old citizen's youngest daughter, ive not time enough to lay a plan for her.— s.]—And now I'll go to my lord, for I have lse to do. [Going.

CANTON, with Newspapers in his Hand.

onsieur Brush!—Maistre Brush!—my t?

e has just rung his bell—I am going to [Exit.

chez vous donc. [Puts on his spectacles.]
leveil had all dese papiers—I forget as
—de Advertise put out of my head de
hronique, and so dey all go l'un après
t get some nouvelle for my lor, or he'll
e moi.—Vouons! [Reads the paper.]
out Anti- & advertise—

ould think things.

Can. O, ver well—dat is good girl—and very prit too.

[Exit maid.]

Lord Og. *[Within.]* Canton! he, he!—*[Coughs.]*—Canton!—

Can. I come, my lor!—vat shall I do?—I have no news--- he will make great tintamarre!—

Lord Og. *[Within.]* Canton! I say, Canton! Where are you?

Enter Lord OGLEBY, leaning on BRUSH.

Can. Here, my lor;---I ask pardon, my lor, I have not finish de papiers.——

Lord Og. Damn your pardon, and your papiers --- I want you here, Canton.

Can. Den I run, dat is all. *[Shuffles along. Lord Ogleby leans upon Canton too, and comes forward.]*

Lord Og. You Swiss are the most unaccountable mixture---you have the language and the impertinence of the French, with the laziness of Dutchmen.

Can. 'Tis very true, my lor—I can't help——

Lord Og. *[Cries out.]* O Diavolo!

Can. You are not in pain, I hope, my lor.

Lord Og. Indeed but I am, my lor.—That vulgar fellow, Sterling, with his city politeness, would force me down his slope last night to see a clay-colour'd ditch, which he calls a canal; and what with the dew, and the east wind, my hips and shoulders are absolutely screw'd to my body.

— *Can.* A littel veritable eau d'arquisbade vil set all to right again.——

— [*Lord Og. sits down, and Brush gives chocolate.*

Lord Og. Where are the palsy drops, Brush?

Brush. Here, my lord! [*Pouring out.*

— *Lord Og.* Quelle nouvelle avez vous, Canton. f

Can. A great deal of papier, but no news at all.

Lord Og. What! nothing at all, you stupid fellow?

Can. Yes, my lor, I have little advertise here vil give you more plaisir den all de lies about nothing at all. La viola! [*Puts on his spectacles.*

Lord Og. Come, read it, Canton, with good emphasis, and good discretion.

Can. I vil, my lor.——[*Can. reads.*] ‘Dere is no question, but that the Cosmetique Royale vil utterly take away all heats, pimples, frecks, oder eruptions of de skin, and likewise de wrinque of old age, &c. &c.’
---A great deal more, my lor.---‘Be sure to ask for de Cosmetique Royale, signed by the Docteur own hand---Dere is more raison for dis caution dan good men vil tink.’---Eh bien, my lor!

Lord Og. Eh bien, Canton!——Will you purchase any? f

Can. For you, my lor?

Lord Og. For me, you old puppy! for what?

Can. My lor!

Lord Og. Do I want cosmeticks?

Can. My lor!

Lord Og. Look in my face---come, be sincere.——
Does it want the assistance of art?

Car. "With his spectacles?" He would not—"To be a witness and to listen—just that that you might like a little for way of persuasion."

Lord Og. You thought like an old fool, master, as you generally do.—The mischief water, Bush! [Takes glass out.]—What do you think, Bush, at this season we are going to be connected with—
—*PA.*

Bush. Very well to marry in, my lord; but it will never do to live with.

Lord Og. You are right, Bush—There is no washing, the blackmoor white—Mr. Sterling will never get rid of Blackfriars—always taste of the Burnishin—and the poor woman his sister, is so busy, and so notable, to make one welcome, that I have not yet got over her first reception; it almost amounted to suffocation!—I think the daughters are tolerable—Where's my cephalic snuff? [Brush gives him a box.]

Car. Dey tink so of you, my lor, for dey look at no thing else, ma loi.

Lord Og. Did they? Why, I think they did a little—Where's my glass? [Brush puts one on the table.] The youngest is delectable. [Takes snuff.]

Car. O out, my lor, vey delect, indeed; she made doux yeux at you, my lor.

Lord Og. She was particular.—The eldest, my nephew's lady, will be a most valuable wife; she has all the vulgar spirit of her father and was, happily, content with the wretched position of her husband.

happy is it, Canton, for young ladies in general, that people of quality overlook every thing in a marriage contract but their fortune.

Can. C'est bien heureux, et commode aussi.

Lord Og. Brush, give me that pamphlet by my bed side.—[*Brush goes for it.*] Canton, do you wait in the anti-chamber, and let nobody interrupt me till I call you.

Can. Mush good may do your lordship.

Lord Og. [*To Brush, who brings the pamphlet.*] And now, Brush, leave me a little to my studies. [*Exit Brush.*]—What can I possibly do among these women here, with this confounded rheumatism? It is a most grievous enemy to gallantry and address. [*Gets up his chair.*] He! courage, my lord by Heavens, I'm no other creature. [*Hums and dances a little.*] It will do, with.—Bravo, my lord these girls have absolutely

spir'd me—If they are for a game of romps—the viola pret! [*Sing and dances.*]—Oh!—that's a ugly twinge—but its gone.—I have rather too much of the lily this morning in my complexion; a little tincture of the rose will give a delicate spirit to my face for the day. [*Unlocks a drawer at the bottom of the chest and takes out rouge; while he's painting himself, he goes to the door.*] Who's there? I won't be dis-

out.] My lord here is Monsieur
by his name you this morn in your

Lord Og. [*Softly.*] What a fellow!—[*Aloud.*] I am extremely honour'd by Mr. Sterling.—Why don't you see him in, monsieur!—I wish he was at the bottom of his stinking canal. [*Door opens.*] Oh, my dear Mr. Sterling, you do me a great deal of honour.

Enter STERLING and LOVEWELL.

Ster. I hope, my lord, that your lordship slept well in the night—I believe there are no better beds in Europe than I have—I spare no pains to get them, nor money to buy them.—His majesty, God bless him, don't sleep upon a better out of his palace; and if I had said in too, I hope no treason, my lord.

Lord Og. Your beds are like every thing else about you—incomparable!—They not only make one rest well, but give one spirits, Mr. Sterling.

Ster. What say you then, my lord, to another walk in the garden. You must see my water by day-light, and my walks, and my slopes, and my clumps, and my bridge, and my flow'ring trees, and my bed of Dutch tulips.—Matters look'd but dim last night, my lord. I feel the dew in my great toe—but I would put on a cut shoe, that I might be able to walk you about—I may be laid up to-morrow.

Lord Og. I pray Heaven you may! [*Aside.*]

Ster. What say you, my lord?

Lord Og. I was saying, sir, that I was in hopes of seeing the young ladies at breakfast: Mr. Sterling, they are, in my mind, the finest tulips in this part of the world, he, he, he!

Can. Bravissimo, my lor! ha, ha, he!

Sterl. They shall meet your lordship in the garden ---we don't lose our walk for them; I'll take you a little round before breakfast, and a larger before dinner, and in the evening you shall go the grand tour, as I call it, ha, ha, ha!

Lord Og. Not a foot, I hope, Mr. Sterling; consider your gout, my good friend---you'll certainly be laid by the heels for your politeness, he, he, he!

Can. Ha, ha, ha! 'tis admirable, en vérité!

[*Laughing very heartily.*]

Sterl. If my young man [*To Lov.*] here would but laugh at my jokes, which he ought to do, as mountseer does at yours, my lord, we should be all life and mirth.

Lord Og. What say you, Canton, will you take my kinsman into your tuition? You have certainly the most companionable laugh I ever met with, and never out of tune.

Can. But when your lordship is out of spirits.

Lord Og. Well said, Canton! But here comes my nephew, to play his part.

Enter Sir JOHN MELVIL.

Well, Sir John, what news from the island of love? Have you been sighing and serenading this morning?

Sir John. I am glad to see your lordship in such spirits this morning.

Lord Og. [Softly.] What a fellow!—mo, my lord, extremely honour'd by Mr. Sterling. I wish all meet you see him in, monsieur!—I wish our walk your bottom of his stinking canal. [Do breakfast, and dear Mr. Sterling, you do me a good you shall go

Enter STERLING and

Ster. I hope, my lord, that I hope, my lord, that in the night—I believe the friend—Mr. St Europe than I have—I spare politeness, he, he, nor money to buy them.—mirable, en vérité! him, don't sleep upon a bed. [Laughing very heartily] To Lov.] here would but if I had said in too, I hope thought to do, as moun-

Lord Og. Your beds should be all life and you---incomparable!—

Ster. What say you, will you take my in the garden. Yet have certainly the and my walks, and with, and never my bridge, and Dutch tulips. I would put on you about---

Lord Og. I

Ster. What

Lord Og. this

seeing the y

they are, it in suc

the world,

wear three of your lordship out—eating and drinking kills us all.

Lord Og. Very pleasant, I protest—What a vulgar dog! [*Aside.*]

Can. My lor so old as me!—He is chieken to me—and look like a boy to pauvre me.

Sterl. Ha, ha, ha! Well said, mounseer—keep to that, and you'll live in any country of the world—Ha, ha, ha!—But, my lord, I will wait upon you in the garden: we have but a little time to breakfast—I'll go for my hat and cane, fetch a little walk with you, my lord, and then for the hot rolls and butter! [*Exit.*]

Lord Og. I shall attend you with pleasure—Hot rolls and butter in July! I sweat with the thoughts of it—What a strange beast it is!

Can. C'est un barbare.

Lord Og. He is a vulgar dog, and if there was not so much money in the family, which I cann't do without, I would leave him and his hot rolls and butter directly—Come along, monsieur!

[*Exeunt Lord Ogleby and Canton.*]

SCENE II.

Changes to the Garden. Enter Sir JOHN MELVIL, and LOVEWELL.

Love. In my room this morning? Impossible.

Sir John. Before five this morning, I promise you.

Lov. On what occasion?

Sir John. I was so anxious to disclose my mind to you, that I could not sleep in my bed—but I thought that you could not sleep neither—The bird was in the nest and the nest long since cold.—Where was Lovewell?

Lov. Pooh! pr'ythee! ridiculous!

Sir John. Come now, which was it? Miss Stepmother? a pretty little rogue! or Miss Fanny's maid? a sweet soul too—or—

Lov. Nay, nay, leave trifling, and tell me your business.

Sir John. Well, but where was you, Lovewell?

Lov. Walking—writing—what signifies walking?

Sir John. Walking, yes, I dare say. It rains hard as it could pour. Sweet refreshing shower walk in! No, no, Lovewell.—Now would I give you ten pounds to know which of the maids——

Lov. But your business! your business, Sir.

Sir John. Let me a little into the secrets of your family.

Lov. Psha!

Sir John. Poor Lovewell, he can't bear it. She charged you not to kiss and tell.—Eh, well! However, though you will not honour me with your confidence, I'll venture to trust you with——What do you think of Miss Sterling?

Lov. What do I think of Miss Sterling?

Sir John. Ay; what d'ye think of her?

Lov. An odd question!—but I think her a smart, lively girl, full of mirth and sprightliness.

Sir John. All mischief and malice, I doubt.

Lov. How?

Sir John. But her person—what d'ye think of that?

Lov. Pretty and agreeable.

Sir John. A little grisette thing.

Lov. What is the meaning of all this?

Sir John. I'll tell you. You must know, Love-well, that notwithstanding all appearances. [*Seeing Lord Ogleby, &c.*] We are interrupted—When they are gone, I'll explain.

Enter Lord OGLEBY, STERLING, Mrs. HEIDELBERG, Miss STERLING, and FANNY.

Lord Ogl. Great improvements indeed, Mr. Sterling! wonderful improvements! The four seasons in lead, the flying Mercury, and the bason with Neptune in the middle, are all in the very extreme of fine taste. You have as many rich figures as the man at Hyde-Park Corner.

Sterl. The chief pleasure of a country-house is to make improvements, you know, my lord. I spare no expence, not I.—This is quite another-guess sort of a place than it was when I first took it, my lord. We were surrounded with trees. I cut down above fifty to make the lawn before the house, and let in the wind and the sun—smack-smooth—as you see.—Then I made a green-house out of the old laundry, and turned the brewhouse into a pinery.—

The high octagon summer-house, you see yonder, raised on the mast of a ship, given me by an East India captain, who has turned many a thousand my money. It commands the whole road. All coaches and chariots, and chaises, pass and rep under your eye. I'll mount you up there in the ternoön, my lord. 'Tis the pleasantest place in world to take a pipe and a bottle, and so you sh say, my lord.

Lord Og. Ay, or a bowl of punch, or a can flip, Mr. Sterling! for it looks like a cabin in the —If flying chairs were in use, the captain mi make a voyage to the Indies in it still, if he had a fair wind.

Can. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Heidel. My brother's a little comical in ideas, my lord!—But you'll excuse him.—I have little Gothic dairy, fitted up entirely in my taste.—In the evening I shall hope for the honour your lordship's company to take a dish of tea th or a sullabub warm from the cow.

Lord Og. I have every moment a fresh opportunity of admiring the elegance of Mrs. Heidelberg the very flower of delicacy, and cream of politeness.

Mrs. Heidel. O, my lord! [*Leering at Lord*]

Lord Og. O, madam! [*Leering at Mrs. Heidel*]

Sterl. How d'ye like these close walks, my lord

Lord Og. A most excellent serpentine! It forms a perfect maze, and winds like a true lover's knot

Sterl. Ay, here's none of your straight lines!

—but all taste—zig-zag—crinkum-crankum—in and out—right and left—to and again—twisting and turning like a worm, my lord!

Lord Og. Admirably laid out indeed, Mr. Sterling! one can hardly see an inch beyond one's nose any where in these walks.—You are a most excellent œconomist of your land, and make a little go a great way.—It lies together in as small parcels as if it was placed in pots out at your window in Grace-church-street.

Can. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Lord Og. What d'ye laugh at, Canton?

Can. Ah! que cette similitude est drole! So clever what you say, mi lor!——

Lord Og. [*To Fanny.*] You seem mightily engaged, madam. What are those pretty hands so busily employed about?

Fanny. Only making up a nosegay, my lord!—— Will your lordship do me the honour of accepting it? [*Presenting it.*]

Lord Og. I'll wear it next my heart, madam!—— I see the young creature dotes on me! [*Apart.*]

Miss Sterl. Lord, sister! you've loaded his lordship with a bunch of flowers as big as the cook or the nurse carry to town, on a Monday morning, for a beau-pot. —Will your lordship give me leave to present you with this rose and a sprig of sweet-briar?

Lord Og. The truest emblems of yourself, madam! all sweetness and poignancy.—A little jealous, poor soul! [*Apart.*]

but thought you always considered it as a convenience, rather than affection.

Sir John. Very true. I came into the family without any impressions on my mind—with an unbiassed indifference ready to receive one as soon as another. I looked upon love, serious love, as a chimæra, and marriage as a thing of no consequence as you know most people do. But I who was so great an infidel in love, am now one of its votaries.——In short, my defection from Milton proceeds from the violence of my attachment to another.

Lov. Another! So, so! here will be fine. And pray, who is she?

Sir John. Who is she! who can she be? but the tender, amiable, engaging Fanny.

Lov. Fanny! What Fanny?

Sir John. Fanny Sterling. Her sister—Is not she an angel, Lovewell?

Lov. Her sister? Confusion!—You must not tell me of it, Sir John.

Sir John. Not think of it? I can think of nothing else. Nay tell me, Lovewell! was it possible to be indulged in a perpetual intercourse with such objects as Fanny and her sister, and not have your heart led by insensible attraction towards her?—Why don't you answer me?

Lov. Indeed, Sir John, this event gives me great concern.

Sir John. Why so?—Is she not an angel, Lovewell?

Lov. I foresee that it must produce the worst consequences. Consider the confusion it must unavoidably create. Let me persuade you to drop these thoughts in time.

Sir John. Never—never, Lovewell?

Lov. You have gone too far to recede. A negotiation, so nearly concluded, cannot be broken off with any grace. The lawyers, you know, are hourly expected; the preliminaries almost finally settled between Lord Ogleby and Mr. Sterling; and Miss Sterling herself ready to receive you as a husband.

Sir John. Why the banns have been published, and nobody has forbidden them, 'tis true. But you know either of the parties may change their minds even after they enter the church.

Lov. You think too lightly of this matter. To carry your addresses so far—and then to desert her—and for her sister too!—It will be such an affront to the family, that they can never put up with it.

Sir John. I don't think so: for as to my transferring my passion from her to her sister, so much the better! for then you know, I don't carry my affection out of the family.

Lov. Nay, but pr'ythee be serious, and think better of it.

Sir John. I have thought better of it already, you see. Tell me honestly, Lovewell? Can you blame me? Is there any comparison between them?

Lev. As to that now—why that—is just—just as it may strike different people. There are many admirers of Miss Sterling's vivacity.

Sir John. Vivacity! a medley of Cheapside pertness, and Whitechapel pride.—No—no, if I do go so far into the city for a wedding dinner, it shall be upon turtle at least.

Lev. But I see no probability of success; for granting that Mr. Sterling would have consented to it at first, he cannot listen to it now. Why did not you break this affair to the family before?

Sir John. Under such embarrassed circumstance as I have been, can you wonder at my irresolution or perplexity? nothing but despair, the fear of losing my dear Fanny, could bring me to a declaration even now; and yet, I think I know Mr. Sterling so well that, strange as my proposal may appear, if I can make it advantageous to him as a money transaction, as I am sure I can, he will certainly come into it.

Lev. But even suppose he should, which I very much doubt, I don't think Fanny herself would listen to your addresses.

Sir John. You are deceived a little in that particular.

Lev. You'll find I am in the right.

Sir John. I have some little reason to think otherwise.

Lev. You have not declared your passion to her already.

Sir John. Yes, I have.

Lov. Indeed!—And—and—and how did she receive it?

Sir John. I think it is not very easy for me to make my addresses to any woman, without receiving some little encouragement.

Lov. Encouragement! did she give you any encouragement?

Sir John. I don't know what you call encouragement—but she blushed—and cried—and desired me not to think of it any more:—upon which I prest her hand—kissed it—swore she was an angel—and I could see it tickled her to the soul.

Lov. And did she express no surprise at your declaration?

Sir John. Why, faith, to say the truth, she was a little surprised—and she got away from me too, before I could thoroughly explain myself. If I should not meet with an opportunity of speaking to her, I must get you to deliver a letter for me.

Lov. I!—a letter!—I had rather have nothing—

Sir John. Nay, you promised me your assistance—and I am sure you cannot scruple to make yourself useful on such an occasion.—You may, without suspicion, acquaint her verbally of my determined affection for her, and that I am resolved to ask her father's consent.

Lov. As to that, I—your commands, you know—that is, if she—Indeed, Sir John, I think you are in the wrong.

Lov. As to that now—w^h may strike different peop^l mirrors of Miss Sterling's

Sir John. Vivacity! a ness, and Whitechapel p far into the city for a we turtle at least.

* *Lov.* But I see no pr ing that Mr. Sterling first, he cannot listen break this affair to th

Sir John. Under : as I have been, can perplexity? nothing my dear Fanny, co now; and yet, I th that, strange as n make it advanta action, as I am into it.

Lov. But even much t, I d to cesses cu

S
wise

Lov.
I ready

solicitations, which are an affront to my character, and an injury to your own honour.

Sir John. I know your delicacy, and tremble to offend it: but let the urgency of the occasion be my excuse! Consider, madam, that the future happiness of my life depends on my present application to you! I consider that this day must determine my fate; and these are perhaps the only moments left me to incline you to warrant my passion, and to intreat you not to oppose the proposals I mean to open to your father.

Fanny. For shame, for shame, Sir John! Think of your previous engagements! Think of your own situation, and think of mine! What have you discovered in my conduct that might encourage you to so bold a declaration? I am shocked that you should venture to say so much, and blush that I should even dare to give it a hearing.—Let me begone!

Sir John. Nay, stay, madam, but one moment—Your sensibility is too great.—Engagements! what engagements have been pretended on either side more than those of family convenience? I went on in the trammels of matrimonial negotiation with a blind submission to your father and Lord Ogleby; but my heart soon claimed a right to be consulted. It has devoted itself to you, and obliges me to plead earnestly for the same tender interest in yours.

Fanny. Have a care, Sir John! do not mistake a depraved will for a virtuous inclination. By these common pretences of the heart, half our sex are

made fools, and a greater part of yours despise them for it.

Sir John. Affection, you will allow, is involuntary. We cannot always direct it to the object on which it should fix—But when it is once inviolably attached—inviolably as mine is to you, it often creates reciprocal affection.—When I last urged you on this subject, you heard me with more temper, and I hoped with some compassion.

Fanny. You deceived yourself. If I forbore to exert a proper spirit; nay, if I did not even express the quickest resentment of your behaviour, it was only in consideration of that respect I wish to pay you, in honour to my sister: and be assured, sir, woman as I am, that my vanity could reap no pleasure from a triumph that must result from the blackest treachery to her.

[*Going.*

Sir John. One word, and I have done. [*Stopping her.*] Your impatience and anxiety, and the urgency of the occasion, oblige me to be brief and explicit with you.—I appeal therefore from your delicacy to your justice.—Your sister, I verily believe, neither entertains any real affection for me, or tenderness for you. Your father, I am inclined to think, is not much concerned by means of which of his daughters the families are united.—Now, as they cannot, shall not be connected, otherwise than by my union with you, why will you, from a false delicacy, oppose a measure so conducive to my happiness, and, I hope, your own? I love you, most passionately and en-

cerely love you—and hope to propose terms agreeable to Mr. Sterling:—If then you don't absolutely loath, abhor, and scorn me—if there is no other happier man—

Fanny. Hear me, sir, hear my final determination. —Were my father and sister as insensible as you are pleased to represent them;—were my heart for ever to remain disengaged to any other, I could not listen to your proposals. —What! you on the very eve of a marriage with my sister; I living under the same roof with her, bound not only by the laws of friendship and hospitality, but even the ties of blood, to contribute to her happiness, and not to conspire against her peace; the peace of a whole family; and that of my own too!—Away, away, Sir John!—At such a time, and in such circumstances, your addresses only inspire me with horror.—Nay, you must detain me no longer—I will go.

Sir John. Do not leave me in absolute despair!—Give me a glimpse of hope! [*Falling on his knees.*]

Fanny. I cannot.—Pray, Sir John!

[*Struggling to go.*]

Sir John. Shall this hand be given to another? [*Kissing her hand.*] No, I cannot endure it.—My whole soul is yours, and the whole happiness of my life is in your power.

Enter Miss STERLING.

Fanny. Hal my sister is here. Rise, for shame,
Sir John.

Sir John. Miss Sterling!

[*Rising.*

Miss Sterl. I beg pardon, sir;—You'll excuse me, madam!—I have broke in upon you a little unopportunity, I believe—but I did not mean to interrupt you—I only came, sir, to let you know that breakfast waits, if you have finished your morning's devotions.

Sir John. I am very sensible, Miss Sterling, that this may appear particular, but——

Miss Sterl. O dear, Sir John, don't put yourself to the trouble of an apology—The thing explains itself.

Sir John. It will soon, madam.—In the mean time, I can only assure you of my profound respect and esteem for you, and make no doubt of convincing Mr. Sterling of the honour and integrity of my intentions.—And—and—your humble servant, madam!

[*Exit in confusion.*

Miss Sterl. Respect!—Insolence!—Esteem!—Very fine, truly!—And you, madam! my sweet, delicate, innocent, sentimental sister! will you convince my papa too of the integrity of your intentions?

Fanny. Do not upbraid me, my dear sister! Indeed I don't deserve it. Believe me, you can't be more offended at his behaviour than I am, and I am sure it cannot make you half so miserable.

Miss Sterl. Make me miserable! You are mightily deceived, madam; it gives me no sort of uneasiness, I assure you.—A base fellow!—As for you, miss! the tendered softness of your disposition, your artful good-

nature, never imposed upon me. I always knew you to be sly, and envious, and deceitful.

Fanny. Indeed you wrong me.

Miss Sterl. Oh, you are all goodness, to be sure!—Did not I find him on his knees before you? Did not I see him kiss your sweet hand? Did not I hear his protestations? Was not I a witness of your dissembled modesty?—No, no, my dear! don't imagine that you can make a fool of your elder sister so easily.

Fanny. Sir John, I own, is to blame; but I am above the thoughts of doing you the least injury.

Miss Sterl. We shall try that, madam.—I hope, miss, you'll be able to give a better account to my papa and my aunt, for they shall both know of this matter, I promise you. [Exit.

Fanny. How unhappy I am! my distresses multiply upon me.—Mr. Lovewell must now become acquainted with Sir John's behaviour to me, and in a manner that may add to his uneasiness. My father, instead of being disposed by fortunate circumstances to forgive any transgression, will be previously incensed against me. My sister and my aunt will become irreconcilably my enemies, and rejoice in my disgrace.—Yet, on all events, I am determined on a discovery. I dread it, and am resolved to hasten it. It is surrounded with more horrors every instant, as it appears every instant more necessary. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Hall. Enter a Servant leading in Serjeant FL
and Counsellors TRAVERSE and TRUEMA
booted.*

Servant.

THIS way, if you please, gentlemen! my m
at breakfast with the family at present, but
him know, and he will wait on you immediate

Flow. Mighty well, young man, mighty wel

Serv. Please to favour me with your names
tlemen.

Flow. Let Mr. Sterling know, that Mr. S
Flower, and two other gentlemen of the ba
come to wait on him according to his appointm

Serv. I will, sir.

Flow. And hark'e, young man, [*Servant r*
desire my servant—Mr. Serjeant Flower's s
to bring in my green and gold saddle-cloth a
tols, and lay them down here in the hall wi
portmanteau.

Serv. I will, sir.

Flow. Well, gentlemen! the settling thes
riage articles falls conveniently enough, almo
on the eve of the circuits.—Let me see—the
the Midland, and Western; ay, we can all cr
country well enough to our several destination
Traverse, when do you begin at Hertford?

Trav. The day after to-morrow.

Flow. That is commission-day with us at Warwick too. But my clerk has retainers for every cause in the paper, so it will be time enough if I am there the next morning. Besides, I have about half a dozen cases that have lain by me ever since the spring assizes, and I must tack opinions to them before I see my country clients again; so I will take the evening before me, and then *current calamo*, as I say—eh, Traverse!

Trav. True, Mr. Serjeant; and the easiest thing in the world too; for those country attornies are such ignorant dogs, that in case of the devise of an estate to A, and his heirs for ever, they'll make a query whether he takes in fee or in tail.

Flow. Do you expect to have much to do on the Home Circuit these assizes?

Trav. Not much *nisi prius* business, but a good deal on the crown side, I believe. The gaols are brim-full, and some of the felons in good circumstances, and likely to be tolerable clients. Let me see! I am engaged for three highway robberies, two murders, one forgery, and half a dozen larcenies, at Kingston.

Flow. A pretty decent gaol-delivery!—Do you expect to bring off Darkin, for the robbery on Putney-Common? Can you make out your alibi?

Trav. Oh! no! the crown witnesses are sure to prove our identity. We shall certainly be hanged; but that don't signify.—But, Mr. Serjeant, have

you much to do?—Any remarkable cause on the Midland this circuit?

Flow. Nothing very remarkable—except two rapes, and Rider and Western at Nottingham, for crim. con.—but, on the whole, I believe a good deal of business.—Our associate tells me, there are above thirty *venires* for Warwick.

Trav. Pray, Mr. Serjeant, are you concerned in Jones and Thomas at Lincoln?

Flow. I am—for the plaintiff.

Trav. And what do you think on't?

Flow. A nonsuit.

Trav. I thought so.

Flow. Oh, no matter of doubt on't—*face clarius*—we have no right in us—we have but one chance.

Trav. What's that?

Flow. Why, my Lord Chief does not go the circuit this time, and my brother Puzzle being in the commission, the cause will come on before him.

True. Ay, that may do indeed, if you can but throw dust in the eyes of the defendants counsel.

Flow. True.—Mr. Trueman, I think you are concerned for Lord Ogleby in this affair? [*To True*

True. I am, sir—I have the honour to be related to his lordship, and hold some courts for him in Somersetshire—go the Western circuit—and attend the sessions at Exeter, merely because his lordship's interests and property lie in that part of the kingdom.

Act III. THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE. 59

Flow. Ha!—and pray, Mr. Trueman, how long have you been called to the bar?

True. About nine years and three quarters.

Flow. Ha!—I don't know that I ever had the pleasure of seeing you before.—I wish you success, young gentleman!

Enter STERLING.

Sterl. Oh, Mr. Serjeant Flower, I am glad to see you—Your servant, Mr. Serjeant! gentlemen, your servant!—Well, are all matters concluded? Has that snail-paced conveyancer, old Ferret, of Gray's-Inn, settled the articles at last? Do you approve of what he has done? Will his tackle hold, tight and strong?—Eh, Master Serjeant!

Flow. My friend Ferret's slow and sure, sir—But then, *serius aut citius*, as we say, sooner or later, Mr. Sterling, he is sure to put his business out of hand as he should do.—My clerk has brought the writing, and all other instruments along with him, and the settlement is, I believe, as good a settlement as any settlement on the face of the earth!

Sterl. But that damn'd mortgage of 60,000l.—There don't appear to be any other incumbrances, I hope?

Trav. I can answer for that, sir—and that will be cleared off immediately on the payment of the first part of Miss Sterling's proportion.—You agree, on your part, to come down with 80,000l.

Sterl. Down on the nail.—Ay, ay, my man ready to-morrow if he pleases—he shall have India-bonds, or notes, or how he chooses.—The lords and your dukes, and your people at the end of the town stick at payments sometimes debts unpaid, no credit lost with them—but not of us substantial fellows—Eh, Mr. Serjeant!

Flow. Sir John having last term, according to the will, levied a fine, and suffered a recovery, thereto cut off the entail of the Ogleby estate, better effecting the purposes of the present marriage; on which above-mentioned Ogleby a jointure of 2000*l.* per annum is secured to the eldest daughter, now Elizabeth Sterling, spinster, the whole estate, after the death of the aforesaid Sir John, descends to the heirs male of Sir John Melvil, the body of the aforesaid Elizabeth Sterling lawfully begotten to be forgotten.

Trav. Very true—and Sir John is to be in the immediate possession of as much of his late Somersetshire estate, as lies in the manors of Cranford and Cranford, amounting to between three thousand per annum, and at the death of Sir John, a further sum of seventy thousand—

Enter Sir JOHN MELVIL.

Sterl. Ah, Sir John! Here we are—happy—paving the road to matrimony—First comes the lawyer, then comes the doctor—Let us buy

the long-robe, we shall soon get pudding sleeves to work, I warrant you.

Sir John. I am sorry to interrupt you, sir—but I hope that both you and these gentlemen will excuse me—Having something very particular for your private ear, I took the liberty of following you, and beg you will oblige me with an audience immediately.

Sterl. Ay, with all my heart!—Gentlemen, Mr. Serjeant, you'll excuse it—Business must be done, you know. The writings will keep cold till to-morrow morning.

Flow. I must be at Warwick, Mr. Sterling, the day after.

Sterl. Nay, nay, I sha'n't part with you to-night, gentlemen, I promise you.—My house is very full, but I have beds for you all, beds for your servants, and stabling for all your horses.—Will you take a turn in the garden, and view some of my improvements before dinner? Or will you amuse yourselves on the green, with a game of bowls and a cool tankard?—My servants shall attend you—Do you choose any other refreshment?—Call for what you please; do as you please;—make yourselves quite at home, I beg of you.—Here, Thomas! Harry! William! wait on these gentlemen!—*[Follows the Lawyers out, bawling and talking, and then returns to Sir John.]* And now, sir, I am entirely at your service. What are your commands with me, Sir John?

Sir John. After having carried the negotiation between our families to so great a length; after having assented so readily to all your proposals, as well as received so many instances of your cheerful compliance with the demands made on our part, I am extremely concerned, Mr. Sterling, to be the involuntary cause of any uneasiness.

Sterl. Uneasiness! what uneasiness?—Where business is transacted as it ought to be, and the parties understand one another, there can be no uneasiness. You agree, on such and such conditions, to receive my daughter for a wife; on the same conditions I agree to receive you as a son-in-law; and as to all the rest, it follows of course, you know, as regularly as the payment of a bill after acceptance.

Sir John. Pardon me, sir, more uneasiness has arisen than you are aware of. I am myself, at this instant, in a state of inexpressible embarrassment; Miss Sterling, I know, is extremely disconcerted too; and unless you will oblige me with the assistance of your friendship, I foresee the speedy progress of discontent and animosity through the whole family.

Sterl. What the deuce is all this? I don't understand a single syllable.

Sir John. In one word then—it will be absolutely impossible for me to fulfil my engagements in regard to Miss Sterling.

Sterl. How, Sir John! Do you mean to put an affront upon my family? What? refuse to—

Sir John. Be assured, sir, that I neither meant

front, nor forsake your family. My only fear is, that you should desert me ; for the whole happiness of my life depends on my being connected with your family, by the nearest and tenderest ties in the world.

Sterl. Why, did not you tell me, but a moment ago, that it was absolutely impossible for you to marry my daughter ?

Sir John. True.—But you have another daughter, sir——

Sterl. Well !

Sir John. Who has obtained the most absolute dominion over my heart. I have already declared my passion to her ; nay, Miss Sterling herself is also apprised of it, and if you will but give a sanction to my present addresses, the uncommon merit of Miss Sterling will no doubt recommend her to a person of equal, if not superior rank to myself, and our families may still be allied by my union with Miss Fanny.

Sterl. Mighty fine, truly ! Why, what the plague do you make of us, Sir John ? Do you come to market for my daughter, like servants at a statute-fair ? Do you think that I will suffer you, or any man in the world, to come into my house, like the Grand Turk, and throw the handkerchief first to one, and then to another, just as he pleases ? Do you give a kind of African trade with them ;

A moment's passion, sir ! Nothing but my passion should have

induced me to take any step that had the least appearance of disrespect to any part of your family; and even now I am desirous to atone for my transgression, by making the most adequate compensation that lies in my power.

Sterl. Compensation! what compensation can you possibly make in such a case as this, Sir John?

Sir John. Come, come, Mr. Sterling; I know you to be a man of sense, a man of business, a man of the world. I'll deal frankly with you; and you shall see that I don't desire a change of measures for my own gratification, without endeavouring to make it advantageous to you.

Sterl. What advantage can your inconstancy be to me, Sir John?

Sir John. I'll tell you, sir.—You know that by the articles at present subsisting between us, on the day of my marriage with Miss Sterling, you agree to pay down the gross sum of eighty thousand pounds.

Sterl. Well!

Sir John. Now if you will but consent to my waving that marriage——

Sterl. I agree to your waving that marriage! Impossible, Sir John!

Sir John. I hope not, sir; as on my part, I will agree to wave my right to thirty thousand pounds of the fortune I was to receive with her.

Sterl. Thirty thousand, d'ye say?

Sir John. Yes, sir; and accept of Miss Fanny with fifty thousand, instead of fourscore.

Sterl. Fifty thousand—— [Pausing.

Sir John. Instead of fourscore.

Sterl. Why—why—there may be something in that.—Let me see—Fanny with fifty thousand, instead of Betsy with fourscore.—But how can this be, Sir John? For you know I am to pay this money into the hands of my Lord Ogleby; who, I believe, between you and me, Sir John, is not overstocked with ready money at present; and threescore thousand of it, you know, is to go to pay off the present incumbrances on the estate, Sir John.

Sir John. That objection is easily obviated.—Ten of the twenty thousand, which would remain as a surplus of the fourscore, after paying off the mortgage, was intended by his lordship for my use, that we might set off with some little eclat on our marriage; and the other ten for his own.—Ten thousand pounds, therefore, I shall be able to pay you immediately; and for the remaining twenty thousand, you shall have a mortgage on that part of the estate which is to be made over to me, with whatever security you shall require for the regular payment of the interest, till the principal is duly discharged.

Sterl. Why—to do you justice, Sir John, there is something fair and open in your proposal; and since I find you do not mean to put an affront upon the family——

Sir John. Nothing was ever farther from my thoughts, Mr. Sterling.—And after all, the whole

affair is nothing extraordinary—such things happen every day; and as the world has only heard generally of a treaty between the families, when this marriage takes place, nobody will be the wiser, if we have but discretion enough to keep our own counsel.

Sterl. True, true; and since you only transfer from one girl to the other, it is no more than transferring so much stock, you know.

Sir John. The very thing!

Sterl. Odsol I had quite forgot.—We are reckoning without our host here.—there is another difficulty——

Sir John. You alarm me. What can that be?

Sterl. I can't stir a step in this business without consulting my sister Heidelberg.—The family has very great expectations from her, and we must not give her any offence.

Sir John. But if you come into this measure, surely she will be so kind as to consent——

Sterl. I don't know that—Betsy is her darling, and I can't tell how far she may resent any slight that seems to be offered to her favourite niece. However, I'll do the best I can for you. You shall go and break the matter to her first, and by that time I may suppose that your rhetoric has prevailed on her to listen to reason, I will step in to reinforce your arguments.

Sir John. I'll fly to her immediately; you promise me your assistance?

Sterl. I do.

Sir John. Ten thousand thanks for it! and now success attend me! [*Going.*]

Sterl. Hark'e, Sir John! [*Sir John returns.*] Not a word of the thirty thousand to my sister, Sir John.

Sir John. Oh, I am dumb, I am dumb, sir. [*Going.*]

Sterl. You'll remember it is thirty thousand.

Sir John. To be sure I do.

Sterl. But, Sir John!—one thing more. [*Sir John returns.*] My lord must know nothing of this stroke of friendship between us.

Sir John. Not for the world. Let me alone! let me alone! [*Offering to go.*]

Sterl. [*Holding him.*] And when every thing is agreed, we must give each other a bond to be held fast to the bargain.

Sir John. To be sure. A bond by all means! a bond, or whatever you please. [*Exit hastily.*]

Sterl. I should have thought of more conditions—he's in a humour to give me every thing—Why, what mere children are your fellows of quality; that cry for a plaything one minute, and throw it by the next! as changable as the weather, and as uncertain as the stocks. Special fellows to drive a bargain! and yet they are to take care of the interest of the nation truly! Here does this whirligig man of fashion offer to give up thirty thousand pounds in hard money, with as much indifference as if it was a china orange. By this mortgage, I shall have a hold on his terra *uma*; and if he wants more money, as he certainly

will,—let him have children by my daughter or no, I shall have his whole estate in a net for the benefit of my family.—Well, thus it is, that the children of citizens, who have acquired fortunes, prove persons of fashion; and thus it is, that persons of fashion, who have ruined their fortunes, reduce the next generation to cits. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Changes to another Apartment. Enter Mrs. HEIDELBERG, and Miss STERLING.

Miss Sterl. This is your gentle-looking, soft-speaking, sweet-smiling, affable Miss Fanny for you!

Mrs. Heidel. My Miss Fanny! I disclaim her. With all her arts she never could insinuate herself into my good graces; and yet she has a way with her, that deceives man, woman, and child, except you and me, niece.

Miss Sterl. O ay; she wants nothing but a crook in her hand, and a lamb under her arm, to be a perfect picture of innocence and simplicity.

Mrs. Heidel. Just as I was drawn at Amsterdam, when I went over to visit my husband's relations.

Miss Sterl. And then she's so mighty good to servants—'pray, John, do this,—pray, Tom, do that—thank you, Jenny;' and then so humble to her relations—'to be sure, papa!—as my aunt pleases—my sister knows best.'—But with all her demureness

and humility, she has no objection to be Lady Melvil, it seems, nor to any wickedness that can make her so.

Mrs. Heidel. She Lady Melvil! Compose yourself, niece! I'll ladyship her indeed:—a little creppin, cantin—She sha'n't be the better for a farden of my money. But tell me, child, how does this intriguing with Sir John correspond with her partiality to Lovewell? I don't see a concatenation here.

Miss Sterl. There I was deceived, madam. I took all their whisperings and stealing into corners to be the mere attraction of vulgar minds; but, behold! their private meetings were not to contrive their own insipid happiness, but to conspire against mine. But I know whence proceeds Mr. Lovewell's resentment to me. I could not stoop to be familiar with my father's clerk, and so I have lost his interest.

Mrs. Heidel. My spirit to a T.—My dear child! [*Kisses her.*]—Mr. Heidelberg lost his election for member of Parliament, because I would not demean myself to be slobbered about by drunken shoemakers, beastly cheesemongers, and greasy butchers and tallow-chandlers. However, niece, I can't help differing a little in opinion from you in this matter. My experience and sagacity makes me still suspect, that there is something more between her and that Lovewell, notwithstanding this affair of Sir John. I had my eye upon them the whole time of breakfast. Sir John, I observed, looked a little confounded, indeed, though I knew nothing of what had passed in-

THE CLANDESTINE

—~~AND~~ ~~THE~~ ~~THESE~~ ~~CHINESE~~
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THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20535

"I don't know," she was
 saying, and a lamb that
 nature at innocence any
 a beast. Just as I was
 I went over to visit my
 father. And then she
 said, "do this,
 papa!" and then
 she said, "papa!"—
 "But

INDEX -

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

1. The first of these is the fact that the
 2. the new law is not a law of the
 3. the new law is not a law of the
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Will you still be
ballins, if it comes
scale. Sir John
I'll make the
under comes
the right
[Herald
to your
you j
at hat

Miss Sterl. Pray do, madam.—[*Looking back.*]—

A vile wretch!

[*Exit in a rage.*]

Enter Sir JOHN MELVIL.

Sir John. Your most obedient humble servant, madam. [Bowing very respectfully.]

Mrs. Heidel. Your servant, Sir John.

[*Dropping a half curtsey, and pouting.*]

Sir John. Miss Sterling's manner of quitting the room on my approach, and the visible coolness of your behaviour to me, madam, convince me that she has acquainted you with what past this morning.

Mrs. Heidel. I am very sorry, Sir John, to be made acquainted with any thing that should induce me to change the opinion which I would always wish to entertain of a person of quality. [Pouting.]

Sir John. It has always been my ambition to merit the best opinion from Mrs. Heidelberg; and when she comes to weigh all circumstances, I flatter myself——

Mrs. Heidel. You do flatter yourself, if you imagine that I can approve of your behaviour to my niece, Sir John.—And give me leave to tell you, Sir John, that you have been drawn into an action much beneath you, Sir John; and that I look upon every injury offered to Miss Betty Sterling, as an affront to myself, Sir John. [Warmly.]

Sir John. I would not offend you for the world, madam; but when I am influenced by a partiality for

another, however ill-founded, I hope your discernment and good sense will think it rather a point of honour to renounce engagements, which I could not fulfil so strictly as I ought; and that you will excuse the change in my inclinations, since the new object, as well as the first, has the honour of being your niece, madam.

Mrs. Heidel. I disclaim her as a niece, Sir John; Miss Sterling disclaims her as a sister, and the whole family must disclaim her, for her monstrous baseness and treachery.

Sir John. Indeed she has been guilty of none, madam. Her hand and her heart are, I am sure, entirely at the disposal of yourself, and Mr. Sterling.

Enter STERLING behind.

And if you should not oppose my inclinations, I am sure of Mr. Sterling's consent, madam.

Mrs. Heidel. Indeed!

Sir John. Quite certain, madam.

Sterl. [Behind.] So! they seem to be coming to terms already. I may venture to make my appearance.

Mrs. Heidel. To marry Fanny?

[Sterling advances by degrees.]

Sir John. Yes, madam.

Mrs. Heidel. My brother has given his consent, you say?

Sir John. In the most ample manner, with no other restriction than the failure of your concurrence, ma-

dam. [*Sees Sterling.*—Oh, here's Mr. Sterling, who will confirm what I have told you.

Mrs. Heidel. What! have you consented to give up your own daughter in this manner, brother?

Sterl. Give her up! no, not give her up, sister; only in case that you——Zounds, I am afraid you have said too much, Sir John. [*Apart to Sir John.*

Mrs. Heidel. Yes, yes. I see now that it is true enough what my niece told me. You are all plottin and caballin against her. Pray, does Lord Ogleby know of this affair?

Sir John. I have not yet made him acquainted with it, madam.

Mrs. Heidel. No, I warrant you. I thought so.—And so his lordship and myself, truly, are not to be consulted 'till the last.

Sterl. What! did not you consult my lord? Oh, fie for shame, Sir John!

Sir John. Nay, but Mr. Sterling——

Mrs. Heidel. We, who are the persons of most consequence and experunce in the two fammalies, are to know nothing of the matter, 'till the whole is as good as concluded upon. But his lordship, I am sure, will have more generosaty than to countenance such a perceding. And I could not have expected such behaviour from a person of your qualaty, Sir John.--- And as for you, brother——

Sterl. Nay, nay, but hear me, sister.

Mrs. Heidel. I am perfectly ashamed of you.——

Have you no spurrit? no more concern for the honour of our fammaly than to consent——

Sterl. Consent! I consent! As I hope for mercy, I never gave my consent.——Did I consent, Sir John?

Sir John. Not absolutely, without Mrs. Heidelberg's concurrence. But in case of her approbation——

Sterl. Ay, I grant you, if my sister approved——But that's quite another thing, you know——

[*To Mrs. Heidel.*

Mrs. Heidel. Your sister approve, indeed!——I thought you knew her better, brother Sterling!——What! approve of having your eldest daughter returned upon your hands, and exchanged for the younger?——I am surprised how you could listen to such a scandalous proposal.

Sterl. I tell you, I never did listen to it.——Did not I say, that I would be entirely governed by my sister, Sir John?——And unless she agreed to your marrying Fanny——

Mrs. Heidel. I agree to his marrying Fanny!——abominable!——The man is absolutely out of his senses.——Cann't that wise head of yours foresee the consequence of all this, brother Sterling? Will Sir John take Fanny without a fortune?—No!——After you have settled the largest part of your property on your youngest daughter, can there be an equal portion left for the eldest?—No!——Does not this over-

turn the whole system of the family?—Yes, yes, yes!—You know I was always for my niece Betsey's marrying a person of the very first quality. That was my maxim:—and, therefore, much the largest settlement was, of course, to be made upon her. As for Fanny, if she could, with a fortune of twenty or thirty thousand pounds, get a knight, or a member of parliament, or a rich common council-man for a husband, I thought it might do very well.

Sir John. But if a better match should offer itself, why should it not be accepted, madam?

Mrs. Heidel. What, at the expence of her elder sister! O fie, Sir John! How could you bear to hear such an indignity, brother Sterling?

Sterl. I! Nay, I sha'n't hear of it, I promise you. —I can't hear of it, indeed, Sir John.

Mrs. Heidel. But you have heard of it, brother Sterling.—You know you have; and sent Sir John to propose it to me. But if you can give up your daughter, I sha'n't forsake my niece, I assure you. Ah! if my poor dear Mr. Heidelberg and our sweet babes had been alive, he would not have behaved so.

Sterl. Did I, Sir John?—Nay, speak!—Bring me off, or we are ruined. [Apart to Sir John.

Sir John. Why, to be sure, to speak the truth—

Mrs. Heidel. To speak the truth, I'm ashamed of you both. But have a care what you are about brother! have a care, I say. The counsellors are in the house, I hear; and if every thing is not settled to

my liking, I'll have nothing more to say to you, if I live these hundred years.—I'll go over to Holland, and settle with Mr. Vanderspracken, my poor husband's first cousin, and my own family shall never be the better for a farden of my money, I promise you. *[Exit]*

Sterl. I thought so. I knew she never would agree to it.

Sir John. 'Sdeath, how unfortunate! What can we do, Mr. Sterling?

Sterl. Nothing.

Sir John. What, must our agreement break off the moment it is made, then?

Sterl. It can't be helped, Sir John. The family, as I told you before, have great expectations from my sister; and if this matter proceeds, you hear yourself that she threatens to leave us.—My brother Heidelberg was a warm man—a very warm man; and died worth a plumb at least; a plumb! ay, I warrant you, he died worth a plumb and a half.

Sir John. Well; but if I——

Sterl. And then, my sister has three or four very good mortgages, a deal of money in the three per cents, and old South Sea annuities, besides large concerns in the Dutch and French funds. The greatest part of all this she means to leave to our family.

Sir John. I can only say, sir——

Sterl. Why, your offer of the difference of thirty thousand was very fair and handsome, to be sure, Sir John.

Nay, but I am even willing to——

Nay, but if I was to accept it against her will, it is above a hundred thousand; so you see the odds are against you, Sir John.

But is there no way, do you think, of prevailing on Mrs. Heidelberg to grant her consent?

I am afraid not.——However, when her passion is a little abated—for she's very passionate—you may see what can be done: but you must not use my name any more, Sir John.

Suppose I was to prevail on Lord Ogleby to speak to her, do you think that would have any effect over her?

I think he would be more likely to persuade her than any other person in the family. She has a great respect for Lord Ogleby. She loves a

I'll apply to him this very day.—And if I should prevail on Mrs. Heidelberg, I may depend on your friendship, Mr. Sterling?

I shall be glad to oblige you, when the account stands now, you may depend on me. And so your servant,

[Exit.

Breaking off his speech, he went away; re-
broiled the whole

family.—And yet opposition, instead of smothering, increases my inclination. I must have her. I'll apply immediately to Lord Ogleby; and if he can but bring over the aunt to our party, her influence will overcome the scruples and delicacy of my dear Fanny, and I shall be the happiest of mankind. [Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room. Enter Mr. STERLING, Mrs. HEIDELBERG, and Miss STERLING.

Sterling.

WHAT! will you send Fanny to town, sister?

Mrs. Heidel. To-morrow morning. I've given orders about it already.

Ster. Indeed!

Mrs. Heidel. Positively.

Sterl. But consider, sister, at such a time as this, what an odd appearance it will have.

Mrs. Heidel. Not half so odd as her behaviour, brother.—This time was intended for happiness, and I'll keep no incendiaries here to destroy it. I insist on her going off to-morrow morning.

Sterl. I'm afraid this is all your doing, Betsey.

Miss Sterl. No, indeed, papa. My aunt knows that it is not.—For all Fanny's baseness to me, I am sure I would not do or say any thing to hurt her with you or my aunt for the world.

Mrs. Heidel. Hold your tongue, Betsey ; I will have my way.—When she is packed off, every thing will go on as it should do.—Since they are at their intrigues, I'll let them see that we can act with vigour on our part ; and the sending her out of the way, shall be the purluminary step to all the rest of my proceedings.

Sterl. Well, but sister——

Mrs. Heidel. It does not signify talking, brother Sterling, for I'm resolved to be rid of her, and I will, —Come along, child. [*To Miss Sterling.*]—The post-chay shall be at the door by six o'clock in the morning ; and if Miss Fanny does not get into it, why, I will—and so there's an end of the matter. [*Bounces out with Miss Sterling ; then returns.*] One word more, brother Sterling.—I expect that you will take your eldest daughter in your hand, and make a formal complaint to Lord Ogleby, of Sir John Melvil's behaviour.—Do this, brother ;—shew a proper regard for the honour of your fammaly yourself, and I shall throw in my mite to the raising of it. If not—but now you know my mind. So act as you please, and take the consequences. [*Exit.*]

Sterl. The devil's in the women for tyranny!—Mothers, wives, mistresses, or sisters, they always will govern us.—As to my sister Heidelberg, she knows the strength of her purse, and domineers upon the credit of it.—‘I will do this,’ and ‘you shall do that,’ and ‘you shall do t'other,—or else the fammaly sha'n't have a farden of’—[*Mimicking.*]—So abso-

lute with her money!—But, to say the truth, nothing but money can make us absolute, and so we must e'd make the best of her. [Exit]

SCENE II.

Changes to the Garden. Enter Lord OGLEY, and CANTON.

Lord Og. What! Mademoiselle Fanny to be sent away!—Why?—Wherefore?—What's the meaning of all this?

Can. Je ne sçais pas—I know nothing of it.

Lord Og. It cann't be—it sha'n't be:—I protest against the measure. She's a fine girl, and I had much rather that the rest of the family were annihilated, than that she should leave us.—Her vulgar father, that's the very abstract of 'Change-alley—the aunt, that's always endeavouring to be a fine lady—and the pert sister, for ever shewing that she is *one*, are horrid company indeed, and without her, would be intolerable. Ah, la petite Fanchon! she's the thing: Isn't she, Canton?

Can. Dere is very good sympatie entre vous, and dat young lady, mi lor.

Lord Og. I'll not be left among these Goths and Vandals, your Sterlings, your Heidelbergs, and Devilbergs—if she goes, I'll positively go too.

Can. In de same post-chay, my lor? You have no objection to dat, I believe, nor mademoiselle neither too—ha, ha, ha!

Lord Og. Pr'ythee hold thy foolish tongue, Cant. Does thy Swiss stupidity imagine that I can see and talk with a fine girl without desires!—My eyes are involuntarily attracted by beautiful objects—I fly as naturally to a fine girl——

Can. As de fine girl to you, my lor, ha, ha, ha! you alway fly togedre like un pair de pigeons——

Lord Og. Like un pair de pigeons—[*Mocks him.*]—Vous etes un sot, Mons. Canton—Thou art always dreaming of my intrigues, and never seest me badiner, but you suspect mischief, you old fool, you.

Can. I am fool, I confess, but not always fool in dat, my lor, he, he, he!

Lord Og. He, he, he!—Thou art incorrigible, but thy absurdities amuse one. Thou art like my rappee here, [*Takes out his box.*] a most ridiculous superfluity, but a pinch of thee now and then is a more delicious treat.

Can. You do me great honeur, mi lor.

Lord Og. 'Tis fact, upon my soul. Thou art properly my cephalic snuff, and art no bad medicine against megrims, vertigoes, and profound thinking—ha, ha, ha!

Can. Your flatterie, my lor, vil make me too prode.

Lord Og. The girl has some little partiality for me, to be sure: but pr'ythee, Cant. is not that Miss Fanny yonder?

Can. [*Looking with a glass.*] En verité, 'tis she.

my lor——'tis one of de pigeons——de pigeons d'amour.

Lord Og. Don't be ridiculous, you old monkey.

[*Smiling.*]

Can. I am monkee, I am ole, but I have eye, I have ear, and a little understand, now and den.

Lord Og. Taisez vous bête!

Can. Elle vous attend, my lor.——She vil make a love to you.

Lord Og. Will she? Have at her then! A fine girl can't oblige me more——Egad, I find myself a little enjoué——Come along, Cant. I she is but in the next walk——but there is such a deal of this damned crinkum-crankum, as Sterling calls it, that one sees people for half an hour before one can get to them——Allons, Mons. Canton, allons, donc!

[*Exeunt, singing in French.*]

Another Part of the Garden. LOVEWELL and FANNY.

Lov. My dear Fanny, I cannot bear your distress! it overcomes all my resolutions, and I am prepared for the discovery.

Fan. But how can it be effected before my departure?

Lov. I'll tell you.——Lord Ogleby seems to entertain a visible partiality for you; and, notwithstanding the peculiarities of his behaviour, I am sure that he is humane at the bottom. He is vain to an excess; but withal extremely good-natured, and would do any thing to recommend himself to a lady.——Do

you open the whole affair of our marriage to him immediately. It will come with more irresistible persuasion from you than from myself; and I doubt not but you'll gain his friendship and protection at once. His influence and authority will put an end to Sir John's solicitations, remove your aunt's and sister's unkindness and suspicions, and, I hope, reconcile your father and the whole family to our marriage.

Fanny. Heaven grant it! Where is my lord?

Lov. I have heard him and Canton, since dinner, singing French songs under the great walnut-tree by the parlour-door. If you meet with him in the garden, you may disclose the whole immediately.

Fanny. Dreadful as the task is, I'll do it.—Any thing is better than this continual anxiety.

Lov. By that time the discovery is made, I will appear to second you.—Ha! here comes my lord.—Now, my dear Fanny, summon up all your spirits, plead our cause powerfully, and be sure of success.——

[*Going.*]

Fanny. Ah, don't leave me!

Lov. Nay, you must let me.

Fanny. Well, since it must be so, I'll obey you, if I have the power. Oh, Lovewell!

Æ. *Lov.* Consider, our situation is very critical. Tomorrow morning is fixed for your departure, and if we lose this opportunity, we may wish in vain for another.—He approaches—I must retire.—Speak, my dear Fanny, speak, and make us happy!

[*Exit.*]

Fanny. Good Heaven ! what a situation am I in ! what shall I do ? What shall I say to him ? I am in confusion.

Enter Lord OGLEBY, and CANTON.

Lord Og. To see so much beauty so solitary, madam, is a satire upon mankind, and 'tis fortunate that one man has broke in upon your reverie for the credit of our sex. I say one, madam ; for poor Canton here, from age and infirmities, stands for nothing.

Can. Noting at all, indeed.

Fanny. Your lordship does me great honour.—I had a favour to request, my lord !

Lord Og. A favour, madam !—To be honoured with your commands, is an inexpressible favour done to me, madam.

Fanny. If your lordship could indulge me with the honour of a moment's—What is the matter with me ? [*Aside.*]

Lord Og. The girl's confused—He !—here's something in the wind, faith—I'll have a tete-à-tete with her—Allez vous en ! [*To Canton.*]

Can. I go—Ah, pauvre Mademoiselle ! my lor, have pitié upon the poor pigeone !

Lord Og. I'll knock you down, Cant. if you're impertinent. [*Smiling.*]

Can. Den I mus away.—[*Shuffles along.*][*Smiling.*]—You are mosh please, for all dat. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Fanny. I shall sink with apprehension. [*Aside.*]

Lord Og. What a sweet girl—she's a civilized
 ag, and atones for the barbarism of the rest of the
 ily.

Fanny. My lord! I— [She curtsies, and blushes.

Lord Og. [Addressing her.] I look upon it, madam,

be one of the luckiest circumstances of my life,
 at I have this moment the honour of receiving
 ur commands, and the satisfaction of confirming
 ith my tongue, what my eyes perhaps have but too
 eakly expressed—that I am literally—the humblest
 f your servants.

Fanny. I think myself greatly honoured by your
 ordship's partiality to me; but it distresses me, that
 am obliged in my present situation to apply to it
 or protection.

Lord Og. I am happy in your distress, madam, be-
 cause it gives me an opportunity to shew my zeal.—
 Beauty to me is a religion in which I was born and
 bred a bigot, and would die a martyr.—I'm in to-
 lerable spirits, faith!

[Aside.

Fanny. There is not, perhaps, at this moment, a
 more distressed creature than myself. Affection,
 duty, hope, despair, and a thousand different senti-
 ments, are struggling in my bosom; and even the
 presence of your lordship, to whom I have flown for
 protection, adds to my perplexity.

Lord Og. Does it, madam—**Venu**

My old fault; the devil's in me, I thin
 ing young women. [Aside, and smilin
 rage, madam! dear Miss Fanny, e

have a powerful advocate in my breast, I as
 — My heart, madam—I am attached to
 all the laws of sympathy and delicacy.—
 honour, I am.

Fanny. Then I will venture to unburthen :
 — Sir John Melvil, my lord, by the most n
 and mistimed declaration of affection for
 made me the unhappiest of women.

Lord Og. How, madam ! Has Sir John r
 addresses to you ?

Fanny. He has, my lord, in the stronger :
 But I hope it is needless to say, that my du
 father, love to my sister, and regard to the w
 mily, as well as the great respect I entertain
 lordship, [*Curtseying.*] made me shudder at
 dresses.

Lord Og. Charming girl ! — Proceed, my d
 Fanny, proceed !

Fanny. In a moment—give me leave, n
 — But if what I have to disclose should be
 with anger or displeasure—

Lord Og. Impossible, by all the tender po
 Speak, I beseech you, or I shall divine th
 before you utter it.

Fanny. Then, my lord, Sir John's addre
 not only shocking to me in themselves, but a
 particularly disagreeable to me at this time—a

[*He*

Lord Og. As what, madam ?

v. As—pardon my confusion—I a
 to another.

Lord Og. If this is not plain, the devil's in it——
 [*Aside.*] But tell me, my dear Miss Fanny, for I must know; tell me the how, the when, and the where——Tell me——

Enter CANTON hastily.

Can. My lor, my lor, my lor!

Lord Og. Damn your Swiss impertinence! how durst you interrupt me in the most critical melting moment that ever love and beauty honoured me with!

Can. I demande pardonne, my lor! Sir John Melvil, my lor, sent me to beg you do him de honeur to speak a little to your lordship.

Lord Og. I'm not at leisure—I am busy—Get away, you stupid old dog, you Swiss rascal, or I'll——

Can. Fort bien, my lor. [*Canton goes out on tiptoe.*]

Lord Og. By the laws of gallantry, madam, this interruption should be death; but as no punishment ought to disturb the triumph of the softer passions, the criminal is pardoned and dismissed. Let us return, madam, to the highest luxury of exalted minds—a declaration of love from the lips of beauty.

Fanny. The enterance of a third person has a little relieved me, but I cannot go through with it; and yet I must open my heart with a discovery, or it will break with its burthen.

Lord Og. What passion in her eyes! I am alarmed to agitation. [*Aside.*] I presume, madam, (and as you have flattered me, by making me a party concerned, I hope you'll excuse the presumption) that——

Fanny. Do you excuse my making you a party concerned, my lord, and let me interest your heart in my behalf, as my future happiness or misery in a great measure depend——

Lord Og. Upon me, madam?

Fanny. Upon you, my lord. [Sighs.]

Lord Og. There's no standing this: I have caught the infection—her tenderness dissolves me. [Sighs.]

Fanny. And should you too severely judge of a rash action which passion prompted, and modesty has long concealed——

Lord Og. [Taking her hand.] Thou amiable creature, command my heart for it is vanquished. Speak but thy virtuous wishes, and enjoy them.

Fanny. I cannot, my lord; indeed, I cannot. Mr. Lovewell must tell you my distresses; and when you know them, pity and protect me. [Exit in tears.]

Lord Og. How the devil could I bring her to this? It is too much—too much—I can't bear it—I must give way to this amiable weakness. [Wipes his eyes.] My heart overflows with sympathy, and I feel every tenderness I have inspired. [Stifles a tear.] How blind have I been to the desolation I have made! How could I possibly imagine that a little partial attention and tender civilities to this young creature should have gathered to this burst of passion! Can I be a man and withstand it? No—I'll sacrifice the whole sex to her. But here comes the father, quite apropos. I'll open the matter immediately, settle the business with him, and take the sweet girl down

1

to Ogleby House to-morrow morning. But what the devil! Miss Sterling too! What mischief's in the wind now?

Enter Mr. STERLING, and Miss STERLING.

Sterl. My lord, your servant! I am attending my daughter here upon rather a disagreeable affair. Speak to his lordship, Betsey.

Lord Og. Your eyes, Miss Sterling; for I always read the eyes of a young lady, betray some little emotion. What are your commands, madam?

Miss Sterl. I have but too much cause for my emotion, my lord!

Lord Og. I cannot commend my kinsman's behaviour, madam. He has behaved like a false knight, I must confess. I have heard of his apostacy. Miss Fanny has informed me of it.

Miss Sterl. Miss Fanny's baseness has been the cause of Sir John's inconstancy.

Lord Og. Nay, now, my dear Miss Sterling, your passion transports you too far. Sir John may have entertained a passion for Miss Fanny, but believe me, my dear Miss Sterling, believe me, Miss Fanny has no passion for Sir John. She has a passion, indeed, a most tender passion. She has opened her whole soul to me, and I know where her affections are placed.

[Conceitedly.]

Miss Sterl. Not upon Mr. Lovewell, my lord; for I have great reason to think that her seeming at-

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

IN SENATE

January 10, 1906

REPORT

OF

THE COMMISSIONER OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE

IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE

ON MAY 10, 1904

RELATIVE TO THE

LANDS BELONGING TO THE UNITED STATES

AND THE LANDS BELONGING TO THE SEVERAL STATES

AND THE LANDS BELONGING TO THE SEVERAL TERRITORIES

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Lord Og. Your wishes shall be fulfilled.

Sterl. Shall they, my lord! but how—how?

Lord Og. I'll marry in your family.

Sterl. What! my sister Heidelberg?

Lord Og. You throw me into a cold sweat, Mr. Sterling. No, not your sister; but your daughter.

Sterl. My daughter!

Lord Og. Fanny! now the murder's out!

Sterl. What you my lord!

Lord Og. Yes; I, I, Mr. Sterling!

Sterl. No, no, my lord; that's too much. [*Smiling.*]

Lord Og. Too much! I don't comprehend you.

Sterl. What, you, my lord, marry my Fanny! Bless me, what will the folks say?

Lord Og. Why, what will they say?

Sterl. That you're a bold man, my lord; that's all.

Lord Og. Mr. Sterling, this may be city wit for aught I know. Do you court my alliance?

Sterl. To be sure, my lord.

Lord Og. Then I'll explain—My nephew won't marry your eldest daughter; nor I neither.—Your youngest daughter won't marry him; I will marry your youngest daughter.

Sterl. What! with a youngest daughter's fortune, my lord?

Lord Og. With any fortune, or no fortune at all, sir. Love is the idol of my heart, and the dæmon interest sinks before him. So, sir, as I said before, I will marry your youngest daughter; your youngest daughter will marry me.

Love. Who told you so, my lord?

Love. Her own sweet self, sir.

Love. Indeed?

Love. Yes, sir: our affection is mutual; we average souls and tempers: your daughter will be a perfect friend—I shall be the happiest of beings and shall be sister to an earl instead of a baronet.

Love. But what will my sister say? and what will you say?

Love. I'll manage that matter; nay, if the worst comes, I'll run away with your daughter: you'll not say so.

Love. Well said, my lord! your spirit's good: I will not say my conscience; but if you'll venture I have no objection, if my sister has none.

Love. I'll answer for your sister, sir. Appropriate answers are in the house. I'll have articles drawn, and the whole affair concluded to-morrow morning.

Love. Very well: and I'll dispatch Lovewell to buy immediately for some fresh papers I shall want, and I shall leave you to manage matters with my sister. You must excuse me, my lord, but I can't run anyting at the match.—He, he, he! what will the folks say? [Exit.]

Love. What a fellow am I going to make a father of!—he has no more feeling than the post in his warehouse.—But Fanny's virtues tune me to rapture again, and I won't think of the rest of the family.

Enter LOVEWELL, hastily.

Lov. I beg your lordship's pardon, my lord; are you here, my lord?

Lord Og. No, my lord, I am not alone; I am in company, the best company.

Lov. My lord!

Lord Og. I never was in such exquisite company since my heart first conceived, or my senses tasted pleasure.

Lov. Where are they, my lord? [*Looking about.*]

Lord Og. In my mind, sir.

Lov. What company have you there, my lord?

[*Smiling.*]

Lord Og. My own ideas, sir, which so crowd upon my imagination, and kindle in it such a delirium of ecstasy, that wit, wine, music, poetry, all combined, and each perfection, are but mere mortal shadows of my felicity.

Lov. I see that your lordship is happy, and I rejoice at it.

Lord Og. You shall rejoice at it, sir; my felicity shall not selfishly be confined, but shall spread its influence to the whole circle of my friends. I need only say, Lovewell, that you shall have your share.

Lov. Shall I, my lord?—then I understand you have heard; Miss Fanny has informed me.

Lord Og. She has; I have heard, and I am happy; 'tis determin'd.

[illegible]

as you are with the inferior beauties of her face and person——

Lord Og. I am so perfectly convinced of their existence, and so totally of your mind, touching every amiable particular of that sweet girl, that were it not for the cold unfeeling impediments of the law, I would marry her to-morrow morning.

Lov. My lord!

Lord Og. I would, by all that's honourable in man, and amiable in woman.

Lov. Marry her!——What do you mean, my lord?

Lord Og. Miss Fanny Sterling that is; the Countess of Ogleby that shall be.

Lov. I am astonished!

Lord Og. Why, could you expect less from me?

Lov. I did not expect this, my lord.

Lord Og. Trade and accounts have destroyed your feeling.

Lov. No, indeed, my lord. [Sighs.]

Lord Og. The moment that love and pity entered my breast, I was resolved to plunge into matrimony, and shorten the girl's tortures—I never do any thing by halves; do I, Lovewell?

Lov. No, indeed, my lord. [Sighs.]—What an accident!

Lord Og. What's the matter, Lovewell? thou seem'st to have lost thy faculties. Why don't you wish me joy, man?

Lov. O, I do, my lord. [Sighs.]

Lord Og. She said that you would explain what she

had not power to utter; but I wanted no interpreter for the language of love.

Lov. But has your lordship considered the consequences of your resolution?

Lord Og. No, sir, I am above consideration, when my desires are kindled.

Lov. But consider the consequences, my lord, to your nephew, Sir John.

Lord Og. Sir John has considered no consequences himself, Mr. Lovewell.

Lov. Mr. Sterling, my lord, will certainly refuse his daughter to Sir John.

Lord Og. Sir John has already refused Mr. Sterling's daughter.

Lov. But what will become of Miss Sterling, my lord?

Lord Og. What's that to you?—You may have her if you will. I depend upon Mr. Sterling's city-philosophy, to be reconciled to Lord Ogleby's being his son-in-law, instead of Sir John Melvil, baronet. Don't you think that your master may be brought to that, without having recourse to his calculations? Eh, Lovewell!

Lov. But, my lord, that is not the question.

Lord Og. Whatever is the question, I'll tell you my answer.—I am in love with a fine girl, whom I resolve to marry.

Enter Sir JOHN MELVIL.

What news with you, Sir John?—You look all hurry and impatience—like a messenger after a battle.

Sir John. After a battle, indeed, my lord. I have this day had a severe engagement, and wanting your lordship as an auxiliary, I have at last mustered up resolution to declare what my duty to you and to myself have demanded from me some time.

Lord Og. To the business then, and be as concise as possible, for I am upon the wing—eh, Lovewell?

[He smiles, and Lovewell bows.]

Sir John. I find 'tis in vain, my lord, to struggle against the force of inclination.

Lord Og. Very true, nephew; I am your witness, and will second the motion—sha'n't I, Lovewell?

[Smiles, and Lovewell bows.]

Sir John. Your lordship's generosity encourages me to tell you, that I cannot marry Miss Sterling.

Lord Og. I am not at all surprised at it—she's a bitter potion, that's the truth of it; but as you were to swallow it, and not I, it was your business, and not mine—Any thing more?

Sir John. But this, my lord; that I may be permitted to make my addresses to the other sister.

Lord Og. O yes; by all means—have you any hopes there, nephew?—Do you think he'll succeed, Lovewell?

[Smiles, and winks at Lovewell.]

Lov. I think not, my lord. *[Gravely.]*

Lord Og. I think so too; but let the fool try.

Sir John. Will your lordship favour me with your good offices to remove the chief obstacle to the match, the repugnance of Mrs. Heidelberg?

Lord Og. Mrs. Heidelberg?—Had not you better

begin with the young lady first? It will save you a great deal of trouble: won't it, Lovewell? [*Smiles.*] But do what you please, it will be the same thing to me: won't it, Lovewell? [*Conceitedly.*] Why don't you laugh at him?

Lov. I do, my lord. [*Forces a smile.*]

Sir John. And your lordship will endeavour to prevail on Mrs. Heidelberg to consent to my marriage with Miss Fanny?

Lord Og. I'll speak to Mrs. Heidelberg about the adorable Fanny as soon as possible.

Sir John. Your generosity transports me.

Lord Og. Poor fellow, what a dupe I he little think who's in possession of the town. [*Aside.*]

Sir John. And your lordship is not in the least offended at this seeming inconstancy?

Lord Og. Not in the least. Miss Fanny's charm will even excuse infidelity. I look upon women as the *seræ naturæ*—lawful game—and every man who is qualified, has a natural right to pursue them;—Love well as well as you, and I as well as either of you.—Every man shall do his best, without offence to any—what say you, kinsmen?

Sir John. You have made me happy, my lord.

Lov. And me, I assure you, my lord.

Lord Og. And I am superlatively so—*allons donc*—to horse and away, boys!—you to your affairs, and I to mine—*suiuons l'amour.* [*Sings.*]

[*Exit several.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

FANNY's Apartment. *Enter LOVEWELL and FANNY, followed by BETTY.*

Fanny.

WHY did you come so soon Mr. Lovewell? the family is not yet in bed, and Betty certainly heard somebody listening near the chamber-door.

Betty. My mistress is right, Sir! evil spirits are abroad; and I am sure you are both too good, not to expect mischief from them.

Lov. But who can be so curious, or so wicked?

Betty. I think we have wickedness and curiosity enough in this family, sir, to expect the worst.

Fanny. I do expect the worst.—Pr'ythee, Betty, return to the outward door, and listen if you hear any body in the gallery; and let us know directly.

Betty. I warrant you, madam—the lord bless you both!

[Exit.]

Fanny. What did my father want with you this evening?

Lov. He gave me the key of his closet, with orders to bring from London some papers relating to Lord Ogleby.

Fanny. And why did you not obey him?

Lov. Because I am certain that his lordship has opened his heart to him about you, and those papers are wanted merely on that account—but as we shall

discover all to-morrow, there will be no occasion for them, and it would be idle in me to go.

Fanny. Hark!—hark! bless me, how I tremble!—I feel the terrors of guilt—indeed, Mr. Lovewell, this is too much for me.

Lov. And for me too, my sweet Fanny. Your apprehensions make a coward of me.—But what can alarm you? your aunt and sister are in their chambers, and you have nothing to fear from the rest of the family.

Fanny. I fear every body, and every thing, and every moment—My mind is in continual agitation and dread; indeed, Mr. Lovewell, this situation may have very unhappy consequences. [Weeps.]

Lov. But it sha'n't—I would rather tell our story this moment to all the house, and run the risque of maintaining you by the hardest labour, than suffer you to remain in this dangerous perplexity.—What! shall I sacrifice all my best hopes and affections, in your dear health and safety, for the mean, and in such case, the meanest consideration—of our fortune!—Were we to be abandoned by all our relations, we have that in our hearts and minds will weigh against the most affluent circumstances. I should not have proposed the secrecy of our marriage, but for your sake; and with hopes that the most generous sacrifice you have made to love and me, might be less injurious to you, by waiting a lucky moment of recreation.

Fanny. Hush! hush! for Heaven's sake, my dear

well, don't be so warm! your generosity gets better of your prudence; you will be heard, and all be discovered.—I am satisfied—indeed I ———Excuse this weakness, this delicacy, this you will.—My mind's at peace—indeed it is sink no more of it, if you love me!

Lov. That one word has charmed me, as it always is, to the most implicit obedience: it would be the st of ingratitude in me to distress you a moment.

[Kisses her.

Re-enter BETTY.

Betty. [*In a low voice.*] I'm sorry to disturb you.

Fanny. Ha! what's the matter?

Lov. Have you heard any body?

Betty. Yes, yes, I have; and they have heard you so, or I'm mistaken—if they had seen you too, we could have been in a fine quandary!

Fanny. Pr'ythee, don't prate now, Betty!

Lov. What did you hear?

Betty. I was preparing myself, as usual, to take me little nap——

Lov. A nap!

Betty. Yes, sir, a nap; for I watch much better side awake; and when I had wrapped this of round my head, for fear of the ear-ach hole, I thought I heard a kind of a sort which I for took for a gnat, and shook e three and went so with my

discover all to-morrow, there will be no occasion for them, and it would be idle in me to go.

Fanny. Hark!—hark! bless me, how I feel the terrors of guilt—indeed, I well, this is too much for me.

Loe. And for me too, my sweet Fanny. Prehensions make a coward of me.—But alarm you? your aunt and sister are in the house, and you have nothing to fear from the family.

Fanny. I fear every body, and every moment—My mind is in continual alarm and dread; indeed, Mr. Lovewell, may have very unhappy consequences.

Loe. But it sha'n't—I would rather expose this moment to all the house, and to the world, than maintaining you by the hardest labour, and exposing you to remain in this dangerous perplexity. Shall I sacrifice all my best hopes and your dear health and safety, for the sake of a case, the meanest consideration—of my own? Were we to be abandoned by all our friends, we have that in our hearts and minds which will support us in the most affluent circumstances. I have proposed the secrecy of our marriage for your sake; and with hopes that you will sacrifice you have made to your family, injurious to you, by waiting for reconciliation.

Fanny. Hush! hush!

Fanny. Well—well—and so——

Betty. And so, madam, when I heard Mr. Lovewell a little loud, I heard the buzzing louder too—and pulling off my handkerchief softly, I could hear this sort of noise——

[Makes an indistinct sort of noise like speaking.]

Fanny. Well, and what did they say?

Betty. O! I could not understand a word of what was said.

Lov. The outward door is lock'd?

Betty. Yes; and I bolted it too, for fear of the worst.

Fanny. Why did you? they must have heard if they were near.

Betty. And I did it on purpose, madam, and could hear a little too, that they might not hear Mr. Lovewell's voice—when I was silent, they were silent, and he came to tell you.

Fanny. What shall we do?

Lov. Fear nothing; we know the worst; only bring on our catastrophe a little too soon. Betty might fancy this noise—she's in the confusion and can make a man a mouse at any time.

Betty. I can distinguish a man from a mouse as my betters——I'm sorry you think so ill of me, sir.

Fanny. He compliments you, don't be a fool. Now you have set her tongue a running, she'll chatter for an hour. *[To Lovewell.]* I'll go and hide myself.

y. I'll turn my back upon no girl for sincerity
vice. [*Half aside and muttering.*

Thou art the first in the world for both; and
eward you soon, Betty, for one and the other.
I am not mercenary neither—I can live on a
with a good carreter.

Re-enter FANNY.

All seems quiet—suppose, my dear, you go
own room—I shall be much easier then—and
w we will be prepared for the discovery.
You may discover, if you please; but for
I shall still be secret.

[*Half aside and muttering.*
ould I leave you now, if they still are upon
we shall lose the advantage of our delay.
e should consult upon to-morrow's busi-
Betty go to her own room, and lock the
or after her; we can fasten this; and when
all safe, she may return and let me out as

II I, madam?

let me have my way to-night, and you
nd me ever after. I would not have you
e for the world. Pray leave me! I shall
If again, if you will oblige me.

only to oblige you, my sw—
his moment.

as listen first at the door

252 THE CLAUDEBINE MARRIAGE. All

you are concerned. Betty shall go first, and if I
am not there—

She is there. Have the wrong sow by the ear
and you will find it. [Going into

her room.] Betty I don't venture
to say a word. So, so, I beg of you! See,
I have a letter from the doctor!

And that letter, I am sure, makes amends for all.

[Exit Betty.]

SCENE II.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. H. and a servant. Enter Betty
from her room. Mr. H. is talking to Mrs. H. and
Betty is standing by.

Mr. H. This way, dear madam, and then
you will see.

Mrs. H. Now, Mr. H.—consider a little
what you are doing this night: let me put on my
own dress and my own jewelry, and the occasion
is a little more serious, I should be pardoned for
saying so.

Mr. H. But, my dear madam, a moment is

all that is needed. I am sure my sister has her
own dress and jewelry. [Enter Betty.]
Betty, my dear, I am sure my sister has her
own dress and jewelry. [Enter Betty.]
Betty, my dear, I am sure my sister has her
own dress and jewelry. [Enter Betty.]

se yourself, child ; for if we are not as wary—as they are wicked, we shall disgrace ourselves and the whole family.

Sterl. We are disgraced already, madam. Sir Aelvil has forsaken me ; my lord cares for no one but himself ; or if any body, it is my sister ; my father for the sake of a better bargain, would marry me to a 'Change broker ; so that if you, madam, continue my friend—if you forsake me—if I am the ruin of my best hopes and consolation—in your tenderness—and affections—I had better—at once—give up the matter—and let my sister enjoy—the fruits of her victory—trample with scorn upon the rights of my sister, the will of the best of aunts, and the wishes of a too interested father.

Heidel. *she pretends to be bursting into tears all this speech.*

Heidel. Don't, Betsey—keep up your spirit—stop your whimpering—I am your friend—depend on me in every particular—but be composed, and tell me what new mischief you have discovered ?

Sterl. I had no desire to sleep, and would not leave myself, knowing that my Machiavel sister would not rest till she had broke my heart :—I was so uneasy that I could not stay in my room, but when I thought that all the house was quiet, I sent my maid to discover what was going forward ; she immediately came back and told me that they were in consultation ; that she had heard only, for it was in the dark, my sister's maid conduct Sir John to her mistress, and then lock the door.

THE CAUSTIC MARRIAGE. 4

And now did you conduct yourself

returned with her, and could her
ought nothing that they said distinct
and upon it, that Sir John is now
they have settled the matter, and
before morning. If we don't p

Oh, the brazen sinner! she has
(that is to be) luck'd up in
tool—I tremble at the thought
madam! I hear something.

You frighten me—let me put on
and not be seen in this hour for

'Tis dark, madam; you can't be seen
I protest there's a candle coming, and

and but servants; let us retire

[They retire]

*She enters, laying hold of the Chamber
and has a Candle in her Hand.*

Brush; I shall soon do it

most amiable

may hear

do you

Mr. D.

a great deal of harm too; pray let me go; I am ruined if they hear you; I tremble like an asp.

Brush. But they sha'n't hear us; and if you have a mind to be ruined, it shall be the making of your fortune, you little slut, you! therefore I say it again, if you have no love, hear a little reason!

Cham. I wonder at your impudence, Mr. Brush, to use me in this manner; this is not the way to keep me company, I assure you. You are a town-rake, I see, and now you are a little in liquor, you fear nothing.

Brush. Nothing, by Heavens, but your frowns, most amiable chamber-maid; I am a little electrified, that's the truth on't; I am not used to drink Port, and your master's is so heady, that a pint of it over-sets a claret-drinker.

Cham. Don't be rude! bless me!—I shall be ruined—what will become of me?

Brush. I'll take care of you, by all that's honourable.

Cham. You are a base man to use me so—I'll cry out, if you don't let me go. That is Miss Sterling's chamber, that Miss Fanny's, and that Madam Heidelberg's.

Brush. And that my Lord Ogleby's, and that my Lady What-d'ye-call-'em: I don't mind such folks when I'm sober, much less when I am whimsical—rather above that too.

Cham. More shame for you, Mr. Brush!—you terrify me—you have no modesty.

Brush. O, but I have, my sweet spider-brusher!—for instance; I reverence Miss Fanny—she's a most delicious morsel, and fit for a prince.—With all my horrors of matrimony, I could marry her myself—but for her sister——

Miss Sterl. There, there, madam, all in a story!

Cham. Bless me, Mr. Brush!—I heard something!

Brush. Rats, I suppose, that are gnawing the old timbers of this execrable old dungeon—If it was mine, I would pull it down, and fill your fine canal up with the rubbish; and then I should get rid of two damn'd things at once.

Cham. Law! law! how you blaspheme!—we shall have the house upon our heads for it.

Brush. No, no, it will last our time—but as I was saying, the eldest sister——Miss Jezebel——

Cham. Is a fine young lady, for all your evil tongue.

Brush. No——we have smoaked her already; and unless she marries our old Swiss, she can have none of us——no, no, she won't do—we are a little too nice.

Cham. You're a monstrous rake, Mr. Brush, and don't care what you say.

Brush. Why, for that matter, my dear, I am a little inclined to mischief; and if you don't have pity upon me, I will break open that door, and ravish Mrs. Heidelberg.

Mrs. Heidel. [Coming forward.] There's no bearing this—you profligate monster!

Cham. Ha! I am undone!

Brush. Zounds! here she is, by all that's monstrous. [Runs off.

Miss Sterl. A fine discourse you have had with that fellow!

Mrs. Heidel. And a fine time of night it is to be here with that drunken monster!

Miss Sterl. What have you to say for yourself?

Cham. I can say nothing.—I'm so frightened, and so ashamed—but indeed I am vartuous—I am vartuous, indeed.

Mrs. Heidel. Well, well—don't tremble so; but, tell us what you know of this horrible plot here.

Miss Sterl. We'll forgive you, if you'll discover all.

Cham. Why, madam—don't let me betray my fellow servants—I sha'n't sleep in my bed, if I do.

Mrs. Heidel. Then you shall sleep somewhere else to-morrow night.

Cham. O dear! what shall I do!

Mrs. Heidel. Tell us this moment, or I'll turn you out of doors directly.

Cham. Why, our butler has been treating us below in his pantry—Mr. Brush forced us to make a kind of a holiday night of it.

Miss Sterl. Holiday! for what?

Cham. Nay, I only made one.

Miss Sterl. Well, well; but upon what account?

Cham. Because, as how, madam, there was a change in the family, they said—that his honour, Sir John,

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

[illegible]

And now I have a much pleasure in this revenge,
as a good name is a guinness — Ha! they are un-

9. A TYPICAL "KIDNAPED" and BATTY comes out with a
STERN. Takes her.

...your time
...not yet

Miss Sterl. And so you are, Madam Betty. [*Miss Sterl. lays hold of her, while Betty locks the door, and puts the key into her pocket.*]

Betty. [*Turning round.*] What's the matter, madam?

Miss Sterl. Nay, that you shall tell my father and aunt, madam.

Betty. I am no tell-tale, madam, and no thief; they'll get nothing from me.

Miss Sterl. You have a great deal of courage, Betty; and considering the secrets you have to keep, you have occasion for it.

Betty. My mistress shall never repent her good opinion of me, ma'am.

Enter Mr. STERLING.

Sterl. What's all this? What's the matter? Why am I disturb'd in this manner?

Miss Sterl. This creature, and my distresses, sir, will explain the matter.

Re-enter Mrs. HEIDELBERG, with another Head-dress.

Mrs. Heidel. Now I'm prepar'd for the rancounter. — Well, brother, have you heard of this scene of wickedness?

Sterl. Not I—but what is it? speak.—I was got into my little closet, all the lawyers were in bed, and I had almost lost my senses in the confusion of Lord Ogleby's mortgages, when I was alarmed with a foolish girl, who could hardly speak; and whether it's fire, or thieves, or murder, or a rape, I'm quite in the

Mrs. Heidel. No, no, there's no rape, brother!—all parties are willing, I believe.

Miss Sterl. Who's in that chamber?

[Denying Betty, who seemed to be stealing away.]

Betty. My mistress.

Miss Sterl. And who's with your mistress?

Betty. Why, who should there be?

Miss Sterl. Open the door then, and let us see.

Betty. The door is open, madam, [*Miss Sterl. goes to the door.*] I'll sooner die than peach. [*Exit hastily.*]

Miss Sterl. The door is lock'd; and she has got the key in her pocket.

Mrs. Heidel. There's impudence, brother! piping hot from your daughter Fanny's school!

Sterl. But, zounds! what is all this about? You tell me of a sum total, and you don't produce the particulars.

Mrs. Heidel. Sir John Melvil is locked up in your daughter's bed-chamber.—There is the particular.

Sterl. The devil he is!—That's bad.

Miss Sterl. And he has been there some time too.

Sterl. Ditto!

Mrs. Heidel. Ditto! worse and worse, I say. I'll raise the house, and expose him to my lord, and the whole fammaly.

Sterl. By no means! we shall expose ourselves, sister!—the best way is to insure privately—let me alone! I'll make him marry her to-morrow morning.

Miss Sterl. Make him marry her! this is beyond all conceit!—You have thrown away all your affection, shall do as much by my obedience; unnatural

make unnatural children. My revenge is in my power, and I'll indulge it.—Had they their escape, I should have been exposed to the derision of the world: but the deriders shall be silenced; and so—help! help, there! thieves! thieves!

Heidel. Tit-for-tat, Betsey! you are right, my

daughter! you'll spoil all—you'll raise the family—the devil's in the girl,

Heidel. No, no; the devil's in you, brother; ashamed of your principles.—What! would you live at your daughter's being locked up with her husband? Help! thieves! thieves, I say.

[Cries out.

Sister, I beg you!—daughter, I command! If you have no regard for me, consider yourself—we shall lose this opportunity of ennobling our blood, and getting above twenty *per cent.* for our

Sterl. What, by my disgrace and my sister's? But I have a spirit above such mean considerations, and to shew you that it is not a low-bred, change-alley spirit—help! help! thieves! thieves! I say!

you may save your lungs—the housewomen at best have no discretion; they'll fire a house, or burn themselves, and not be hanged.

Enter CANTON, in a Night-gown and Slippers,

Can. Eh, diable ! vat is de raison of dis great noise, dis tantamarre ?

Sterl. Ask those ladies, sir ; 'tis of their making.

Lord Og. [*Calls within.*] Brush ! Brush !—Canton ! where are you ?—What's the matter ? [*Rings a bell.*] Where are you ?

Sterl. 'Tis my lord calls, Mr. Canton.

Can. I com, mi lor !—— [*Exit Canton.*]

[*Lord Ogleby still rings.*]

Serj. Flow. [*Calls within.*] A light ! a light here !—where are the servants ? Bring a light for me and my brothers.

Sterl. Lights here ! lights for the gentlemen !

[*Exit Sterling.*]

Mrs. Heidel. My brother feels, I see—your sister's turn will come next.

Miss Sterl. Ay, ay, let it go round, madam, it is the only comfort I have left.

Re-enter STERLING, with lights, before Serjeant FLOWER, with one boot and a slipper, and TRAVERSE.

Sterl. This way, sir ! this way, gentlemen !

Flow. Well ; but Mr. Sterling, no danger I hope. Have they made a burglarious entry ? Are you prepared to repulse them ? I am very much alarmed about thieves at circuit-time. They would be particularly severe with us gentlemen of the bar.

v. No danger, Mr. Sterling,—no trespass, I

l. None, gentlemen, but of those ladies making.

s. Heidel. You'll be ashamed to know, gentlemen, that all your labours and studies about this lady are thrown away—Sir John Melvil is at present locked up with this lady's younger sister.

v. The thing is a little extraordinary, to be sure, but, why were we to be frighten'd out of our wits for this? Could not we have tried this cause to-morrow morning?

s. Sterl. But, sir, by to-morrow morning, perhaps your assistance would not have been of any use—the birds now in that cage would have flown away.

Lord OGLEBY, in his robe-de-chambre, night-cap, &c. leaning on CANTON.

d Og. I had rather lose a limb than my night's sleep. What's the matter with you all?

l. Ay, ay, 'tis all over!—Here's my lord too.

d Og. What's all this shrieking and screaming? Is my angelic Fanny? She's safe, I hope?

s. Heidel. Your angelic Fanny, my lord, is lock'd up with your angelic nephew in that chamber.

l. My nephew! then will I be excommuni-

s. Your nephew, my lord, has been plotting with the younger sister; and the younger sister has been plotting to run away with him. We had not watched them and

Mrs. Heidel. Ready to pack off, bag and baggage her guilt confounds her!

Flora. Silence in the court, ladies!

Fanny. I am confounded, indeed, madam!

Lord Og. Don't droop, my beauteous lily! with your own peculiar modesty declare your state of mind.—Pour conviction into their ears and rapine into mine. [Smiles]

Fanny. I am at this moment the most unhappy most distressed—the tumult is too much for my mind—and I want the power to reveal a secret, which I have concealed has been the misfortune and misery of my life. [Faints]

Lord Og. She faints; help, help! for the fairest best of women!

Betty. *[Running to her.]* O, my dear mistress!—help, there!—

Sir John. Ha! let me fly to her assistance.

LOVEWELL rushes out of the Chamber.

Lov. My Fanny in danger! I can contain no longer—Prudence were now a crime; all other cares lost in this!—speak, speak, speak to me, my dear Fanny!—let me but hear thy voice, open your eyes and bless me with the smallest sign of life!

[During this speech they are all in amazement.]

Miss Sterl. Lovewell!—I am easy.——

Mrs. Heidel. I am thunderstruck!

Lord Og. I am petrified!

Sir John. And I undone!

Fanny. [*Recovering.*] O, Lovewell!—even supported by thee, I dare not look my father nor his lordship the face.

Sterl. What now! did not I send you to London, sir?

Lord Og. Eh!—What! How's this! by what right and title have you been half the night in that lady's bed-chamber?

Lov. By that right which makes me the happiest of men; and by a title which I would not forgo, for any the best of kings could give.

Betty. I could cry my eyes out to hear his magnanimity.

Lord Og. I am annihilated!

Sterl. I have been choked with rage and wonder; but now I can speak.—Zounds, what have you to say to me? Lovewell, you are a villain.—You have broke your word with me.

Fanny. Indeed, sir, he has not—you forbid him to think of me when it was out of his power to obey you; we have been married these four months.

Sterl. And he sha'n't stay in my house four hours. What baseness and treachery! As for you, you shall repent this step as long as you live, madam.

Fanny. Indeed, sir, it is impossible to conceive the tortures I have already endured in consequence of my disobedience. My heart has continually upbraided me for it; and though I was too weak to struggle with affection, I feel that I must be miserable for ever without your forgiveness.

Sterl. Lovewell, you shall leave my boy and you shall follow him, madam.

Lord Og. And if they do, I will receive mine. Look ye, Mr. Sterling, there have been mistakes, which we had all better forget for sakes; and the best way to forget them is to forget the cause of them; which I do from my girl! I swore to support her affection and fortune;—'tis a debt of honour, and is paid—you swore as much too, Mr. S. Your laws in the city will excuse you, for you never strike a balance without accepting.

Sterl. I am a father, my lord; but for all other fathers, I think I ought not to be for fear of encouraging other silly girls to throw themselves away without the consent of their parents.

Lov. I hope there will be no danger to the young ladies, with minds like my father's, who startle at the very shadow of vice; and who know to what uneasiness only an indiscretion has exposed her, her example, instead of encouraging, rather serve to deter them.

Mrs. Heidel. Indiscretion, quoth-a! a delicate word to express obedience!

Lord Og. For my part, I indulge my son too much to tyrannize over those of his rank. Poor souls, I pity them. And you must

Come, come, melt a little of your anger!

L. Why, why, as to that, my lord—to be sure he is a relation of yours, my lord—what say you, sister **Heidel**?

S. *Heidel.* The girl's ruin'd, and I forgive her.

L. Well—so do I then.—Nay, no thanks—[*To Lovewell and Fanny, who seem preparing to speak.*]

's an end of the matter.

Ld Og. But, Lovewell, what makes you dumb all while?

O. Your kindness, my lord—I can scarce be my own senses—they are all in a tumult of fear, love, expectation, and gratitude; I ever was, and now more bound in duty to your lordship. For

Mr. Sterling, if every moment of my life, spent usefully in your service, will in some measure compensate the want of fortune, you perhaps will not regret your goodness to me. And you, ladies, I flatter myself, will not for the future suspect me of artifice or intrigue—I shall be happy to oblige and serve you.—As for you, Sir John——

Sir John. No apologies to me, Lovewell, I do not deserve any. All I have to offer in excuse for what has happened, is my total ignorance of your situation. Had you dealt a little more openly with me, you would have saved me, and yourself, and that lady, (who, I hope, will pardon my behaviour) a great deal of uneasiness. Give me leave, however, to assure you, that I am as candid and capricious as I may have appeared, now that the storm is over, I am sensible enough to

Sterl. Lovewell, you shall leave
and you shall follow him, married.

Lord Og. And is that so, I say
nine. Look ye, Mr. Sterling, my
mistakes, which we had a little
sakes; and the best way to find
the cause of them; which I did
girl! I swore to support her
and fortune;—'tis a debt un-
paid—you swore as much for
your laws in the city which
for you never strike a bargain
accepted.

Sterl. I am a father, my
all other fathers, I think I
for fear of encouraging others
to throw themselves away on
parents.

Love. I hope there will
Young ladies, with mine
startle at the very shadow
know to what uneasiness
posed her, her example,
rather serve to deter than

Mrs. Heide. Indiscreet
delicate word to express

Lord Og. For my part
too much to tyrannize over
Poor souls, I pity them
too. Come, come, my

THE FIRST PART...
 THE SECOND PART...
 THE THIRD PART...
 THE FOURTH PART...
 THE FIFTH PART...
 THE SIXTH PART...
 THE SEVENTH PART...
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 THE NINETY-NINTH PART...
 THE HUNDRETH PART...

QUE.

- Ed.
- Vernon.
- Moody.
- Lee.
- Mrs. Bradshaw.
- Miss Mills.
- Mrs. Dorman.

Assembly.

went Tables; among the rest,
 Mrs. QUAVER, Sir PA-

Drille Table.

Trill.

so must do more.

Heart.

T. Eos.

be ashamed of the part I have acted, and enough to rejoice at your happiness.

Lev. And now, my dearest Fanny, though seemingly the happiest of beings, yet all our joy be damped, if his lordship's generosity, and Meling's forgiveness, should not be succeeded by indulgence, approbation, and consent of these benefactors. [*To the audience.*] [*Exeun*

EPILOGUE.

Written by MR. GARRICK.

CHARACTERS OF THE EPILOGUE.

Lord Minum, - - - - Mr. Dodd.
Colonel Trill, - - - - Mr. Vernon.
Sir Patrick Mahony, - - Mr. Moody.
Miss Crotchbet, - - - - Mrs. _____
Mrs. Quaver, - - - - Mrs. Lee.
First Lady, - - - - Mrs. Bradshaw.
Second Lady, - - - - Miss Mills.
Third Lady, - - - - Mrs. Dorman.

SCENE, *an Assembly.*

Several Persons at Cards, at different Tables, among the rest,
Colonel TRILL, Lord MINUM, Mrs. QUAVER, Sir PATRICK MAHONY.

At the Quadrille Table.

Colonel Trill.

LADIES, with leave—

2d Lady. Pass!

3d Lady. Pass!

4th Lady. You must pass.

Mr. T. Indeed I cannot.

Mrs. Q. I play to you.

2d Lady. What luck!

Col. T. To night at Drury-Lane is play'd
A Comedy, and *tout nouvelle*—a Spade!
Is not Miss Crotchet at the play?

Mrs. Qu. My niece
Has made a party, sir, to damn the piece.

At the Whist Table.

Ld. Min. I hate a playhouse—Trump—it makes me sick,
1st Lady. We're two by Honours, ma'am.

Ld. Min. And we th' odd trick.

Pray, do you know the author, Colonel Trill?

Col. T. I know no poets, Heaven be prais'd—Spadille—

1st Lady. I'll tell you who, my lord. [*Whispers Ld. Min.*]

Ld. Min. What, he again!

'And dwell such daring souls in little men?'

Be whose it will, they down our throats will cram it.

Col. T. O, no—I have a Club—the best—We'll damn it.

Mrs. Qu. O, bravo, colonel!—Music is my flame.

Ld. Min. And mine, by Jupiter!—We've won the game.

Col. T. What, do you love all music?

Mrs. Qu. No, not Handel's.

And nasty plays—

Ld. Min. Are fit for Goths and Vandals.

[*Rise from the table and pay.*]

From the Piquette Table.

Sir Pat. Well, faith and troth, that Shakspeare was no fool!

Col. T. I'm glad you like him, sir—so ends the Pool.

[*They pay, and rise from the table.*]

SONG, by the Colonel.

I hate all their nonsense,
Their Shakspeare's and Johnson's,
Their plays. and their playhouse, and bard's:

'Tis singing, not saying ;
 A fig for all playing,
 But playing, as we do, at cards.

I love to see Jonas,
 Am pleas'd too with Comus ;
 Each well the spectator rewards,
 So clever, so neat in
 Their tricks and their cheating !
 Like them, we would fain deal our cards.

Sir Pat. King Lare is touching !—And how fine to see
 Ould Hamlet's Ghost !—' To be, or not to be.'——
 What are your Op'ras to Othello's roar ?
 Oh, he's an angel of a Blackamoor !

Ld. Min. What, when he choaks his wife !——

Col. T. And calls her whore ?

Sir Pat. King Richard calls his horse—And then Macbeth,
 Whene'er he murders—takes away the breath.
 My blood runs cold at every syllable,
 To see the dagger that's invisible. [All laugh.
 Laugh if you please—a pretty play——

Ld. Min. Is pretty.

Sir Pat. And when there's wit in't——

Col. T. To be sure 'tis witty.

Sir Pat. I love the playhouse now—so light and gay,
 With all those candles—they have ta'en away !

[All laugh.

For all your game, what makes it so much brighter ?

Col. T. Put out the lights, and then——

Ld. Min. 'Tis so much lighter.

Sir Pat. Pray, do you mane, sirs, more than you express ?

Col. T. Just as it happens——

Ld. Min. Either more or less.

RECITATIVE.

Miss Cro. Colonel, *de tout mon cœur*—I've one in *petits*,
Which you shall join, and make it a *duetto*.

RECITATIVE.

Ld. Mis. Bella Signora, et amico mio,
I too will join, and then we'll make a *trio*.
Col. T. Come all and join the full-mouth'd chorus;
And drive all tragedy and comedy before us.

All the Company rise, and advance to the front of the Stage.

AIR.

Col. T. Would you ever go to see a tragedy?

Miss Cro. Never, never

Col. T. A comedy?

Ld. Mis. Never, never.

Live for ever!

Tweddle-dum, and tweddle-dee,

Col. T. Ld. Mis. and Miss Cro. Live for ever.

Tweddle-dum, and tweddle-dee

CHORUS.

Would you ever go to see, &c.







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